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THE LETTERS
OF
DOROTHY OSBORNE
TO
WILLIAM TEMPLE

Painter unknown. Emery Walker ph. sc.

Dorothy Osborne

from a portrait at Broadlands

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THE LETTERS OF DOROTHY OSBORNE TO WILLIAM TEMPLE

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by

G. C. MOORE SMITH

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INTRODUCTION

THE letters which follow, written by a girl to her lover between the end of 1652 and the autumn of 1654, are commended to their many admirers on more accounts than one. They are in the first place a revelation of the deepest feelings of a well-born and brilliant woman during the phases of a chequered and protracted courtship, a true human document. They are addressed to a man who himself became known as a master of English prose and as a statesman and patriot of outstanding ability and honesty. They are again full of little pictures of men and women, and scenes of town and country life which bring vividly before us the England of nearly three centuries ago. And they are written with a verve and irony and power of description which raise them to the rank of a literary classic.

THE EARLY LIFE OF DOROTHY OSBORNE AND WILLIAM TEMPLE

I

DOROTHY OSBORNE might with reason feel the pride of race. Her great-grandfather, Peter Osborne, born in 1521 as the second son of Richard Osborne esq. of Tyled Hall in Latchingdon, Essex, came of a family long settled at Purleigh in the same county. He studied at Cambridge and at Lincoln's Inn, and in the later years of King Edward VI was appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse and Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Exchequer. Osborne was closely associated with the famous scholar Sir John Cheke, who also held a post in the Exchequer and who died in Osborne's house in Wood Street in 1557. He married Cheke's niece, Anne Blyth, daughter of the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, and became by her the father of twenty-two children, one of whom, Catherine, married Cheke's grandson, Sir Thomas Cheke, who was still living when Dorothy wrote. Peter Osborne was a member of six parliaments, and, as Cooper says,[1] 'was

[1] *Athenae*, ii. 125.

highly esteemed as a lover of learning and learned men, and appears to have been constantly consulted by Queen Elizabeth's ministers on matters of trade and finance'.[1] Between 1576 and 1587, he bought Chicksands Priory from Edward Snowe, to whom it had been sold after the dissolution. Osborne died in 1592 in the house in Ivy Lane which continued to be the office of the Treasurer's Remembrancer.

Peter's eldest son and Dorothy's grandfather, Sir John Osborne, was born in 1552.[2] He was an Eton scholar of King's College and took his B.A. degree in 1572/3, when his name headed the Ordo Senioritatis, whether in virtue of his attainments or of his wealth and position. He was a member of five parliaments between 1576 and 1601, succeeded his father in 1592, probably by right of reversion, in the office of Treasurer's Remembrancer, and under James I was for some time a Commissioner of the Navy. As such, he was knighted 2 February 1618/19.[3] He was the first of his family to live at Chicksands. He restored to the church the impropriation of the neighbouring church of Hawnes or Haynes, built the vicarage house, and appointed to the cure a famous Puritan minister Thomas Brightman.[4] He built a burying-place for his family on to the still nearer church of Campton. He married Dorothy, eldest daughter of Richard Barlee of Elsenham Hall, Essex, and granddaughter of Richard, Lord Rich, Lord Chancellor. Dorothy Osborne was therefore a remote cousin of the Rich's who figure so much in her Letters. When Sir John was buried at Campton on 4 November 1628 the parish register described him as 'an ancient gentleman, a Freind to the poore, a lover of learninge, a maintayner of divine exercises, the Clergies protection'.

Dorothy's father, Sir Peter Osborne, was born about 1585 and in 1603 was a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel

[1] His name occurs frequently in the *State Papers*.

[2] His monument in Campton Church erected by Henry Osborne in 1655 says that he died in Nov. 1627 'neer 80'. But in his will of 14 Sept. 1626 he says he was 'on the point of three score and fourteen'.

[3] Nichols' *Progr. of James I*, iii. 526.

[4] Fuller's *Church History* under A. D. 1607, the year of T. B.'s death.

College, Cambridge, just as her future husband was forty-two years later. On 20 February 1609/10 he married at St.-Mary-le-Strand Dorothy, youngest daughter of Sir John Danvers of Dauntsey, Wilts. (by his wife Elizabeth Nevill, coheir of John, Lord Latimer), and sister of Henry, Earl of Danby, K.G., as well as of the future regicide, Sir John Danvers of Chelsea. Whether he took his wife to his father's house, Chicksands, or made a home for her in London, we cannot say.

In 1621, having been knighted on 7 January 1610/11,[1] Sir Peter was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey (with Alderney and Sark), with the reversion of the Governorship on the death of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby. This appointment entailed some amount of residence at Castle Cornet, the little fort which guarded the approach to the harbour of St. Peter Port. But the accommodation of the fort was so limited that, as Judge Parry[2] thinks, it is doubtful if Lady Osborne ever resided there with her husband. All their children had been born before he succeeded to Chicksands and to the Treasurer's Remembrancer's office[3] on his father's death on 2 November 1628. They included Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Peyton, born in 1610, Thomas, b. 1615 (died in France in 1637), John b. 1616, Francis b. 1617 (died young), Henry b. 1619, Charles b. 1620, Robert b. 1626, and Dorothy b. 1627. Dorothy then was the youngest of a large family. She makes no reference in her letters to her childhood and we do not know where it was spent or to whom she owed her education. It seems most probable that Lady Osborne resided at Chicksands even when Sir Peter was at Castle Cornet—and it is clear from the *State Papers Domestic* that Sir Peter did not feel bound to be at Castle Cornet continuously, unless there was war, or a prospect of war, with France.[4]

[1] Nichols' *Progr. of James I*, ii. 387.

[2] Since this book was prepared, Judge Parry has happily become Sir Edward Parry. He kindly allows me, however, to call him by his old title in my references to his editorial work.

[3] In virtue of a grant of reversion of 26 June 1605 (*S.P.D.*).

[4] Some extracts from the *S.P.D.* will show how much Sir P. was in England. On 29 Aug. 1627, when we *were* at war, the Earl of Danby asked

In after-life it was Dorothy's fate both at Reading and at Sheen to live in houses fashioned out of ancient religious edifices. If her early home was Chicksands it was so that she began her life. Chicksands had been one of the few monasteries in England of the Gilbertine Order, a monastery, that is, with two cloisters, for the Gilbertines admitted both men and women to their houses. By Dorothy's time perhaps one of these cloisters as well as the church which stood between the two had fallen into ruin, but the other cloister formed the shell of the mansion. The house with its venerable remains of the past, and far more of them than have been suffered to survive, stood on rising ground with a stream close at hand, in a pleasant wooded country. It was extra-parochial, but the village

to be excused personal service in Guernsey inasmuch as having commanded an army elsewhere (he had been appointed general when a foreign invasion of Ireland was anticipated), he was unwilling to be shut up in a castle. But he added that Sir Peter Osborne and others were gone, or ready to embark, for guard of the Channel Isles. On 19 May 1629 we hear that Sir Peter and others had crossed from Guernsey to Jersey [the war being now over]. We find Sir Peter writing a letter from Cornbury, Lord Danby's house, on 2 July 1636. They must both have gone to Guernsey soon after, but only for a short time, as on 4 Sept. 1636 Capt. Christopher Osborne asks the Secretary of the Admiralty if a ship has been appointed 'to fetch Lord Danby and my brother from Guernsey as the season of the year draws on' ... On 21 Feb. 1637/8 Sir Peter is in London reporting military requirements for Guernsey to the Council of War. On 7 May 1639 Lord Danby writes from Cornbury that if his strength will not allow him to go to Guernsey, Sir Peter shall go. On 27 June 1640 Capt. Darell writes from Castle Cornet: 'The term being now ended, I shall expect Sir P. O. here daily.' But on 11 Nov. 1640 Sir Peter is writing from Chelsea, and again on 4 Aug. 1641, when he says 'being within a few weeks to go to Guernsey and my wife with me, in respect of her I shall renew my suit' for a ship to carry them over. (He had asked for such a ship for Lord Danby, who was not able to go.) On 17 June 1642 Sir Peter writes from England, 'I thought to have been in Guernsey by this.'

I think it is clear that Sir Peter in ordinary times made only short visits to Guernsey, and that it is reasonable to believe that during Dorothy's childhood her home was at Chicksands and that her father was there a great deal. On 30 May 1638 Sir Peter's mother, who had been living in London with her son Thomas, as her will shows, was buried in Campton Church. It is noticeable, however, that Sir Peter's letters of 11 Nov. 1640 and 4 Aug. 1641 are dated from Chelsea.

THE SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF CHICKSAND-PRIORY, IN THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD.

THIS Priory was founded in the Reign of K. H. I. by Rohesia Wife of Paganus de Beauchamp Baron of Bedford for Nuns of the Order of S.t Gilbert of Sempringham & dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. This Paganus & his Wife gave divers Lands & Privileges to this House, which were confirm'd by K. E. II. who in the 10.th Year of his Reign granted Licence to John Blundel to settle ye Manor of Chicksand w.th all its Apurtenances on this Convent. — The present Owner is S.r George Andrews Osburn Bar.t

B. M. Sault Delin. et Sculp.

church of Campton rose half a mile away to the south-east and that of Hawnes two miles and a half to the north-west. Bedford was eight or nine miles away, London in the opposite direction, forty.

In the days of Dorothy's childhood Sir Peter with his own ancestral property and his wife's jointure and with his two public appointments was a prosperous man. Dorothy says that his income exceeded £4,000 a year.[1] We find in 1640 that he had advanced £1,000 to the king.[2] Dorothy would know all the aristocracy and squirearchy within the range to which the six-horsed family-coach could travel on the terrible roads of the period. And now and again, though she was too young to see the court, she may have paid a visit to London or to her uncle, Lord Danby, at Cornbury.

But the political heaven was overclouded, and at length the storm broke. The execution of Strafford and that of Laud were no doubtful omens of political and religious revolution, even though the revolution must be accompanied with civil war. News came that Guernsey was on the side of the Parliament: Sir Peter Osborne could take no more holidays 'for the term', he must hold Castle Cornet for the king. Bedfordshire itself might be overrun by one army or the other, Chicksands, if not sequestrated, might be given over to a wild soldiery.

One can imagine that Lady Osborne hardly knew what course to take. For a time she would seem to have lived with her children at Chelsea, perhaps in the house of her Roundhead brother Sir John Danvers. (It was then that Dorothy, as she tells us, saw so much of the Mayernes.) At length she came to a fresh decision and carried her children with her to St. Malo. There at least she would be near her husband and she might be of use to him.

This was probably in 1642 or early in 1643. Dorothy was already in France when Sir Theodore de Mayerne's son died in March 1643. The Burials Register of St. Martins-in-the-Fields has the entry: '1643, March 28, Ludovicus Mehearne.' And so Sir Peter can speak on 22 June 1644 of 'that desolate fugitive my wife, driven

[1] Letter 75. [2] *S.P.D.* 23 Apr. 1640.

to seek refuge and her safety amongst strangers'. She had with her a kinswoman, Mrs. Danvers, her daughter Dorothy, perhaps also her sons Charles and Robin. For a time she entertained Colonel Carteret, the Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, and his wife and belongings. And meanwhile Sir Peter was besieged in Castle Cornet, with Guernsey against him, and Colonel Carteret, though back in Jersey, criminally indifferent to his needs.

The story of the siege has been so brilliantly told by Judge Parry with the help of Sir Peter's letters and other sources[1] that it cannot be retold here. In 1643 the Earl of Warwick was appointed by the Parliament Governor of Guernsey and Jersey (Lord Danby died a few months later), and in September, Russell, the new lieutenant-governor, summoned Sir Peter to surrender. Sir Peter stoutly replied that he acknowledged no superior but the king, or Lord Danby. 'And God, I hope, whose great name I have sworn by will never so much forsake me, but I shall keep that resolution (by yourself misnamed obstinacy) to maintain unto my sovereign that faith inviolate unto the last.' Fresh terms were offered by Lord Warwick himself in June 1644 and again refused, but in courteous terms such as Lord Warwick had himself employed to his old friend and kinsman.

Lady Osborne at St. Malo had at first put all confidence in Colonel Carteret. But not finding him a sincere friend she set herself to assist her husband from her own resources. When her money was exhausted, she sold her plate; when that money was gone, she contracted a heavy debt with which she sent provisions for Castle Cornet.[2] Carteret kept the supply for two months at Jersey while Sir Peter's men were starving, their bread-ration being reduced to four biscuits a week. Charles Osborne was sent from St.

[1] 'Everyman' ed. of *D. Osborne's Letters*, Appendix 2.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Hatton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Exeter, widow of Sir William Hatton and relict of Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke, in her will made 31 Dec. 1645 (89 Fines) writes: 'To Sir Peter Osborne I giue him all the debt he oweth me and doe will that his Bond of Twoe Thousand poundes be deliuered out to him for his discharge.' This may be the debt referred to.

Malo to Jersey to hasten the dispatch of the provisions waiting there, but he had to return to his mother unsuccessful. At the time when Lord Warwick sent his summons to surrender, Lady Osborne had fallen so sick that there were fears for her life. She was now at the end of her resources, without money, friends or hope, and, being still very sick, embarked with her children on a Dutch ship for England.

John Osborne had been left behind with his father, Henry had for some time been with the king. And now on her arrival in England (1644) Charles also was sent by his mother to the king. There was no returning to Chicksands, which had been sequestrated,[1] and Lady Osborne and her children found a refuge again at Chelsea, perhaps in the house of her Roundhead brother, Sir John Danvers.[2] Dorothy returned from France, a beautiful girl of seventeen, quick of intelligence, but grave and thoughtful for her age, after the terrible events of the last few years. She had gained, however, one thing by the sojourn at St. Malo, that knowledge of French which was to make the long French romances her favourite reading. She says that now, though her mother still visited their neighbours the Mayernes, she herself went there little. In the old days Sir Theodore called her 'daughter', but now he had lost his only son, and the sight of Dorothy set them all a-crying. Perhaps through the Danvers, Lady Osborne came to know General Cromwell, and this was the time when Dorothy was in favour there and first knew 'H. C.'.

But we may be sure that, thrown as she was into the other camp, her heart was with her brave father in his desperate endurance at Castle Cornet.

It was from Colonel Carteret that Sir Peter learnt in August 1644 that his wife had left for England, and for a long time he was ignorant of the circumstances. On 3 October, Sir Peter writes to the king to crave assistance

[1] See an order of 'the Committee of Lords and Commons for sequestration of Delinquents' and Papists' Estates' of 27 April 1643 (Br. Mus. Add. MS. 5297, f. 34). Rents were to be paid to John Blackston, M.P.

[2] Letter 30.

before it is too late—his own estate is either sequestered or disposed away from him and he has nothing left wherewith to serve his Majesty but his life.

Before the end of the month John Osborne, who was in Jersey, managed to send his father a boat-load of provisions, but soon after wrote that 'Col. Carteret is resolved to send you nothing more'. Sir Peter had already complained to Lord Jermyn, the royalist Governor of Jersey, of the treatment he was receiving from his lieutenant, Col. Carteret. In January 1644/5 a letter comes from the king at Oxford, promising men and supplies and future recompense for Sir Peter's personal losses, but when John Osborne goes to England to see that the help is sent, though he is admitted to an interview with the king and has cheering promises made him, he soon finds that Charles has played him false. In February Sir Peter learns from his agent Thomas Wright in Jersey that Col. Carteret had seized £300 which had been collected for the defenders of Castle Cornet and put it to other uses, and in June he details to Sir Richard Browne the miseries to which he had been reduced by Carteret's disloyal delays, so that he had to get Mrs. Danvers, who had been left at St. Malo, to pawn his clothing in order to supply the Castle with provisions; he refutes in turn Carteret's calumnies of himself. The letter, as Judge Parry says, seems not to have been without effect, for a month later Carteret was urged by the young Prince of Wales from his court at Liskeard to send Sir Peter provisions at the Prince's cost, and the Prince, writing to Sir Peter himself, promised him supplies from Cornwall. But on 20 October John Osborne tells his father that there is little hope of succour from England. Still in January 1645/6, Sir Peter can refuse undauntedly a second proposition of surrender sent him—'in language, almost affectionate', the Judge says—by the Earl of Warwick. But when soon after Sir Thomas Fanshawe is sent over by the Prince of Wales, Sir Peter sees that it is intended he should resign his command, and in May in a letter to Fanshawe he asks to be allowed to go to St. Malo—'where I may for a while quietly recollect myself and recover some patience for

what I suffer and foresee I am still like to do'. His son Charles had lately fallen in the king's service at Hartland. On leaving Castle Cornet, 9 August 1646, he resigned his command to Sir Baldwin Wake whom he formally appointed his lieutenant-governor, he himself on Lord Danby's death having succeeded him as Governor by the right of reversion given him in 1621. Castle Cornet held out for five and a half years more, till Jersey had been given up to the Parliament; when it surrendered on 19 December 1651 the garrison marched out with flying colours. This is a bare *résumé* of the story which must be read in Judge Parry's book.

At St. Malo, whither he now retired, Sir Peter, as the Judge thinks, was still 'spending his energies and substance in endeavouring to provision his beloved castle'. He probably did not feel it would be safe for him to return to England, and was too proud to use the good offices of his brother-in-law, Sir John Danvers, to make his peace with the Parliamentary government.

But it was natural that Sir Peter's children in England should desire to see their valiant father, and he to see them, after so long and bitter a separation, and in 1648 we find that Dorothy and a brother (probably Robin) start for St. Malo. On their way they stay for a time in the Isle of Wight,[1] where the king was a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. And here in the Isle of Wight Dorothy, now twenty-one, met William Temple, a year younger than herself, the consequence being the long love-story made famous by Dorothy's letters.

II

The early life of William Temple has been told by his sister Martha, Lady Giffard. He too could be proud of his family history.

[1] One wonders if they had any special reason to visit the Island. Early in 1648 one Richard Osborne of gentle family was in attendance on the king and was involved in a plot to enable him to escape. He may have been a cousin of the young Osbornes. Courtenay noticed the possibility of some family connexion, and the *D.N.B.* suggests he was Sir Peter's brother, Richard.

His grandfather, Sir William Temple, was of the younger branch of the Temples of Temple Hall, Leicestershire.[1] He was at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, of which he became fellow in 1576. In various works he ardently defended Ramus's logic. Becoming in November 1585 secretary to his literary patron, Sir Philip Sidney, he accompanied him to the Low Countries, where Sidney died in his arms 17 October 1586. About 1594 he attached himself to Robert, Earl of Essex, he was with him in Ireland and he was still with him at the time of Essex's hapless rising in 1600/1. In spite of this overclouding of his fortunes, he was appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1609 and M.P. for the University in 1613, and was knighted, 4 May 1622. He died in Trinity College, 15 January 1626/7. He had married 5 October 1591 Martha, daughter of Robert Harrison, co. Derby, who was related to Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's.

Temple's father, Sir John Temple, was born in Dublin in 1600. After graduating at Trinity College, and spending some time abroad, he entered the personal service of Charles I and was knighted in 1628. In 1627 he married his first cousin, Mary, daughter of John Hammond,[2] M.D. of Chertsey and Mary Harrison, his mother's sister. On 31 January 1639/40 he was appointed Master of the Rolls in Ireland and a privy-councillor of that kingdom. In 1642 he was M.P. for co. Meath in the Irish Parliament, being then described as of Ballycrath, co. Carlow. For daring to oppose the 'cessation',[3] he was suspended from his office

[1] From the elder line descended Earl Temple and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos; from the younger, through W. T.'s brother, Lord Palmerston.

[2] John Hammond was connected collaterally with Dean Nowell and John Hammond, LL.D. He had been physician to Henry, Prince of Wales. See *Notes and Queries*, 2 Oct. 1926. In *Notes and Queries*, 25 Dec. 1926 (see also *ibid.*, 17 Sept. 1927), I showed that Mary and Martha Harrison (Mrs. Hammond and Lady Temple), were probably sisters of John Harrison, master of St. Paul's School and afterwards steward to the Earl of Arundel. William Temple, John Hammond, and John Harrison had all been together at Eton.

[3] The peace which Charles I patched up with the Irish rebels in order to have, himself, a freer hand in England. For the feeling of English Pro-

and imprisoned for nearly a year. Being recalled to England, he was M.P. for Chichester in 1646, and in the same year published a denunciation of the Irish in his *History of the Irish Rebellion*. For voting on 5 December 1648 for a compromise with the king, he was 'secluded' from the House, and for the next four years lived quietly in London. During part of 1653 and 1654 he was on a commission in Ireland to settle the claims on land arising out of the Rebellion; and in June 1655 he returned there to be again Master of the Rolls.

Dorothy's lover, William Temple was born at his father's house in Blackfriars, London, on 6 April 1628. Lady Giffard tells us that he was first sent to school to Penshurst under his uncle Dr. Hammond (rector 1633–43). We may put this about 1635. Dr. Hammond was not only a theologian whose fame long survived,[1] but an exemplary parish priest who had service daily in his church and saw that his household attended it, 'which was the easilier perform'd, it being guided by his Mother'.[2] Dr. Hammond was a bachelor, but his mother, who kept his house, would look after her little grandson. We hear too that Dr. Hammond 'took care for the providing an able schoolmaster in the Parish'.[3] Perhaps it was from the schoolmaster, and not from his uncle, that young William got the rudiments of learning. For playfellows he perhaps had the children of his father's friend, Lord Leicester. Dorothy Sidney ('Saccharissa') was, however, ten years his senior, Algernon more than six years, Robert one year. In November 1638, when William was ten and half, his mother, Lady Temple, died at Penshurst Rectory, and perhaps this sad event caused the boy's removal to another school.

From Penshurst he was sent to Bishop's Stortford School, under a Mr. Leigh, 'to whom he us'd to say he was

testants in regard to this peace, see Lord Warwick's letter in the Everyman ed. of *D. O.'s Letters*, p. 287.

[1] When Boswell asked Johnson what commentaries on the Bible he would recommend, he replied: 'I would recommend Lowth and Patrick on the Old Testament and Hammond on the New.' (*Life of Johnson*, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 58.)

[2] Fell's *Life of Dr. H. Hammond* (1662), p. 13. [3] Ibid., p. 22.

beholding for all he knew of Latin and Greek, the first of wch he retain'd perfectly, and often regretted to have lost any part of the other. At fiveteen (haveing attain'd to all yt was to be learn'd there) he return'd home, the disorders of yt time haveing hindered his goeing to the university till seventine where he was then placed at Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge under the care of Dr. Cudworth.'[1] If Lady Giffard's facts are correct, Temple left Stortford about 1643 and joined Emmanuel College about 1645. It is not inconsistent with this that he should have been matriculated in the Easter term of 1644, as matriculation not unfrequently preceded residence.

Temple at Emmanuel was a fellow-commoner, and had as his chamber-fellow a young gentleman from Bedfordshire, James Beverley, of whom we shall hear some delicious stories in Dorothy's letters. Lady Giffard goes on to say that Dr. Cudworth 'would have engaged him in the harsh studies of logick and phylosophy wch his humor was too lively to pursue. Entertainments which agreed better with that & his age, especially Tennis, past most of his time there, soe that I have heard him say, if it had bin possible in the two years time he past there to forgit all he had learn't before, he must certainely have done it. At nineteen hee return'd home in order to his Travels. At twenty he began his travels into France in ye year 48, a time so dismal to England, that none but those who were the occasion of those disorders in their Country could have bin sorry to leave it; He chose to pass by the Isle of Wight, where his uncle Sr John Dingley then Master of a good estate & of one of the ancients[t] Famelyes of that Country liv'd: and where His Majesty was then prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle'. Lady Giffard thinks it better not to say that Col. Robert Hammond, the Parliamentary Governor of the Island, was Lady Dingley's nephew and William Temple's cousin.

Jane, Lady Dingley, was the elder sister of Dr. Henry Hammond and of Temple's mother. She had married about 1612 Sir John Dingley of Woolverton or Wolverton

[1] Lady Giffard's *Life of Sir W. T.* (MS.)

House, two miles south-west of Ventnor, a beautiful mansion,[1] in which the arms of Dingley impaling Hammond may still be seen on a fine oak mantelpiece. Colonel Robert Hammond was the second son of Temple's uncle, Robert Hammond of Chertsey (d. 1623). A man of only twenty-seven, he now had the invidious duty of being responsible for the king's safe custody at Carisbrooke, where in November and December 1647 his uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, a devoted royalist, had been attending the king as chaplain.

One can hardly doubt that Temple, with Hammond's permission, saw the king, perhaps kissed his hand, at this time. Writing in 1652 of the Archduke Leopold, he says: 'Upon my comming to Brussels I was impatient to see him which I did last night . . . in his chappell . . . His nose or beard or uprightness of gate give him some aire of our late King, I found it not alone.'[2]

III

Here then, in the Isle of Wight, Dorothy Osborne and William Temple met, though how the meeting came about we know not. She was twenty-one, he twenty, each had the advantages of good birth and good breeding, each had beauty, good humour, and a quick intelligence. Dorothy says that at this time 'nothing displeased, nothing troubled me',[3] yet at times she had a sadness in her eyes so that she needed no tears to persuade her troubles.[4] With her young stately beauty and witty tongue she may well have set fire to Temple's heart. And Temple himself, of good height, extremely well-made, with soft dark brown hair that curled naturally so that 'while hair was considered a beauty nobody had it in more perfection', active in all exercises, especially tennis, 'with more spirit and life in his humor than ever I saw in any body and with soe agreeable turns of witt and fancy that nobody was welcomer in all company, and that he never had a mind to

[1] See the illustration in *Victoria Hist. of Hants*, v. 280. [2] See p. xxx.
[3] Letter 56. [4] Letter 30.

make any body kind to him that he did not compass it,'[1] Temple may well have seemed to Dorothy a heaven-sent travelling-companion.

They had evidently decided to be travelling-companions when the famous incident occurred which I give in Lady Giffard's words:

'Twas there [in the Isle of Wight] he first met with S^r Peter Osbornes Daughter goeing with her Brother to their Father at S^nt Maloes, who was Governour of Garnesey, & held it out for the King; He made that Journey with them, in w^ch her Brother had like to be stop'd by an accident, that I don't know whether it will be thought worth relateing. The spite he had to se the King imprison'd, and treated by the Governour Coll. Hammond soe unlike what was due to him, provoked him to step back after all His company were gon before him out of the Inne to goe a shipboard and write theese words with a Diamond in the window, And Hamman was hang'd upon the Gallows he had prepar'd for Mordecai. Twas easy to imagin what hast he made after his company when he had done; but had no sooner overtaken them then he was seis'd himselfe, & brought back to y^e Governour, & only escap'd by his sister takeing it upon her selfe. In this Journey begun an amour &c.'[2]

It is noticeable that Lady Giffard does not represent Temple as having been in danger through young Osborne's escapade and does not say that this incident was the actual occasion of Temple's love. But we may well imagine that the exhibition of Dorothy's ready wit and self-sacrifice fanned any flame that may have been kindled before.

We know nothing of the passage of the little sailing-vessel that carried Temple and Dorothy and her brother to St. Malo. Did it put in at St. Peter Port or St. Helier on its way? At any rate it was now perhaps that the two lovers gazed on Herm and saw a little house on the islet in which they fancied they could live happily for the rest of their days like Baucis and Philemon.[3] It is not surprising that having reached St. Malo, Temple was in no hurry to continue his journey. Dorothy was no doubt at the height of happiness, reunited to her beloved and heroic father,

[1] Lady Giffard's *Character of Sir W. T.* (MS.).
[2] *Life of Sir W. T.* (MS.). [3] Letter 54.

and keeping at her side an ardent lover. How many weeks passed thus or what happened in those weeks we do not know, but it would seem that at that time the lovers met Dorothy's 'cousin Petters'[1] and became acquainted with an exiled Cavalier from the West Country, Sir John Grenville.[2] But Sir John Temple 'who was unsattisfied at the long stay [his son] made at St. Maloes & more at the account that was sent of the occasion of it, sent him orders to goe imediately to Paris, w^ch^ how unwelcome soever were no sooner received, then obey'd'.[3]

IV

And so, probably in the summer of 1648, the lovers were separated. Temple moves to Paris and Dorothy and her father remain for another year at St. Malo. But in 1649 Sir Peter—not having received any of his promised emoluments as Governor of Guernsey, and hearing that the remainder of his estate in England would be sold unless he compounded for it—writes a letter to Charles II announcing that he must at last think of himself and his family and return home. The letter[4] with all its dignity shows the old man's sense of the ingratitude with which his services and sacrifices had been requited.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,
I have lately had notice from England that the small proportion that remains of my estate is to be sold, and no consideration out of it to be had, either for my wife or children, if I come not to a composition for it. This and the extreme wants I suffer in this place, with the little consideration hath been had of them, (having received nothing towards my maintenance since my being here, nor any part of that was promised me at my retiring from Guernsey castle), have at length driven me to the necessity of thinking upon that which of all things I was the least inclined to and to look after that little that is left of my own. But this I can now resolve on with greater satisfaction, by how much I may seem less useful to your

[1] Letter 29. [2] Letter 73, note 6. [3] Lady Giffard's *Life* (MS.).
[4] The original was lent by Sir George Osborn of Chicksands Priory to Mr. F. B. Tupper, from whose book, *Chronicles of Castle Cornet*, p. 224, I have copied it.

service; and as, by your Majesty's command, I suspended the exercise of my government, so do I still leave it in those hands where you were pleased I should commit it. Only, I beseech your Majesty in equity to consider the right I have in it, and for it what I have left, and that I may not suffer from both sides, only because I have been honest; for be pleased, sir, to give me leave to say, that certainly I have served your Majesty and your royal father with a sincere integrity, against which neither temptations nor discouragements have prevailed, and have submitted to your will with that quiet obedience, that I have not at all considered my interests, nor hardly my honour, where that, that was called your service, was but said to be concerned. And after all, the chiefest request I have to make is, that God, in his good time, would restore your Majesty to your rights and then I am certain your goodness will consider mine; and, if in anything I have deserved your gracious regard, be pleased then to look upon me and my children, and only so much as your Majesty's own justice and honour shall judge me worthy the esteem of.

Your &c.

Sir Peter and Dorothy returned to England in the summer of 1649. The records of the Committee for Compounding[1] run: '29 May 1649 Sir Peter Osborne compounds for delinquency. Bore arms in the first war against Parliament. Is beyond seas, and begs the benefit of the late votes.' On 31 July he is fined a third of £2,266 5*s*. 4*d*. On 13 August he begs a review (revision) and allowance of debts charged on his lands, the evidence of which could not formerly be produced. This implies that he is now in England and can get at his papers.

From this time then, in sadly reduced circumstances, Sir Peter and his family were, as we must suppose, once more at Chicksands. He made his will on 26 February 1649/50, having shortly before made a settlement of his property. The estate was discharged after payment of the fine on 4 June 1650.

Dorothy's separation from her lover and her father's increasing embarrassments at St. Malo had told on her nerves. She writes in Letter 56: 'When I cam out of France

[1] *S.P.D.*, p. 1974.

nobody knew mee againe, I was soe alterd, from a Cheerful humor that was alway's alike, never over merry but always pleased, I was growne heavy, and sullen, froward and discomposed, and that Country w^ch^ usualy gives People a Jollynesse and Gayete . . . had wrought in mee soe contreary effects that I was as new a thing to them as my Cloth's.' This is no complete picture of the Dorothy of the love-letters, but even in them we see a tendency to look on the dark side of things.

V

In the summer of 1648 then we must suppose Temple to have left St. Malo and moved to Paris. He 'sighed like a lover but obeyed like a son'. All we are told by Lady Giffard of this sojourn abroad is: 'In that Journey seeing other parts of France he past two years, learnt French perfectly, & soon after his returne made another Journey' . . . and, in another place, that for some time he had as a companion in travel and tennis Dorothy's cousin (on the Danvers side) Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds.[1] Did he meet him through Dorothy[2] or know him independently of her?

Temple's essay, 'On the gardens of Epicurus,' perhaps gives us a hint of the 'other parts of France' which he saw at this time. 'My orange trees', he says, 'are as large as any I saw when I was young in France, except those of Fontainebleau', and perhaps when he tells us that English pippins 'yield to those of Normandy as these to those in Anjou, and even these to those in Gascony', we may think that he had seen for himself the apple-trees of all three provinces.

It is well if Temple had any pleasant memories of his two years in France, for those years 1648–50 were some of the most miserable in her annals—years of the spendthrift tyranny of a foreign Queen-Regent, years of revolt and discord, of which nothing came but the exhaustion of

[1] See Letter 5, note 5.

[2] Letter 5 shows that Sir Thomas claimed to have been at St. Malo.

noblesse and bourgeoisie alike and the established autocracy of Louis XIV.

The 'Parlement' indeed demanded wholesome reforms such as those which had been secured in England, but not being a representative assembly, only a corporation of lawyers, it had not the force nor the trained political sense of the English Parliament. And, worst of all, the quarrel was a three-sided one. While in England the nobility had fought either for the king or the commons, in France the noblesse was against both, and fighting for its own hand. And lastly a foreign invader crossed her frontiers—even within a month or two after the Thirty Years' War had ended with the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia. In one of his early Essays written a year or two later, Temple has a reference to the situation in January or February 1648/9:[1] 'I was in Paris at that time when it was beseig'd by the King and betray'd by the Parliament, when the Archduke Leopoldus advanced farr into France with a powerfull army, fear'd by one, suspected by another, and invited by a third, in sort that his name fild every ones mouth.'

Those years in France, with their constant political surprises and disappointments, must have been full of warning and instruction to the future statesman. They probably left him with a British hatred of autocratical government and a British contempt for the futility of the parties then opposed to it. But, probably too, he was like Wordsworth in 1790, and politics was only a secondary interest with him:

> The independent spirit of pure youth
> Called forth, at every season, new delights,
> Spread round my steps like sunshine o'er green fields.

It was perhaps at this time, while he was at Paris, that Temple adapted from the French a series of short romances to which he gave the general title *A True Romance, or The disastrous chances of Love and Fortune*.[2] He must at one time have anticipated their publication, as he prefixed to

[1] See p. xxx. Courtenay thought the reference was to Aug. 1648.

[2] The title runs on: 'Sett forth in divers tragicall Storys which in thees latter ages have been but too truely acted upon the Stage of Europe.'

them a letter to the Reader. In this he says: 'Many French words not yet usuall among us I beleeve are slipt in, that beeing the language most familiar to mee at the time of their writing.' After this comes a letter, 'To my Lady,' evidently addressed to Dorothy:

'Madame,

Having so good a title to my heart you may justly lay claime to all that comes from it. Thees fruits I know will not bee worth your owning, for alas what can bee expected from so barren a soile as that must needs bee having been scorched up with those flames wch your eys have long since kindled in it? Were it heer my design to increas the number of thees sheets, I could never finde a fitter subject then this I am upon; nor would it ill suite with the rest of thees tragicall storys should I heer trace over al the wandring steps of an unfortunate passion wch has so long and so variously affected, busied, diverted, pleased, and tormented mee. But it would bee too imperfect a story since the subject has no ende nor I courage enough to thinke of its beginning or revive those pleasing remembrances wch would serve onely to sharpen the pangs of my present disquiets. Tis not heer my intention to publish a secrett or entertain you with what you are already so well acquainted, tis onely to tell you the occasion that brought thees storys into the frame wherein now you see them. Would I could doe it without calling to mind the pains of that tædious absence, wch I thought never would have ended but with my life, having lasted so much longer then I could ever figure to myself a possibility of living without you. How slowly the lame minutes of that time past away, you will easily imagine, and how I was faine by all diversions to lessen the occasions of thinking on you, wch yett cost mee so many sighs as I wonder how they left mee breath enough to serve till my return. I found it to no purpose to fly from my thoughts and that the best way was to deceive them with the likeness of objects and by representing others misfortunes to them instead of my owne. Those books became pleasant to me wch would have been painfull to a better humor, and whilst I pittyed others I sometimes forgott how much I deservd it my self. Among many storys of that kind I mett with thees in French, but in so miserable an attire as servd not a little to the increas of my compassion in the reading them. I wishd them a better dress, for though truth needs none, yett beeing too modest

Temple seems to suggest that his stories were recent history, though the actors had been renamed.

to come abroad without it tis pitty to see her in an ill one. Poor Lydias misadventures gave mee the first temptation to tell her story over againe in a new language and fashion, after wch I was insensibly traind on to the making up of her company by the ease I found in such a kinde of diversion, for I made it the pastime of those lonely houres that my broken sleeps usd each night to leave upon my hands. Besides in the expressing of their severall passions I found a vent for my owne, wch if kept in had sure burst mee before now, and shewd you a heart wch you have so wholly taken up that contentment could nēre find a room in it since first you came there. I send you thees storys as indeed they are properly yours, whose remembrance indited whatever is passionate in any line of them. Their shape and features are still the same but their color garbe and fashion quite alterd from what they were when I mett them, nor had you seen them before, could you know them again, their names beeing new as well as their faces. What errand they have to come thus abroad I must needs say I cannot tell, it belongs to another to give in that account. A friend found them by chance among some other scribled papers, from whom all my importunity could never since recover them. When I found hee was resolvd to publish them I could not but send this along with them, not thinking it fitt to let any thing of mine goe abroad without the marke of my servitude. But they are now mine no longer, nor could any body doe mee a greater favor then to owne them. Should I sett your name to this letter, thousands would doe it to gaine the title of your servant, wch is that I onely intend heer to bee knowne by, nor by that to any but your self, nor to you neither unles you are well enough acquainted with my heart to know my thoughts in any disguise. Thees shall never have other besides this generall address wch (if fortune ever brings them to your hands) you will easily apply to yourself by a just esteam of your owne merits and my passion to bee the greatest of any.

And now Madam I must onely aske for pardon for entitling you to *The disastrous chances of Love and Fortune*; you will not bee displeasd since I thereby entitle you to my whole life wch hath hitherto been composed of nothing else. But whilst I am yours I can never bee unhappy, and shall alwaies esteem fortune my friend so long as you shall esteem mee

Your Servant.

Temple appends a list of the tales: The Labyrinth of Fortune, The Fate of Jealousie, The constant Desperado,

The force of custome, The generous Lovers, The brave Duellists, The incestuous paire, The Maids revenge, The disloyall Wife. Of these only the third, fourth, fifth, eighth, and ninth seem to be preserved. They are all in Temple's autograph.

VI

I IMAGINE that Temple returned to London to his father's house in the winter of 1650/1. He remained in London for six months, and during part of that time Dorothy Osborne was in London and the love-affair again ran its course. But again Sir John Temple thought things were going too far, and being himself on business at York, he summoned his son to him there and from York sent him to the Low Countries to prevent any chance of a hasty marriage.[1] The lovers parted at Goring House,[2] which seems to have been used at that time for public entertainments. Temple went north and Dorothy returned to Chicksands, to be pestered by her brother Henry with one proposal of marriage after another, as told in Letter 3, a course of persecution only broken by the death of her mother at Chicksands on 15 October,[3] and by a visit to Epsom Wells with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith of Campton, in the summer of 1652, when her separation from Temple and his silence, only interrupted by a single letter in March, had told sadly on her nerves, or, in her own language, had given her 'the spleen'.

In the late summer of 1651 then, as I suppose, Temple was sent abroad again.[4] Lady Giffard writes that he 'made another Journey into Holland, Germany & Flanders,

1 This is how I take Dorothy's words in Letter 76. Cp. the reference to 'your Yorkshire journey' in Letter 6.

2 Letter 3.

3 I think it is clear from Letter 3 that Lady O. died in 1651, not 1650, as stated on her monument.

4 Sir John Temple had been in Holland himself. Cp. *S.P.D. Chas. I*, dvii, 23 May 1645. Committee of both kingdoms resolves: 'that Sir John Temple be sent express into Holland with the declaration of both Houses to the Estates General and that he shall have £100 for his journey.'

where he grew so perfect a master of Spanish & return'd with soe perticular an inclination to Brusselles, that he us'd to say the King had no imployment, whenever the Governement was settled up agin, he should be soe well pleas'd to serve him in, as being His Resident there. After two years pass'd in theese Countrys[1] he came home, liv'd two or three years about the Towne . . . In fifty-three [*sc.* 1653/4] he carried his sister into Ireland'.

We have little further information about Temple's life abroad. In March 1652 Dorothy had a letter from him from Breda[2] and in the autumn of 1652 before his return to England he was at Antwerp.[3] Between these dates he was probably at Brussels. In one of his Essays written there he has an interesting account of the Archduke Leopold, whom he had just seen:

'I was in Paris at that time [?Jan. 1648/9] when it was beseig'd by the King and betray'd by the Parliament, when the Archduke Leopoldus advanced farr into France with a powerfull army, fear'd by one, suspected by another, and invited by a third, in sort that his name fild every ones mouth (and indeed it might the biggest in France). This and his being of the house of Austria was all that I knew of him before I came into Flanders; such towring titles gave mee occasion to draw his picture like the Knight that kills the Gyant in a Romance; upon my comming to Brussels I was impatient to see him, which I did last night, and that in a posture (if any does) commanding respect & reverence, in his chappell, before the Altar, under his pavillion, his pages on one hand, Preists on the other, the Knights of the Order before him, and yet for all this methinkes hee looks as like Tom or Dick as ever I saw any body in my life. His nose or beard or uprightness of gate give him some aire of our late King, I found it not alone, and yet I am apt to beleeve it might bee his dignity and pomp more then countenance or person that abus'd our fancyes to draw a resemblance; wee are resolv'd to find some likenesse betweene those who are given us for brothers when there is none, and perhaps no reason why there

[1] He returned in Nov. 1652, so on my dating he was only abroad fifteen or sixteen months. That Lady Giffard's dating in loose is seen by the 'two or three years' she gives him in London. We know this should be fifteen months.

[2] See Letter 2.

[3] Shown by his letter in Spanish.

should bee any. But many other things may bee said more to the Archducks advantage then this. Hee is certainly a person that has many virtues and few defects, onely his ill-luck is that his virtues consist in such things as value a private person, his defects in such as accomplish a Prince; nature and fortune were not of counsell together when they made him, one a man, and tother a ruler of men. In a meaner condition hee had been a greate personage, whereas in this hee appeares a meane one, so the same planet which shines a sparkling glorious light in a lower sphear, were it advanced to the sunns height would not bee gazed at, or if it were, twould bee to despise its dimnesse, not admire its light. Hee is so excellent a Linguist that twould bee hard to judge by his language whither high Dutch, Italian, or Spanish were his mother tongue, ready and eloquent in the latin, not unvers'd in the French, onely his Masters quarrell forbids him the use; this seems to mee no small perfection, that speake none well, but still as much as I gain in another language I loose in my owne, and use to flatter my selfe with the beleefe that when a tongue is cloven no part can retaine the force of an whole tongue. Hee is a good Philosopher, better divine, understands Chimestry well, and I am apt to beleeve hee understands it the better in that hee doth not practise it, eminent in the theory of Musick, both to judge and compose, exquisite in that of peinture, and rather asham'd then ignorant of using the pencill: for the virtues of the mind, devout even to superstition, temperate in all meats but eggs, and if his riot in that bee more then rumor, tis thought to proceed rather from a necessity of his constitution then from any luxury of his palat, chast in such an excesse, that if his hair were noe thicker upon his beard then it is upon his head, I beleeve his manhood would bee call'd in question, personally very valiant and yet not stupidly hardy, to charge with the first and not runn with the last, wittness the battle of Lans,[1] neither did I ever heare his justice taxed for the rigor of severity or the abuse of clemency. What can bee said more? sure any modest man will take this in payment. But yet what can commend a Prince, that wants strength of judgement, able to shock the very wheele of fortune, a quick and reaching foresight to discover the storme whilst clouds are gathering, height of spirit to scorn any guide but reason, active courage and able conduct to manage a warr as well as to fight a battell, a generous obliging carriage to enslave mens minds as well as govern theire bodyes, and dispose theire fortunes? I am confident our Archdukes mind was never so intent upon ordering a pitch'd

[1] The Archduke was routed by Condé at Lens 19 Aug. 1648.

field as a consort of Musick, his eye never so curious in viewing a fortification as a lanskip, hee is more pleasd with his image in wax made by a Nunn then hee would bee with his Statue in brass set up by the States of Flanders, more proud of composing a new aire for his quire then of subduing a new province for his King. Whilst hee sits under line, affaires are bandy'd about by the two court rackets[1] Count Schomberg and Fuensaldagra, this the Kings, that the Archdukes minion. Hee is liberall to none but his picture bauds, to bring one of Titians Masterpeices into his Gallery is an equall merit as twould bee to bring one of natures Masterpeices into the Turkes Seraglio; while his Italian capons are fed fat in the Court, the brave Spanish cocks are famished in the very pit, so that for my part I admire all his souldiers are not long since turn'd Musitians, that being the onely way to bee duely pai'd. Twould bee something yet if hee would but pay the drums and trumpets for theire affinity to Musick; but alas, point des novelles, there is no newes for them but of the siege of Dunkirk[2] and ammunition bread. The truth ont is, how ever hee hath purchas'd it I know not, but hee hath the ill luck to have no mans good word and all womens bad, yet all theire tongues seeme to bee guided more by general fancy and example then by any particular reason. In fin I cannot tell what better to compare him to then his Mistresse fortune, upon which all people that suffer exclaime and cry out, accusing her for doeing all the evill that arrives in the world whilst alas she poore wretch does nothing at all.'

In reading Dorothy Osborne's letters, we feel it a great loss not to have Temple's side of the correspondence. From his after-career we know that he was a man of statesmanlike abilities and strong character, still we get no picture of him as he was in his youth. The passage I have quoted here helps us. We see that during his years abroad, he did not give himself up to idle pleasures, he mastered new languages, practised himself in the writing of his own, and brought an active and reflective mind to bear upon whatever came in his way. It was the same when he had returned to London. Lady Giffard says that he

'liv'd two or three years about the Towne in the usual entertainements of Young & Idle men, but never without passing a great deal

[1] The metaphor from a tennis-court is characteristic.
[2] Dunkirk had been taken by Condé in 1646.

of it alone, where he read much & writt, both verses & some other short Essays[1] upon severall subjects, w^ch^ are still in his Famely, though he would never suffer them to goe further, & that (if I might be Judge) were not less extraordinary at y^t^ age, then what he has writt since with more Judgement & thought. Such a spirit & range of fancy & imagination, I beleeve, has seldome bin seen; w^ch^ he us'd to say cost him afterwards so much pains to suppress in all he writt & made publick, & w^ch^ perhaps might keep them from passing so well with nicer people as they did with me.'

When, in Paris, Temple wrote his stories called *The disastrous chances of Love and Fortune* and, later in England, the dedicatory letter, it is clear that Dorothy filled his mind. Whether during his second stay abroad, her image at all faded, I cannot say. She only had the one letter from him from Breda, but Sir John Temple may have vetoed correspondence. It is, however, noticeable that though he returned to England in November 1652, it was nearly Christmas before Dorothy heard from him. Meanwhile on 1 December he had written a letter in Spanish[2] to a friend at Antwerp in which he says he had been till then sixty leagues from London and makes that the excuse of his long silence. Fortune had never been kind to him but in allowing him to spend some time at Antwerp, and giving him the desire of returning there. His mind often darts to the streets, the churches, and the ramparts of Antwerp. His friend knows his love of foreign languages and customs, and how unwillingly—constrained by his father's commands—he had left the city of his heart where the beauty of the buildings, the cleanness of the streets surpass all other towns and are only matched by the charm of the ladies and the elegance of the whole society. While his fancy is overcome with those past delights, he is stifled in London smoke which would hardly leave him breath for sighs if he were in love. But there is no remedy but patience, perhaps the spring or summer will see him back.

England is embroiled with France and Holland, there is

[1] We have seen that some of these Essays at any rate were written while he was still abroad.

[2] See Appendix I.

no appearance of peace nor, as far as he can judge, advantage to be had from war. A battle at sea had been raging—the result might be known at any moment.[1] He closes 'Su servidor muy aficionado W. Temple'.

In a postscript he begs his friend to ask the painter Segur [Seghers][2] if he does not remember painting a little picture which was presented by him or some one else to the late King of England—a glass vase full of flowers and leaves, including two large roses and two or three little ones with some other flowers. He asks his friend to reply in Spanish and address his letters

'For Mr. James Temple at Mr. Right's house in Marke Lane London.'

Why Temple wishes his letters to be addressed to him in a false name remains his own secret.

Temple probably did not give his Antwerp friend a full account of his feelings on his return to England. At any rate, he writes in a week or two to Dorothy at Chicksands and receives in reply the first of the letters which are the staple of this book.

[1] Tromp had defeated Blake near the Goodwins on 28 Nov.

[2] This is the famous flower-painter Daniel Seghers or Zeghers of Antwerp, born 1590, died 1661.

DOROTHY OSBORNE AND HER TIMES AS SEEN IN HER LETTERS

THE story told in these letters written between December 1652 and the autumn of 1654 has many of the elements of a drama. Two young lovers endowed with qualities which win our sympathy and admiration pass through times of separation, suspense, and dejection to be happily united in the last act: there are well-meaning friends who raise difficulties and make misery; and there is a crowd of minor figures in the background who give now touches of comedy, and now colour and atmosphere, to the scene of the play.

The opening is itself dramatic. A young lady of high connexions and many accomplishments has given her heart long ago to a worthy lover, but he has gone abroad and for all she knows has forgotten her. She spends her days in a great country house built out of an ancient monastery, dreaming over romances or pining for her lover's return, motherless and alone save for the society of a brave old father, impoverished in the service of his king and now falling into the weakness of age, or of a single brother who wearies himself and wearies her with schemes of marrying her to this eligible suitor or that. But one evening comes a letter in a familiar hand. Her lover is back in London and writes half playfully to ask if she is still free.

How much that letter meant to her, those of us who know Dorothy Osborne can detect under the stiff forms of her maidenly reply. William Temple learnt from it at least that she was still as uncommitted as at their last parting and that he was one of the persons in the world whom she was most concerned in. If during his absence his love had at all cooled, that letter gave it fresh ardour. He wrote again in renewed confidence and now drew from her a letter, such as the many that were to follow it, in which she mingled loverlike reproaches with flashes of the merry wit that was one of her chief charms. In two more

letters each tells the other of all that has happened during their separation, Dorothy, in particular, of her mother's death and of the 'servants', or suitors, who have been pressed upon her and whom her womanly ingenuity has enabled her to decline. The old relations are re-established, soon there are happy meetings in London, and then week by week the Campton carrier takes a letter to the absent lover filled with solicitude for his health, tales of her oppressively affectionate brother, sparkling pictures touched with satire of him and of new candidates for her hand, outbursts against the cruelty of Fortune and forebodings that the happiness she longs for is something too good to be ever realized.

Many readers of Dorothy's letters will look to them in vain for the endearing terms associated with modern love-letters. They belong in fact to an age which demanded from a girl reserve in the expression of her deeper feelings. For a long time they open with 'Sir', and when the engagement has become so definite that 'Sir' would be out of place, they open abruptly with no form of address at all. One doubts if either writer before marriage ever addressed the other by his or her Christian name. When Temple has made some allusion to her confessions of love, Dorothy shrinks at the word and begs 'Let it be friendship in the next charge'. She is now twenty-six but she makes it plain that nothing will induce her to marry without her father's consent or so as to incur the judgement that from a worldly point of view she has let passion carry her into an act of imprudence.

But Dorothy's capacity of love must be tested rather by her deeds than her words. It is seen above all, in the constancy of her attachment to William Temple, a constancy only confirmed by the domestic persecutions which it brought upon her. It is no less evident in her references to her 'best father in the world' whom she tended so devotedly in his last days, in the readiness with which she forgave her brother Henry again and again for unkindness which had seemed to her beyond all pardon, and in her boundless admiration for her dear Lady Diana Rich. She

had warm appreciation of fine qualities in persons with whom she was less closely tied, Sir John Temple, Lady Anne Wentworth, the young Will and Robin Spencer.

Still one may think that Dorothy was not one who made friends very readily or was inclined sentimentally to exaggerate the good side of new acquaintances. Her quick eye for incongruities and absurdities held her back from rapid advances, and left her standing at a little distance from most of her fellow creatures. Men called her stately and were somewhat in awe of her. They might have been more so if they had known how she hit them off in her letters to her lover. How clearly we see the characters she sketches so lightly! Her Aunt Gargrave with her 'good motions' and her lectures to Dorothy on her 'obstinacy of spirit' for rejecting them; her 'precious uncle', the regicide, whose officious kindness means mischief; her brother Henry wishing her a husband that loved her as well as he did and writing letters to her so ardent that she tells him they must have been intended for his mistress, then artfully trying to worm out her feeling for Temple while she sits soberly and 'answers to interrogatories', or again provoking her to a quarrel when they part with 'a leg' on his side and a curtsey on hers: the learned country justice Sir Justinian, 'the very pattern of wisdom' whom she finds to be 'the vainest impertinent self-conceited coxcomb that ever I saw', who thinks after much inquiry that nobody would make so fit a second wife for him as Mistress Osborne, and has an ague when he hears that she has one, 'so natural a sympathy there is between us': the old don, Cousin Molle, hurrying back to Cambridge in the Osborne family coach with his 'imaginary dropsy'; his protégé the Sheriff of Cambridgeshire, 'a most Romance squire', 'who will go in quest of some enchanted damsel whom if he likes as to her person (for fortune is a thing below him and we do not read in history that any knight or squire was ever so discourteous as to inquire what portions their ladies had) then he comes with the Power of the County to demand her': the young Tony Lumpkin, 'J. B.', who offered her a present of charcoal, 'to warm my heart I think he meant

it'; my Lord Keeble's son who will have nothing left to say when the Court of Chancery goes down and 'my Lord my father' is taken from him; Lady Tollemache with her faith in will-power; Nan Clarges, now General Monk's wife, 'who will become Greenwich as well as some other of the great ladies of the time do the rest of the king's houses'; Lady Mary Sandys who would have accepted her husband's invitation to spend a night at his house 'if Tom Paunton, J. Morton, and the rest would have gone too'.

Dorothy is naturally interested in the mutual relations of married people. Lady Sunderland's marrying Mr. Smith out of pity rouses her indignation, but she would have been as sad as Temple to see them so kind. Marriage has transformed one pretty gentleman of her acquaintance into 'the direct shape of a great boy newly come from school', taken up with running on errands for his wife or 'if he was at leisure to talk, by what he said and the noise he made you would have concluded him drunk with joy that he had a wife and a pack of hounds'. Lady Grey de Ruthin tolerates her fiancé because there is a plentiful fortune, though he is 'the most troublesome busy talking little thing that ever was born'. 'Is it possible', Dorothy asks, 'that my Lord Leicester and my Lady are in great disorder and that after forty years' patience he has now taken up the cudgels and resolves to venture for the mastery! What an age do we live in, where 'tis a miracle if in ten couple that are married, two of them live so as not to publish it to the world that they cannot agree!'

Dorothy's drollery takes many forms—now it is archness as when on sending Temple her portrait, she says 'let it not presume to disturb my Lady Sunderland's': now it is a humorous representation of a rustic's unhappiness at being accused of breaking the seal of a letter: 'he has been with a neighbour of mine and begged her that she would go to me and desire my worship to write to your worship to know how the letter was sealed, for it has so grieved him that I should think him so dishonest, that he has neither eat nor slept (to do him any good) since he came home': again it is seen in the ironical gravity with which she dis-

cusses the question of her or Temple taking some more eligible partner.

'Would you think it that I have an ambassador from the Emperor Justinian that comes to renew the treaty? In earnest 'tis true, and I want your counsel extremely what to do in it. You told me once that of all my servants you liked him the best. Well I'll think on't and if it succeed, I will be as good as my word, you shall take your choice of my four daughters. He desires to know whether I am at liberty or not. What shall I tell him? or shall I send him to you to know? I think that will be best. I'll say that you are much my friend and that I have resolved not to dispose of myself but with your consent and approbation, and therefore he must make all his court to you; and when he can bring me a certificate under your hand that you think him a fit husband for me, 'tis very likely I may have him.'

Again,

'I have no more heart to go to Epsom since Sir Robert Cooke died. Ah, that good old man, I would so fain have had him, but I have no luck to them, they all die.'

Again,

'Just now I have news brought me of the death of an old rich knight that has promised me this seven years to marry me whensoever his wife died, and now he's dead before her, and has left her such a widow, it makes me mad to think on't, £1,200 a year jointure and £20,000 in money and personal estate, and all this I might have had if Mr. Death had been pleased to have taken her instead of him. Well, who can help these things? But since I cannot have him, would you had her! What say you? Shall I speak a good word for you? She will marry for certain, and though perhaps my brother may expect I should serve him in it, yet if you give me commission, I'll say I was engaged beforehand for a friend and leave him to shift for himself. You would be my neighbour if you had her and I should see you often. Think on't and let me know what you resolve.'

Dorothy's wit is the wit of a pure-minded woman, it has no touch of cynicism. She grieves over women who yield to passion and forfeit all title to respect like Lady Anne Blunt or Lady Isabella Thynne, even though the latter had a beast for a husband. 'Were I as she I would hide myself from all the world.' And her Puritanism is

much more than a dread of the world's scorn, strong as that feeling is with her: it is grounded on a simple religious faith which still does not prevent her smiling at religious eccentrics and impostors. She abhors the irreligious opinions which are credited to Lord Lisle, and is infuriated when her brother suggests that her lover is of the same kidney. She is a 'devote' of Jeremy Taylor and has learnt from him the blessedness of surrendering one's will to some one wiser than oneself.

This religiousness sustained her in times of suffering and bitterness till a crisis came when we may think it added to her misery. The long deferring of promised happiness had preyed on her mind and weakened her physically, and now her religion suggested to her that it was a punishment brought on her for her sins. She had allowed passion to usurp an undue place in her heart. She writes to Temple that she is determined to conquer it. 'It has been my ruin,' she writes, 'and was sent me as a punishment for my sins. It has made the trouble of your life and cast a cloud upon mine. My misfortune makes all my fault towards you and my faults to God made all my misfortunes. If God had seen fit to have satisfied our desires, we should have had them. Since he has decreed it otherwise, we must submit.' She makes a confession which shows us at once that her mental balance is disturbed: 'I am possessed with that strange insensibility that my nearest relations have no tie upon me, and I find myself no more concerned in those that I have heretofore had great tenderness of affection for, than in my kindred that died long before I was born.'

In this crisis Temple's common-sense and manly resolution saved the situation. He had not all Dorothy's gifts, for example her sense of the ridiculous, her delicate analysis of foibles. He was a little of a Sir Charles Grandison or a Sir Willoughby Patterne, inclined to view himself with complacency and to regard his love as something unique which demanded an extraordinary return. He wounded Dorothy at times by needless reproaches. But his love was strong and with it went the will to overcome

hindrances. His philosophical training forbade him to rail against Fortune. He too had his fits of melancholy, but he had his London friends and his tennis and could keep his mind sane and generally hopeful. When Dorothy pressed him (for his sake as well as her own) to bring their quasi-engagement to an end, his pride was wounded and he denounced her as false and inconstant. When this only hardened her purpose, he threatened to do himself some violence. He had never had to apply his philosophy to any great trouble of his own, while Dorothy's was no theoretical system but one based on her long experience of life's crosses. It had taught her self-discipline but perhaps also had inclined her to see the future unlit by hope. But her discovery of the strength of his passion broke down her resistance and one interview sufficed to bring her again to his side. She had loved him even when she renounced his love, she had loved him even when his taunts had roused her anger, and to see him again was to surrender without a struggle and to surrender for life.

But this series of letters gives us more than a love-story, it gives a picture of England in the far-away times of the Puritan Revolution. Civil war has but lately ceased and has left its sad memories. The Parliament has triumphed over the monarchy and yet has had to bow to the power of its great General. And already a hidden destiny is contriving that in six years' time the beaten side will be once more supreme and the Long Parliament and the Protector objects of aversion. For the moment, though there may be plots, the government is strong and holds its own. We hear of no riots or duels of a political kind. Families are divided by party, but there is less bitterness between the partisans of one cause and the other than we might have expected. Perhaps the common subjection to military rule has calmed internecine passions. This is seen, I think, very clearly in Temple's family and Dorothy's. Temple's uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, the divine, was devoted to the Royal house: but his father had sat as a Presbyterian in the Long Parliament and was shortly to resume under Cromwell the office in Ireland to which he had been

appointed by King Charles. William's cousin, Robert Hammond, had served Cromwell as a soldier and was ready to serve him as a civil administrator. Dorothy's father and brothers were strongly royalist, but her mother's surviving brother was a regicide. Yet there does not seem to have been a complete breach between the regicide Sir John and his royalist sister Lady Gargrave, or even, perhaps, his brother-in-law, Sir Peter Osborne. Sir John's children stayed at Cornbury and Henry Osborne met them there. And after marriage Temple and his wife lived happily with his Puritan relations at Reading. Dorothy herself, if her heart had not been pledged to Temple, would perhaps have married Henry Cromwell.

These letters bring us very near to some of the greatest and most characteristic figures of the age. Dorothy has a dog 'that was the General's', and Henry Cromwell through his brother-in-law Fleetwood gets her more greyhounds from Ireland. *Hudibras* has a new interest when we learn that Sir Sammy Luke is a 'nice florist'. The courtly physician Sir Theodore de Mayerne, the fashionable painter Peter Lely, the popular divine Stephen Marshall, the quack astrologer William Lilly, the Cambridge Public Orator and wit Henry Molle, the famous women, my Lady Sunderland, my Lady Carlisle, and my Lady Newcastle, all show themselves in some new light. And there are others, here brought very near to us, who will play a greater part in the next reign and be remembered as Albemarle, Danby, Algernon Sidney, and the Duchess of Lauderdale.

In the light they throw on the social life of the upper classes in the days of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, these letters correct some of the false impressions we gained at school. Life was not quite so gloomy as historians have represented it. It is true that the theatres were closed and the sermons were long, and that you might listen to a woman preaching at Somerset House, but we see that Lady Mary Sandys and Tom Paunton could still attend race-meetings, that masques were given not without disorder, that fastidious ladies with their faces masked could spend their gay summer evenings in Hyde Park and New Spring

Gardens, or end a day with supper and play at The Three Kings. Dorothy meditated on Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, and hailed with delight Cowley's *Davideis*, but her head was also full of the impossible loves of the impossible heroes and heroines of Mlle de Scudéry and Monsieur de Calprenède. And it is good to be reminded that the countryside, though the Maypoles had fallen, was much as it had ever been, that lads and lasses still drew their Valentines, that there were happy shepherdesses to be seen clustered in the shade on a common and singing of ballads, and that, in a beautiful garden on a July evening, the jasmine 'smelt beyond all perfume'.

When we contrast the age of the Commonwealth with our own, we must confess that our boasted improvements are chiefly in the things that matter least. We may shrug our shoulders at the old-fashioned country hospitality when the house was 'the most filled of any since the Ark' and the guests slept two in a bed, at the solemn midday dinners and the lumbering six-horse coaches that carried you to them, at the carriers' carts that brought you your letters and your news once a week, at a sickroom scene where the man-servant in attendance on his perhaps dying master had got one of the maids to talk nonsense to over a bottle of ale, at the picture of passengers for Ireland wearily waiting at Chester or Liverpool for a change of wind. But we are checked in our self-congratulations by reflecting that we may even now learn something from the beautiful family life of the Temples, from Sir John's wise consideration for his son's wishes and William's delicacy about asking help from his father, a delicacy in which for once Dorothy compares with him unfavourably, from the lifelong mutual affection of William and his sister, and from the readiness with which they all received William's unknown bride to their hearts. And we may think that Girton or Somerville even now might look contentedly on a graduate who had the wit, the literary skill, the critical and reflective power—not to say the refinement of nature, the passionate sincerity, the unshaken devotion to those she loved—of Dorothy Osborne.

THE AFTER-HISTORY OF DOROTHY OSBORNE'S LETTERS

In his lifetime Sir William Temple kept his wife's love-letters in a cabinet.[1] Mrs. Temple writes from Reading[2] 'you would have such letters as I used to write before we were marryed, there are a great many such in y^r^ cabinett y^t^ I can send you if you please'. After his wife's death he probably destroyed his own letters to her, but Dorothy's letters, together with his own MS. essays and romances, were preserved and probably passed on his death in 1698 with the cabinet to his granddaughter, Elizabeth Temple, (elder daughter of his son John), who later married her cousin John Temple, second son of Sir William's brother, Sir John. Mrs. Temple died in 1772 and the letters then perhaps passed for his life to the Rev. John Bacon of Shrubland Hall, Suffolk, son of her younger sister Dorothy. He died in 1788 and then, if not before, they passed with Shrubland to his brother the Rev. Nicholas Bacon, vicar of Coddenham, Suffolk. This Mr. Bacon had married on 19 September 1780 a Miss Browne who died on 9 August 1785. By his will, 11 February 1792, he left his personal property to his late wife's sister Charlotte (wife of his curate the Rev. John Longe), who between her father's death, 9 August 1789, and her own marriage, 5 November 1790, had kept house for her widowed brother-in-law at Coddenham. On Mr. Bacon's death, 26 August 1796, Mr. Longe became vicar of Coddenham and the letters which had been left to his wife remained in his house. Mr. Longe died in 1834 and the next owner of the letters was his son the Rev. Robert Longe of Spixworth Park, Norfolk, who succeeded him in Coddenham Vicarage and himself died in 1890. On his death they became the property of Mr. Robert Bacon Longe of Spixworth Park, who sold the bulk of them to the British Museum in 1891. For some reason, however, seven of the series of love-

[1] This cabinet is now at Chicksands, having been sold to Sir George Osborn by the late Robert Bacon Longe, Esq., of Spixworth Park.

[2] See p. 199.

letters were not sold, and these, along with some later letters of Dorothy written from Reading after her marriage, original MSS. of Sir William Temple, Lady Giffard's MS. 'Life' and 'Character' of her brother, and her translations of the *Diana* of Monte Mayor copied in Swift's hand, passed in 1911 to his son, Mr. Francis Bacon Longe, and from him a few years ago, with Spixworth Park, to his brother, the Rev. John Charles Longe, Rector of Yelverton, near Norwich. Yelverton Rectory is therefore the present home of these manuscripts, for the use of which I am greatly indebted to Mr. Longe's kindness.

In 1836 the Rt. Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay published his *Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart.*, in which were included in a Supplement (ii, pp. 273–337) extracts from Dorothy Osborne's letters and (ii, pp. 338–71) extracts from Temple's early essays. For these and for the use of Lady Giffard's 'Life' and 'Character' of her brother, which had been printed only in a mutilated form, and for some other items, the author was indebted to the kindness of the Rev. John Longe and the Rev. Robert Longe, who allowed him access to the collections at Coddenham.

Dorothy Osborne's Letters, which he made no attempt to put into chronological order, are described by Courtenay in his Preface as 'a numerous and pleasing collection of letters written by Lady Temple, before marriage, to her future husband'. He adds: 'though I have expressed a doubt whether the extracts which I have given from Lady Temple's letters will be generally acceptable, I fairly own that I lament that I did not transcribe a great many more.'

Courtenay's *Life* was reviewed by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh* of October 1838. Macaulay praised the specimens given of Temple's early Essays: 'indeed, there is one passage on Like and Dislike which could have been produced only by a mind habituated carefully to reflect on its own operations, and which reminds us of the best things in Montaigne.' He was still more enthusiastic about the extracts from Dorothy's letters:

'Mr Courtenay expresses some doubt whether his readers will

think him justified in inserting so large a number of these epistles. We only wish that there were twice as many. Very little indeed of the diplomatic correspondence of that generation is so well worth reading. . . . We are glad to learn so much, and would willingly learn more, about the loves of Sir William and his mistress. In the seventeenth century, to be sure, Louis the Fourteenth was a much more important person than Temple's sweetheart. But death and time equalize all things. Neither the great King, nor the beauty of Bedfordshire, neither the gorgeous paradise of Marli nor Mistress Osborne's favourite walk "in the common that lay hard by the house, where a great many young wenches used to keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads", is anything to us. Louis and Dorothy are alike dust. A cotton-mill stands on the ruins of Marli; and the Osbornes have ceased to dwell under the ancient roof of Chicksands.[1]

But of that information for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events, we find so much in the love-letters which Mr. Courtenay has published, that we would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state-papers taken at random. To us surely it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors, as to know all about the seizure of Franche Comté and the treaty of Nimeguen. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes. . . .

Mr. Courtenay proclaims that he is one of Dorothy Osborne's devoted servants, and expresses a hope that the publication of her letters will add to the number. We must declare ourselves his rivals. She really seems to have been a very charming young woman, modest, generous, affectionate, intelligent and sprightly; a royalist, as was to be expected from her connections, without any of that political asperity which is as unwomanly as a long beard; religious, and occasionally gliding into a very pretty and endearing sort of preaching, yet not too good to partake of such diversions as London

[1] In this point Macaulay was misled by a note of Courtenay's, i, p. 5.

afforded under the melancholy rule of the Puritans, or to giggle a little at a ridiculous sermon from a divine who was thought to be one of the great lights of the Assembly at Westminster; with a little turn for coquetry, which was yet perfectly compatible with warm and disinterested attachment, and a little turn for satire, which yet seldom passed the bounds of good nature. She loved reading; but her studies were not those of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. She read the verses of Cowley and Lord Broghill, French Memoirs recommended by her lover, and the Travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto. But her favourite books were those ponderous French romances which modern readers know chiefly from the pleasant satire of Charlotte Lennox. She could not however help laughing at the vile English into which they were translated. Her own style is very agreeable; nor are her letters at all the worse for some passages in which raillery and tenderness are mixed in a very engaging namby-pamby.' [1]

Judge Parry tells us that it was Macaulay who awakened his own interest in Dorothy Osborne.

'It was this passage from Macaulay that led the Editor to Courtenay's Appendix, and it was the literary and human charm of the letters themselves that suggested the idea of stringing them together into a connected story or sketch of the love affairs of Dorothy Osborne. This was published in April 1886 in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and happened, by good luck, to fall into the hands of an admirer of Dorothy, who, having had access to the original letters, had made faithful and loving copies of each one—accurate even to the old-world spelling. These labours had been followed up by much patient research, the fruits of which were now to be generously offered to the present Editor on condition that he would prepare the letters for the press. The owner of the letters having courteously expressed his acquiescence, nothing remained but to give to the task that patient care that it is easy to give to a labour of love.'

We owe then to the literary *flair* and overflowing sympathy of Judge Parry the first publication of *The Letters*

[1] I feel the truth of Judge Parry's remarks: 'To our thinking, in the character that he draws of our heroine, Macaulay hardly appears to be sufficiently aware of the sympathetic womanly nature of Dorothy, and the dignity of her disposition; so that he is persuaded to speak of her too constantly from the position of a man of the world praising with patronising emphasis the pretty qualities of a schoolgirl. But we must remember that . . . we have an extended series of letters before us.'

from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple. The book was issued in 1888 by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh, London. The letters were printed, we are told, from the transcripts made by the 'admirer of Dorothy' whom the Judge in deference to her modesty calls merely his 'fellow-servant', but who now that she has passed away may be revealed by name. She was Sara Rose, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Patteson and wife of Mr. Francis Davy Longe, younger brother of Mr. Robert Bacon Longe. Mrs. Longe died on 23 March 1905, her husband five years later. Her transcripts were, however, in 'old-world spelling', and it was part of the editorial work of the Judge to modernize the spelling and punctuation and to arrange the letters from internal evidence into a chronological order, a task as I know to my cost of immense difficulty. When the original letters had been acquired by the British Museum in 1891, they were bound in the order adopted by the Judge in 1888.

In the same year, 1888, appeared a new and cheaper edition, and in 1903 a revised edition issued by Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes of London and Manchester, which included seven letters of the series not printed before and still in the hands of the Longe family. In this edition the order and dating of the letters was somewhat modified. This is the form in which we have the letters in Messrs. Dents' *Wayfarer's Library* (1914) and *Everyman's Library*.

In 1891 the Judge purchased from Mr. Robert Bacon Longe the sole rights of publication of the seven letters (in my numeration Letters 8, 12, 16, 28, 30, 35, 46).

For the present edition I have made a fresh transcript of the letters from the originals, of which the majority are now in the British Museum's Add. MS. 33975. It was Dorothy's habit to take for her letter a single sheet (strictly speaking, half-sheet) of paper, generally more or less of the dimensions 12 in. by 8, though letters 45 to 56 (except 51) are nearer $13 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$, letters 57, 58 roughly $15\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$, and letters 59, 60, $16\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{7}{8}$. (Letter 59 begins with a reference to 'this vast paper'.) Sometimes Dorothy did not fold her sheet of paper, front and back

together then made two pages (e.g. Letters 2–7, 21–3, 70–2, 75–7), more generally she folded her sheet and gave herself four pages. In her early letters down to Letter 32, it was her habit to leave a margin on each page (whatever the page's size), and to turn her paper and fill up the margin before beginning the next page. When all pages and their margins were filled, she would use for her conclusion the top of the first page of her letter reversed. It is noticeable that there is no such use of a margin after Letter 32. Towards the end of the correspondence, she sometimes in a folded letter passes from page 1 to p. 4, writing across the page from right-hand, then to p. 2, writing upside down, then to p. 3, writing across the page from left-hand. Her handwriting is clear, so that no difficulties of reading occur except where the paper has been torn or pasted down. Dorothy's own spelling has been kept except that her use of *u*, *v*, and *i*, *j* has been accommodated to modern custom. Her punctuation has been reproduced, except that occasionally a full-stop has been placed where Dorothy has a comma or no stop at all. Notes of interrogation and exclamation are also an editorial addition.

The most difficult part of my work has been the dating and arrangement of the letters, the majority not being dated by Dorothy herself. My justification of the order adopted will be gathered from the 'Links' printed at the head of the several letters, but I am ready to admit that difficulties remain. In particular the number of letters that seem to fall in the months of September and October 1653 drive one to suppose that at this time the lovers found it possible to interchange letters more than once a week. How they could do so, is not easy to understand.

Dorothy generally received her letters when the carrier came down from London on Thursday. She then began a letter to be ready for him to take up on Monday. Where the date of a letter is unknown, I have supposed it to be written on the Saturday unless there are indications to the contrary. I have brought some fresh research and observation to bear both on this question and on the elucidation

of the Letters generally. But unless I had had Judge Parry's guidance, this edition would have been still more imperfect than it is. It is easy for a later editor who has industry to find something new here or there. But no one is more sensible than I am of the value, and especially of the charm, of Judge Parry's work or of the extent to which I am indebted to the labours and learning of my predecessor.

I have, too, more specific obligations to acknowledge. As the present edition contains the seven letters not sold to the British Museum, it could only be published by the consent of Sir Edward Parry and his publishers. I have consequently to thank the Judge, Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes and Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, as I do very sincerely, for the permission accorded me.

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to the Rev. John Charles Longe, Rector of Yelverton, Norfolk, for his great kindness in welcoming me to his house and allowing me to borrow and transcribe such of his MSS. as were useful to me. I have also to thank Miss Julia Longe, author of *Martha, Lady Giffard*, for kindly lending me the MS. notes of her aunt, the late Mrs. F. D. Longe, whose devotion to Dorothy Osborne's memory has already been mentioned.

I am very deeply obliged to Sir Algernon Osborn, Bt., for lending me Henry Osborne's MS. Diary preserved at Chicksands Priory, and allowing me to publish voluminous extracts from it.[1] The Diary, as will be seen, has been of inestimable assistance in the dating and elucidation of the Letters.

Lastly I have to thank the Rev. T. T. Greig, Rector of Campton, and the Rev. E. C. Whitworth, Vicar of Haynes, for their kindness in giving me access to their Parish Registers.

It may be convenient to readers to show how the numeration of the letters in the present edition corresponds to

[1] See *Notes and Queries* for 16, 23, and 30 Oct. 1920. In *Notes and Queries* I printed in italics names and entries written by H. O. in cypher, which I had been able to transcribe thanks to a key discovered by the late Dr. Henry Bradley. In quoting from the Diary in this book I have not preserved this distinction.

that adopted by Judge Parry in the Everyman edition (E) and to that adopted by the British Museum (M).

		E	M			E	M			E	M
Letter	1	1	2	Letter	28	30	absent	Letter	51	49	44
	2	2	3		29	34	29		52	51	46
	3	3	1		30	28	absent		53	52	47
	4	4	4		31	32	27		54	54	48
	5	5	5		32	33	28		55	55	49
	6	6	7		33	part of	34		56	56	50
	7	7	8			41			57	59	53
	8	8	absent		34	35	30		58	57	51
	9	9	9		35	23	absent		59	58	52
	10	10	10		36	36	31		60	60	54
	11	13	11		37	38	32		61	61	55
	12	11	absent		38	37	38		62	62	56
	13	15	13		39	45	40		63	63	57
	14	12	6		40	40 and	33, 35		64	64	58
	15	14	12			part of			65	65	59
	16	53	absent			41			66	66	60
	17	18	17		41	31	26		67	67	61
	18	17	14		42	29	25		68	68	62
	19	21	20		43	43	39		69	69	63
	20	24	21		44	39	36		70	70	66
	21	26	23		45	42	37		71	71	64
	22	16	15		46	44	absent		72	72	65
	23	22	16		47	46	41		73	73	67
	24	19	18		48	47	42		74	74	68
	25	20	19		49	50	45		75	75	69
	26	25	22		50	48	43		76	76	70
	27	27	24						77	77	71

THE LETTERS

LETTER 1

She is glad to hear that T. is back in England.

S^r^ *Friday 24 Dec.* [*1652*].

You may please to lett my Old Servant[1] (as you call him) know, that I confesse I owe much to his merritts, and the many Obligations his kindenesse and Civility's has layde upon mee; But for the ten pounde hee Claimes it is not yett due, and I think you may doe well (as a freind) to perswade him to putt it in the Number of his desperate debts, for 'tis a very uncertaine one. In all things else pray say I am his Servant.

And now S^r^ let mee tell you that I am extreamly glad (whoesoever gave you the Occasion) to heare from you, since (without complement) there are very few Person's in the world I am more concern'd in; to finde that you have overcome your longe Journy, that you are well, and in a place where it is posible for mee to see you, Is such a sattisfaction, as I whoe have not bin used to many, may bee allowed to doubt of; Yet I will hope my Ey's doe not deceive mee, and that I have not forgott to reade. But if you please to confirme it to mee by another, you know how to dirrect it, for I am where I was, still the same, and alwayes Your humble Servant

Decem^br^ y^e^ 24th D'Osborne

For M^rs^ Painter
In Covent Garden
Keep this letter till it bee call'd for
Endorsed [*in Temple's hand*]: Decemb: 24 1652

LETTER 2

What had he done all that while?

S^r^ *Sunday 2 Jan. 1652/3.*

if there were any thing in my Letter that pleased you I am extreamly glad on't, 'twas all due to you, and made it but an equall retourne for the sattisfaction yours gave mee;

And whatsoever you may beleeve, I shall never repent the good opinion I have with soe much reason taken up. But I forgett my self, I meant to chide and I think this is nothing towards it; Is it posible that you came soe neer mee as Bedford and would not see mee? Seriously I should not have beleeved it from another; Would your horse had lost all his legg's instead of a hoofe, that hee might not have bin able to carry you further; And you, somthing that you vallewd extreamly and could not hope to finde any where but at Chicksands; I could wish you a thousand litle mischances, I am soe angry with you. For my Life I could not imagine how I had lost you; or why you should call that a sillence of sixe or 8 week's which you intended soe much longer; and when I had weary'd my self with thinking of all the u[n]pleasing Accident's that might cause it, I at length satt down with a resolution to choose the best to beleeve; which was, that at the end of one Journy, you had begun another (w^{ch} I had heard you say you intended) and that your hast, or some thing else had hindred you from letting mee know it. in this ignorance your letter from Breda found mee, which (by the way) S^{r} Thomas never saw,[1] tis true I told him I had a letter from you, one day, that hee Extreamly Lamented hee knew not what was become of you, and fell into soe earnest comendations of you that I cannot expect lesse from him, whoe have the honour to bee his kinswoman. (but to leave him to his Mistresse whoe perhaps has spoyled his Memory) Let mee assure you that I was never soe in love with an Old man in my life as I was with M^{r} Metcalf for sending mee that Letter, (though there is one not farr off that sayes hee will have mee when his wife dy's[2]). I writt soe kindly to him the next Post, and hee that would not bee in my debt, sends mee worde againe that you were comeing over, but your's kept mee from beleeveing that, and made mee think you in Italy when you were in England, though I was not displeased to finde my self deceived. But for God sake lett mee aske you what you have done all this while you have bin away, what you mett with in holland that could keep you there soe long, why you went noe further, and why I

was not to know you went soe farr; you may doe well to sattisfye mee in all these; I shall soe persecute you with questions else when I see you, that you will bee glad to goe thither againe to avoyde mee; though when that will bee I cannot certainly say, for my Father has soe small a proportion of health left him since my Mothers Death,[3] that I am in continuall feare of him, and dare not often make use of the Leave he gives mee to bee from home, least hee should at some time want such litle services as I am able to render him. Yet I think to bee at London in the Next Terme,[4] and am sure I shall desyre it because you are there.

S^r^ your humble Servant

Jan: ye 2^d^ 1652

Endorsed Jan: 2 1652.

LETTER 3

He has given his account and she gives her story from their parting. Her 'fighting servant'. Her mother's death. Sir Justinian Isham. Sir Thos. Osborne. Her visit to Epsom. Edmund Wyld. She is sending T. medicine for a cold.

S^r^ [*Sat. 8 Jan: 1653.*]

There is nothing moves my Charity like Gratitude, and when a Begger's thankfull for a small releife, I alway's repent it was not more. But seriously this place will not afforde much towards the inlarging of a letter and I am growne soe dull with liveing in't (for I am not willing to confesse y^t^ I was alwayes soe) as to need all helps. Yet you shall see I will indeavor to sattisfye you, upon condition you will tell mee, why you quarreld soe, at your last letter.[1] I cannot guesse at it, unlesse it were that you repented you told mee soe much of your Storry, w^ch^ I am not apt to beleeve neither because it would not become our freindship, a great parte of it consisting (as I have bin taught) in a mutuall confidence, and to let you see that I beleeve it soe, I will give you an accounte of my self, and begin my Story as you did yours, from our Parteing at Goreing house.[2]

I cam downe hither not halfe soe well pleased as I went up, with an ingagement upon mee,[3] that I had litle hope of ever shakeing of, for I had made use of all the liberty my

freinds would allow mee, to preserve my owne, and 'twould not doe, hee was soe weary of his, that hee would parte with 't upon any term's. As my last refuge, I gott my Brother to goe downe with him to see his house, whoe when he cam back made the relation I wish't; hee sayed the seate was as ill, as soe good a country would permitt, and the house soe ruined for want of liveing int, as it would aske a good proportion of time, and mony,[4] to make it fitt for a woman to confine her self to. this (though it were not much) I was willing to take hold of, and made it considerable enough to break the agreement. I had noe quarrell to his Person, or his fortune but was in love with neither, and much out of love with a thing called marriage, and have since thanked God I was soe, for tis not longe since one of my Brothers writ mee word of him, that hee was kill'd in a Duell, though since, I heare 'twas the other that was kill'd and hee is fled upont, w^ch^ doe's not mend the matter much, Both made mee glad I had scaped him, and sorry for his misfortune, w^ch^ in Earnest was the least retourne, his many Civility's to mee could deserve.

Presently after this was at an End, my Mother dyed,[5] and I was left at liberty to mourne her losse a while. at length, my Aunte[6] (with whome I was when you last saw mee) comanded mee to wayte on her at London, and when I cam she told mee how much I was in her care, how well she loved mee for my Mothers sake, and somthing for my owne, and drew out a longe, sett, speech, w^ch^ ended in a good motion[7] (as she called it) and truly I saw noe harme int, for by what I had heard of the Gentleman[8] I guessed hee expected a better fortune then myne, and it proved soe, yet hee prottested hee liked mee soe well, that hee was very angry my Father would not bee perswaded to give a 1000^li^ more with mee, and I him soe ill, that I vowed, if I had had a 1000^li^ lesse I should have thought it too much for him, and soe wee parted; Since, hee has made a story with a new Mistresse, that is worth your knowing, but too longe for a letter, i'le keep it for you.

After this, some freinds that had observed a Gravity in my face, which might become an Elderly man's wife (as

they term'd it) and a Mother in Law,[9] proposed a Widdower to mee, that had fower daughters,[10] all old enough to bee my Sister's: But hee had a great Estate, was as fine a Gentleman as ever England bred, and the very Patterne of Wisdom. I that knew how much I wanted it, thought this the saffest place for mee to ingage in, and was mightily pleased to think, I had mett w^th^ one at last that had witt enough for himself and mee too; But shall I tell you what I thought when I knew him, (you will say nothing on't) 'twas the vainest, Impertinent, self conceated, Learned, Coxcombe, that ever yet I saw. to say more, were to spoyle his marriage, w^ch^ I hear hee is towards with a daughter of my Lord of Coleraines, but for his sake I shall take heed of a fine Gentlman as long as I live. before I had quite ended with him, comeing to towne aboute that, and some other occasions of my owne, I fell in S^r^ Thomas's way,[11] & what humor tooke him, I cannot imagine, but hee made very formall adresses to mee, and ingaged his mother, and my Brother to apeare in't. this bred a Story Pleasanter then any I have told you yet, but soe long a one that I must reserve it till wee meet, or make it a letter of it self; onely by this you may see 'twas not for nothing hee cõmended mee,[12] though to speak seriously it was, because it was to you. Otherwise I might have missed of his prayses for wee have hardly bin Cousen's since the breaking up of that buisnesse.

The next thing I desyr'd to bee rid on, was a Scurvy Spleen that I have ever bin subject to, and to that purpose was advised to drink the Waters.[13] there I spent the latter end of the sommer and at my comeing home, found that a Gentlman (whoe has some Estate in this Country) had bin treating with my Brother, and it yet goes on faire and softly. I doe not know him soe well as to give you much of his Character, 'tis a Modest, Melancholy, reserved, man, whose head is soe taken up with litle Philosophicall Studdy's, that I admire how I founde a roome there, 'twas sure by Chance, and unlesse hee is pleased w^th^ that parte of my humor w^ch^ other People think the worst, 'tis very posible, the next new Experiment may croude mee out againe.[14]

Thus you have all my late adventur's, and almost as much as this paper will hold.

the rest shall bee imployed in telling you how sorry I am you have gott such a cold. I am the more sencible of your trouble, by my owne, for I have newly gott one my self, but I will send you that w^ch^ uses to cure mee, 'tis like the rest of my medicens, if it doe noe good 'twill bee sure to doe noe harme,[15] and 'twill bee noe great trouble to you to eate a litle on't now and then, for the taste, as it is not Exelent, soe 'tis not very ill. One thing more I must tell you, w^ch^ is that you are not to take it ill that I mistook your age, by my computation of your Journy thorough this Country, for I was perswaded tother day that I could not bee lesse then 30 yeare old, by one that beleeved it himself, because hee was sure 'twas a greate while since hee had heard of such a one in the world as,

Your humble Servant

LETTER 4

T. has commented on her accounts of Sir Justinian Isham & Sir T. Osborne. Marriage without affection. T. would be content to hear what she dreamed. She is coming to town. Lady Diana Rich. Wishes to know the effect of her medicine.

S^r^ [*Sat. 15 Jan. 1652/3.*]

Since you are soe easy to please,[1] sure I shall not misse it, and if my idle thoughts, and dream's, will sattisfy you I am to blame if you want long letters; to begin this, lett me tell you I had not forgott you in your absence, I alwayes meant you one of my Daughters,[2] you should have had your Choice, and truste mee, they say some of them are handsome. but since things did not succeed I thought to have sayed nothing on't, least you should imagine I expected thanks for my good intention, or rather, least you should bee too much affected with the thought of what you have lost by my imprudence. It would have bin a good strengthening to my Party (as you say) but in Earnest that was not it I aymed at, I onely desyred to have it in my power to Oblige you, and 'tis certaine I had

proved a most Exelent Mother in Law. O[3] my Conscience wee should all have Joyned against him as the Common Enemy, for those Poore Young Wenches are as weary of his Government, as I could have bin, hee gives them such precepts as they say My Lord of Dorchester gives his wife,[4] and keep's them soe much Prisoners to a Vile house hee has in Northampton shyre,[5] that if once I had but let them loose they and his Learning would have bin sufficient to have made him mad,[6] without my helpe; but his good fortune would have it otherwise, to which I'le leave him, and proceed to give you some Reasons why the other kinde motion[7] was not accepted on; The truth is, I had not that longing to aske a Mother in Law blessing which you say you should have had, for I knew mine too well to think shee could make a good one, besydes, I was not soe certaine of his Nature, as not to doubt whither she might not Corrupt it, Nor soe confident of his kindenesse, as to assure my self it would last longer then Other Peoples of his Age, and humor; I am sorry to heare hee look's ill[8] though I think there is noe great danger of him, 'tis but a fitt of an Ague hee has gott that the next Charme cures, yet hee will bee apt to fall into it againe upon a new occasion, and one knows not how it may worke upon his thin body if it com's too often; it spoyled his beauty, sure before I knew him,[9] for I could never see it, or else (which is as likely) I doe not know it when I see it; besydes that I never look for it in Men. It was nothing that I expected made mee refuse these, but somthing that I feared, and seriously, I finde I want Courage to marry where I doe not like. if wee should once come to disputes, I know who would have the worst on't, and I have not faith enough to beleeve a doctrine that is often preached, w^{ch} is, that though at first one has noe kindenesse for them yet it will grow strangly after marriage; let them truste to it that think good, for my Parte I am cleerly of opinion (and shall dye int,) that as the more one sees and know's, a person that one likes, one has still y^{e} more kindenesse for them, soe on the other side one is but the more weary of and the more averse to an unpleasant humor for haveing it per-

petualy by one, and though I easily beleeve that to marry one for whome wee have already some affection, will infinitly Encrease that kindenesse, yet I shall never bee perswaded that Marriage has a Charme to raise love out of nothing, much lesse out of dislike.

This is next to telling you what I dreame and when I rise, but you have promised to bee content with it. I would now if I could tell you when I shall bee in Towne, but I am ingaged to my Lady Diana Rich,[10] my Lord of Hollands daughter, whoe lyes at a Gentlewomans hard by mee, for sore Eyes that I will not leave the country till she does. she is soe much a stranger heer, and findes soe litle company, that she is glad of mine, till her Eyes will give her leave to looke out better; they are mending, and she hopes to bee at London before the end of this next Terme,[11] and soe doe I, though I shall make but a short stay, for all my buisnesse there is at an end when I have seen you and told you my Story's. and indeed my Brother is soe perpetualy from home,[12] that I can bee very litle, unlesse I would leave my father altogether alone, which would not bee well; Wee heare of great disorders at your Maskes,[13] but noe particulers, only they say, the Spanish Gravity was much discomposed. I shall expect the relation from you, at your best leasure, and pray, give mee an account how my Medicen agrees wth your Cold.

This (if you can read it, for tis strangly scribled) will bee enough to answer yours, w^{ch} is not very long this weeke, and I am growne soe provident that I will not lay out more then I receive, but I am very Just withall, and therfore you know how to make mine longer when you please, though to speake truth if I should make this soe, you would hardly have it this week, for 'tis a good while since 'twas calld for [14] Your humble Servant

LETTER 5

She recounts one of her dreams. Sir J. Isham. Sir T. Osborne. Her views of marriage. T.'s cold and her medicine. Lady Diana asks for seals. —'any old Roman head'. His early rising.

Sr *Sat. 22 Jan.* [*1652/3.*]

Not to confirme you in your beleife of dream's, but to avoyde your reproches, I will tell you a pleasant one, of mine. The night before I received your first letter,[1] I dream't one brought mee a pacquett, and told mee 'twas from you; I that remembred you were by your owne apointment to bee in Italy at that time Asked the Messenger where hee had it, whoe told mee my Lady your Mother sent him with it to mee, There my memory failed mee a litle, for I forgott you had told mee she was dead,[2] and meant to give her many humble thanks if ever I were soe happy as to see her. When I had open'd the letter, I founde in it two Rings, one was as I remember an Emerald doublett, but broken, in the Carriage I suppose, as it might well bee comeing soe farr, t'other was plaine Gold with the longest & the strangest Posy that Ever was. halfe on't was Italian which for my life I could not guesse at though I spent much time about it, the rest was (there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee), which though it was Scripture I had not that reverence for it in my sleep, that I should have had I think if I had bin awake, for in Earnest the odnesse on't put mee into that violent Laughing, that I waked my self with it and as a just punishment upon mee, from that hower to this, I could never learne, whome those Rings were for, nor what was in the letter besydes; this is but as extravagant as yours, for tis as likly your Mother should send mee letters as that I should make a Journy to see poore People hanged, or that your teeth should drop out at this Age. and now I am out of your dreaming debt, let mee bee bold to tell you, I beleeve you have bin with Lilly your self;[3] Nothing but hee could tell you my knights strange Name,[4] i'le swere I could never remember it, when I was most concern'd int, and when People asked it mee and were not sattisfyed with truth,

(for they took my ignorance for a desyre to conceale him) I was faine to make names for him and soe instead of one od Servant I had gotten twenty. but in Earnest now where have you fished him out? for I think hee is as litle knowne in the world, as I could have wished hee should have bin if I had married him. I am sory you are not sattisfyed with my Exeptions to your freind,[5] I spake in generall term's of him, and was willing to spare him as much as I could, but every body is allowed to defend themselves; You may remember a quality that you discoverd in him when hee told you the Story of his being at St. Malo, and in Earnest hee gave mee soe many Testimony's that it was Naturall to him, as I could not hope hee would ever leave it, and consequently could not beleeve any think hee ever had or should say. if this bee not enough, I can tell you more, heareafter. And to remove the Opinion you have of my Nicenesse or being hard to please, let mee assure you, I am soe farr from desyreing my husband should bee fond of mee at threescore, that I would not have him soe at all. 'tis true I should bee glad to have him alway's kinde, and know noe reason why hee should bee wearier of being my Master then hee was of being my Servant; but it is very posible I may talke ignorantly of Marriage; When I come to make sad experiments on't in my owne Person, I shall know more, and say lesse, for feare of disheartning other's, (since tis no advantage to forknow a misfortune that cannot bee avoyded) and for feare of being Pittyed, which of all things I hate. Least you should bee of the same humor, I will not Pitty you as Lame[6] as you are, and to speake truth if you did like it you should not have it for you doe not deserve it. would any body in the world but you, make such hast for a new cold before the old had left him, in a yeer too when meer colds kill as many as a Plague uses to doe? well seriously either resolve to have more care of your self, or I renounce my freindship, and as a certain King[7] (that my learned knight is very well acquainted with) whoe seeing one of his Confederats in soe happy a condition, as it was not likely to last, sent his Ambassador presently to breake of the League

betwixt them least hee should bee obliged to mourne the Change of his fortune if hee continued his freind, Soe I, with a great deale more reason do declare that I will noe longer bee a freind to one that's none to himself nor aprehend the losse of what you hazard every day at Tennis.[8] They had served you well enough if they had cram'd a dousen ounces of that precious medicen downe your throate, to have made you remember a quinzy. but I have done, and am now at Leasure to tell you that it is that daughter of my Lord of Hollands[9] (whoe makes as you say soe many sore Eyes with lookeing on her) that is heer; and if I know her at all, or have any Judgment, her beauty is the least of her Exelency's. and now I speake of her, she has given mee the occasion to make a request to you; it will come very seasonably after my Chideing and I have great reason to expect you should bee in the humor of doeing any thing for mee. she sayes that seal's are much in fashion and by showeing mee some that she has, has sett mee a longing for some too. Such as are oldest, and oddest, are most prized, and if you know any body that is lately come out of Italy, tis ten to one but they have store, for they are very common there. I doe remember you once sealed a letter to mee, with as fine a one as I have seen, it was a Neptune I think rideing upon a dolphin, but I'me afrayde it was not yours, for I saw it noe more. any old roman head, is a present for a Prince. if such things come in your way, pray remember mee.

I am sorry my new Carrier makes you rise soe early,[10] 'tis not good for your Cold; how might wee doe that you might lye a bed, and yet I have your letter? You must use to write before hee com's I think, that it may bee sure to bee redy against hee goes. in Earnest consider on't, and take some course that your health and my letters may bee both secured, for the losse of Either would bee very sencible to your humble.

Jan y^e^ 22^th^ [11]

LETTER 6

His early rising. Her friendship. Her coming to town. Fortune. His proposed journey abroad with Lord Lisle. His offer of his head. Sir Justinian. Seals. Lady Sunderland and Mr. Smith. Mr. Howard.

Sr [*Saturday 29 Jan. 1652/3.*]
I am soe great a lover of my bed my self, that I can easily aprehende the trouble of ryseing at fower a clock, these cold mornings. In Earnest I am troubled that you should bee putt to it, and have chid the Carrier for comeing out soe soone; hee sweares to mee hee never comes out of Towne before Eleven a clock, and that My Lady Painters footman[1] (as hee calls him) brings her letters two howers sooner then hee needs to doe. I told him hee was gon one day before the letter cam, hee vowes hee was not, and that your old freind Collins never brought letter of my Lady Painters in's life; and to speak truth, Collins did not bring mee that letter, I had it from this Harrold two howers before Collins cam. Yet it is posible all that hee sayes may not bee soe, for I have knowne better men then hee, lye. Therfore if Collins bee more for your Ease or Conveniency, make use of him hereafter.

I know not whither my letter were kinde or not, but i'le sweare yours was not, and am sure mine was meant to bee soe; it is not kinde in you to desyre an increase of my freindship; That is to doubt it is not as great already as it can bee, then which you cannot doe mee a greater Injury. 'tis my misfortune indeed that it lyes not in my power to give you better Testimony's on't then words, otherwise I should soone convince you, that 'tis the best quality I have, and that where I owne a freindship, I mean soe perfect a one, as time can neither lessen nor increase. If I sayed nothing of my comeing to Towne,[2] 'twas because I had nothing to say that I thought you would like to heare. the truth is, twenty litle crosse accidents had made it so uncertaine, as I was more out of humor with them then you could bee with the bell's,[3] though I had noe reason to expect otherwise, for I doe not know that ever I desyred any thing (earnestly) in my life but 'twas denyed mee, and

I am many times afrayed to wish a thing meerly least my fortune[4] should take that occasion to use me ill. She cannot see and therfore I may venture to write that I intend to bee at London[5] if it bee posible on fryday, or Satterday, come sennight, bee sure you doe not reade it aloude least she heare it and prevent mee, or drive you away before I come; it is soe like my luck too, that you should bee goeing I know not whither againe, that trust mee I have looket for't ever since I heard you were come home. You will laugh sure when I shall tell you, that hearing my Lord Lisle was to goe Ambassador into Sweden, I rememberd your fathers acquaintance in that Famely[6] with an aprehension that hee might bee in the humor of sending you with him. But for god sake whither is it that you goe? I would not willingly bee at such a losse againe, as I was after your Yorkshyre Journy.[7] if it prove as longe a one, I shall not forgett you, but in Earnest I shall bee soe possest with a stronge spleenatick fancy that I shall never see you more in this world, as all the water's in England[8] will not cure; Well this is a sad story, wee'l have noe more on't.

I humbly thank you for your offer of your head,[9] but if you were an Emperour I should not bee soe bold with you, as to claime your promise, you might finde twenty better imployments for 't. onely with your gracious leave I think I should bee a litle exalted with remembring that you had bin once my freind, twould more indanger my groweing proude then beeing S^r^ Justinians Mistresse, and yet hee thought mee pritty well inclined to it then; Lord what would I give that I had a Lattin letter of his for you, that hee writt to a great freind at Oxforde where hee gives him a longe and learned Character of mee, twould serve you to laugh at this seven yeare. if I remember what was told mee on't the worste of my faults was a height (hee would not call it pride) that was as hee had heard the humor of my Famely, and the best of my commendations was, that I was capable of being company and conversation for him. but you doe not tell mee yet how you found him out, if I had gone aboute to have concealed him I had bin sweetly served. I shall take heed of you hereafter. because there is

noe very great likelyhood of your being an Emperour, or that if you were I should have your head, I have sent into Italy for seales. tis to bee hoped[10] by that time mine come over they may bee out of fashion againe, for 'tis an humor that your old acquaintance Mr Smith and his Lady[11] has brought up. they say, shee wear's twenty strung upon a riban like the nutts boy's play withall, and I doe not heare of any thing else. Mr Howard[12] presented his Mistresse but a dousen such seales as are not to bee vallewd as times now goe. but a propos de Monr Smith what a scape has he made of my Lady Banbury[13] and whoe would ere have dreamt hee should have had my Lady Sunderland, though hee bee a very fine Gentleman, and do's more then deserve her I think.

I shall never forgive her one thing she sayed of him, wch was that she marryed him out of Pitty. it was the pitty-full'st sayeing that ever I heard, and made him soe contemptible that I should not have marryed him for that very reason. This is a strange letter sure, I have not time to read it over but I have sayed any thing that came in my head to putt you out of your dumps.[14] for god sake bee in better humor, and assure your self I am as much as you can wish Your faithfull freind & servant

LETTER 7

He has sent her seals. His story about Lady Diana. Algernon Sidney. Lady Sunderland and Mr. Smith. Mr. Howard. Fortune. The spleen. Her coming to town. She has taken cold.

Sr [*Saturday 5 Feb. 1652/3.*]

You have made mee soe Rich,[1] as I am able to helpe my Neighbours. There is a litle head cutt in an Onixe, that I take to bee a very good one, and the Dolphin is (as you say) the better for being cutt lesse. the odnesse of the figure makes the beauty of these things, if you saw one that my Brother sent my Lady Diana[2] last week, you would beleeve it were meant to fright People withall; 'twas brought out of the India's and cutt there for an Idoll's head, they took the Divell himself sure for theire pattern that did it,

for in my life I never saw soe ugly a thing, and yet she is as fonde on't as if it were as lovely as she her self is; her Eyes have not the flames they have had, nor is she like (I am affrayde) to recover them heer, but were they irrecoverably lost, the beauty of her minde were enough to make her outshine every body else and she would still bee courted by all that knew how to vallew her, like La belle aveugle,[3] that was Phillip the 2nd of France his Mistresse; I am wholy ignorant of the story you mention,[4] and am confident you are not well informed, for 'tis imposible she should ever have done any thing that were unhandsome; if I knew whoe the personne were that is concern'd in't, she allowes mee soe much freedom with her, that I could easily putt her upon the discourse,[5] and I doe not think she would use much of disguise in it towards mee. I should have guessed it Alger: Sidney but that I cannot see in him that likelyhood of a fortune w^ch^ you seem to imply by sayeing tis not pressent, but if you should mean by that, that tis posible his witt[6] and good Parts, may raise him to one, You must pardon if I am not of your opinion, for I doe not think these are times for any body to expect prefferment in, that deserv's it, and in the best 'twas ever too uncertaine for a wise body to truste to; but I am altogether of your minde that my Lady Sunderland[7] is not to bee followed in her marryeng fashion and that M^r^ Smith never apeared lesse her Servant then in desyreing it, to speak truth 'twas convenient for neither of them, and in meaner People 't had bin plaine undoeing one another, which I cannot understand to bee kindenesse of either side; she has lost by it much of the repute she had gained, by keeping her self a widdow. it was then beleeved that Witt and discretion were to bee Reconciled in her personne that have soe seldome bin perswaded to meet in any Body else; but wee are all Mortall.

I did not mean that Howard.[8] 'twas Arundell Howard, and the seal's were some Remainders that showed his father's love to Antiquity's and therfore cost him deer enough if that would make them good.

I am sorry I cannot follow your councell[9] in keeping

faire with fortune. I am not apt to suspect without just cause, but in Earnest if I once finde any body faulty towards mee, they loose mee for ever. I have forsworne being twice deceived by the same person. for god sake doe not say she has the spleen, I shall hate it worse then ever I did, nor that 'tis the disease of the Witt's. I shall think you abuse mee, for then I am sure it would not bee mine. but were it certaine that they went together alwayes, I dare sweare there is noebody soe proude of theire witt as to keep it upon such termes, but would bee glad after they had indured it a while, to lett them both goe as they came. I know nothing yet that is likely to Alter my resolution of being in Towne on Satterday nexte;[10] but I am uncertaine where I shall bee, and therfore twill bee best that I send you word when I am there. I should bee glad to see you sooner but that I doe not know my self what company I may have with mee. I meant this letter longer when I began it, but an extreame cold[11] that I have taken lyes soe in my head, and makes it Ake so violently, that I hardly see what I doe, ile e'en to bed as soone as I have told you that I am very much

Your faithfull freind
& Servant
D Osborne

VISIT TO LONDON

12–22 February 1652/3.

The London visit came off according to Dorothy's hopes, and the lovers met again after a separation of at least eighteen months.

Henry Osborne's Diary gives us the dates:

Feb. 11, Friday. I went up to London.

Feb. 12, Saterday. My sister came to London with my Lady Diana Rich and lay at My Aunt Gargraves by Charing Crosse and I lay at Palins.

Feb. 22, Tuesday. Wee came to Chicksands in a coach of Jack Peters at 35 shillings and 6 horses.

Lady Gargrave—the only surviving sister of Dorothy's mother—was living at Cornbury. I imagine that she was in lodgings in London, not in any house of her own.

It seems to me clear that the two following Notes were written on this Visit—both on Monday Feb. 14.

In the first Dorothy according to her promise gives Temple her address and asks him to call on her about nine on the following (Tuesday) morning.

1

Sr
this is to tell you, that you will bee Expected to morrow morning about nine a clock at a Lodging over against ye place where Chareing Crosse stood and two doores above ye Goate Taverne. if with these dirrections you can finde it out you will there finde one that is very much
Your Servant

Addressed For Mr Temple

After sending the above note Dorothy received a note from Temple complaining of not having seen her on Saturday or Sunday. She then writes again and refers to the cold which she had caught before leaving Chicksands (see Letter 7 *ad fin.*).

2

You are mistaken if you think I am in debt for both these day's. Satterday I confesse was devoted to my Lady, but yesterday though I rise* with good intentions of goeing to Church, my Cold would not suffer mee but kept mee Prisoner all the day; I sent to your lodging to tell you that Visetting the Sick was part of the worke of ye day, but you were gon, and soe I went to bed againe where your letter found mee this morning, but now I will rise and dispatch some Visetts that I owe that to morrow may bee intirely Yours

* though I rise ('riz'). This is the past tense, = 'rose'. Cp. Letter 9, 'I . . . risse a thursday.' It seems likely from Letter 22 that on Sunday, 20 February, Temple and Dorothy went to church together and heard Mr. Erbury.

LETTER 8

Her cold. Back at Chicksands.

Sr [*Tuesday 22 Feb. 1652/3.*]
though I am very weary after my Journy, and not well, haveing added much to a sufficient Colde I had at London, yet guessing at your inclinations by my owne, I thought you would bee pleased to heare how wee gott home and

therfore resolved to say something though it were nonsence rather then omitt the giveing you a sattisfaction that is in my Power; I am soe perfectly dosed[1] with my Colde and m[y] Journy together that all I can say is, that I am heer and that I have only soe much sence left as to wish you were soe too. when that Leaves mee you may conclude mee past all. till then I'me sure I shall bee

Your faithfull freind
& servant

Chicksands.
Addressed For Mr Temple.

LETTER 9

She had written on arriving home. Her cold. His trouble at their parting. His intended journey with Lord Lisle. A lady with a fortune offered him [*Mrs. Cl.*]. *T.'s sister. Has read* Reyne Marguerite, *and now has* Cleopatra. *Lady Sunderland and Mr. Smith. Sir Justinian. Jane. An old knight* (*Sir W. Briars*).

Sr [*Saturday 26 Feb. 1652/3.*]

I was soe kinde as to write to you by the Coachman, and let mee tell you, I think 'twas the greatest testimony of my freindship that I could give you, for truste mee I was soe tyr'd with my Journy, soe dosed[1] with my Colde, and soe out of humor with our parteing, that I should have done it with great unwillingnesse to any body else. I lay a bed all next day to recover my self, and risse[2] a thursday to receive your letter with ye more Ceremony. I founde noe fault with the ill writeing, 'twas but too Easy to reade, my thought,[3] for I am sure I had done much sooner then I could have wished. but in Earnest I was heartily troubled to finde you in soe much disorder.[4] I would not have you soe kinde to mee, as to bee cruell to your self, in whome I am more concern'd; noe, for godsake let us not make afflictions of such things as these, I am affrayde wee shall meet with too many Reall on's. I am glad your Journy holds,[5] because I think twill bee a good diversion for you this summer, but I admyre your fathers Patience, that let's you reste with soe much indifference when there is such a fortune offer'd.[6] i'le sweare I have great scruples of Conscience my self in ye pointe, and am much affrayde I

am not your freind if I am any part of the Occasion that hinders you from accepting it; yet I am sure my intentions towards you are very innocent and good, for you are one of those whose interest's I shall ever preffer much above my owne. and you are not to thank mee for it, since to speake truth I secure my owne by it, for I defy my ill fortune to make mee miserable, unlesse she do's it in the Person's of my freinds. I wonder how your father came to know I was in towne, unlesse my old freind your Cousen Hamond[7] should tell him. pray for my sake bee a very Obedient Sonne, all your fault's will bee layde to my charge else, and alas I have too many of my owne. You say nothing how your Sister[7a] do's, w^ch^ makes mee hope there is noe more of danger in her Sicknesse. pray when it may bee noe trouble to her, tell her how much I am her servant, and have a care of your self this colde weather. I have read your Reyne Marguerite[8] and will retourne it you when you please. if you will have my opinion of her, I think she had a good deale of witt, and a great deale of Patience for a woman of soe high a Spiritt. She speakes with too much indifference of her husbands severall Amour's, and comends Busy as if she were a litle concern'd in him. I think her a better Sister then a wife, and beleeve she might have made a better wife to a better husbande. but the storry of Mademoisell de Tournon, is soe sad that when I had read it I was able to goe noe further, and was faine to take up somthing else to divert my self withall. have you read Cleopatra[9]? I have sixe Tomes on't heer that I can lend you, if you have not, there are some Story's in't you will like I beleeve. but what an Asse am I to think you can bee idle enough at London to reade Romances. noe i'le keep them till you come hither,[10] heer they may bee welcome to you for want of better Company. Yet that you may not imagine wee are quite out of the world heer, and soe bee frighted from comeing, I can assure you wee are seldome without news, such as it is, and at this present wee doe abounde with Story's of my Lady Sunderlande and M^r^ Smith,[11] with what Reverance hee aproaches her, and how like a Gracious Princes she receives

him that they say 'tis worth on's goeing twenty miles to see it. all our Lady's are mightyly pleased with the Example but I doe not finde that the men intende to follow it, and i'le undertake S^r^ Soloman Justinian[12] wishes her in the Indias for feare she should Perverte his new wife.

Your fellow Servant[13] kisses your hands and say's if you mean to make love to her olde woman this is the best time you can take, for shee is dyeing; this colde weather kils her I think. it has undone mee I'me sure in Killing an Old Knight[14] that I have bin wayteing for this seven yeare, and now hee dy's and will leave mee nothing I beleeve, but leaves a Rich Widdow for somebody. I think you had best come a woeing to her, I have a good interest in her and it shall bee all imployed in your Service if you think fitt to make any addresses there. but to bee sober now againe, for godsake send mee worde how your Journy goes forward, when you thinke you shall begin it, and how longe it may last, when I may expect your comeing this way, and of all things remember to provide a safe addresse for your letters when you are abroade. this is a strange confused one I beleeve, for I have bin call'd away twenty times since I sate downe to write it to my father whoe is not very well. but you will pardon it, wee are past Ceremony, and Excuse mee if I say noe more now but that I am tousjours la mesme, that is Ever Your affectionate freind & servant

LETTER 10

The widow (Mrs. W. Thorold). Infusion of steel. Sir John T. Mrs. Cl. Has sent 3 tomes of Cleopatra. *Lord Lisle's journey. John O. and H. Molle expected shortly. Sir John Danvers. Harry Danvers.*

S^r^ [*Saturday 5 March 1652/3.*]

Your last letter came like a pardon to one upon the block, I had given over the hopes on't, haveing received my letters by the other Carrier[1] whoe uses alway's to bee last; The losse put mee hugely out of order, and you would both have pittyed and laught at mee, if you could have seen how woddenly I entertain'd the widdow[2] whoe came

hither the day before, and surprised mee very much; Not being able to say any thing, I gott her to Card's, and there with a great deal of patience lost my mony to her, or rather I gave it as my Ransome. In the middest of our Play in comes my blessed Boy with your letter, and in Earnest I was not able to disguise ye Joy it gave mee, though one was by that is not much your freind,[3] and took notice of a blush that for my life I could not keep back. I putt up the letter in my Pockett, and made what hast I could to loose the mony I had left, that I might take occasion to goe fetch some more, but I did not make such hast back againe I can assure you, I took time enough to have Coyned my self some mony if I had had the Art on't, and left my Brother enough to make all his addresses to her, if hee were soe disposed. I know [not] whither hee was pleased or not, but I am sure I was.

You make soe reasonable demandes, that 'tis not fitt you should bee deny'd, you aske my thought's but at one hower. You will think mee bountifull I hope, when I shall tell you, that I know noe hower when you have them not; Noe, in Earnest my very dream's are yours, and I have gott such a habitt of thinking of you, that any other thought intrudes and grow's uneasy to mee. I drink your health every morning in a drench that would Poyson a horse I beleeve, and 'tis the only way I have to perswade my self to take it, 'tis the infusion of steell,[4] and makes mee soe horridly sick that every day at ten a clock I am makeing my will, and takeing leave of all my freind's, you will beleeve you are not forgot then: They tell mee I must take this ugly drink a fortnight, and then begin another as Bad, but unlesse you say soe too I doe not thinke I shall, 'tis worse then dyeing, by the halfe.

I am glad your father is soe kinde to you, I shall not dispute it with him because 'tis much more in his power then in myne, but I shall never yeeld that tis more in his desyr's; Sure hee was much pleased with that which was a truth when you told it him but would have bin none if hee had asked the question sooner, hee thought there was noe danger of you since you were more ignorant and lesse con-

cern'd in my being in Towne then hee; if I were Mrs Cl:[5] hee would bee more my freind but howsoever I am much his Servant as hee is your father;

I have sent you your booke, and since you are at Leasure to consider the moone you may bee enough to read Cleopatra,[6] therfore I have sent you three Tomes. when you have done with those you shall have the rest, and I beleeve they will please. there is a Story of Artemise that I will recomende to you, her disposition I like extreamly, it has a great deal of Gratitude int, and if you meet with one Brittomart pray send mee word how you like him;

I am not displeased that my Lord makes noe more hast,[7] for though I am very willing you should goe the Journy for many reason's, yet two or three months hence sure will bee soone enough to visett soe cold a Country and I would not have you indure two winters in one yeer. besydes I looke for my Eldest brother[8] and my Cousen Molle[9] heer shortly and I should bee glad to have noe body to entertaine but you, whilest you are heer. Lord that you had the invisible Ring,[10] or [I ?] Fortunatus his Wisheing hatt,[11] now, at this instante you should bee heer. my Brother is gon to wayte upon the widdow homeward's, She that was borne to persecute you and I, I think. she has soe tyred mee with being heer (but two days) that I doe not think I shall accept of the offer she has made mee of liveing with her in case my Father dy's before I have disposed of my self, yet wee are very great,[12] and for my comfort she say's she will come againe about the latter ende of June, and stay longer with mee.

my Aunt is still in Towne kept by her buisnesse wch I am affrayde will not goe well, they doe soe delay it, and my pretious Uncle do's soe visett her, and is soe kinde that without doubt some Mischeife will follow.[13] doe you know his sonne my Cousen Harry ?[14] tis a handsome youth, and well natured but such a goose, and hee has bred him soe strangly, that hee needs all his ten thousand pound a yeer. I would faine have him marry my Lady Diana. She was his Mistresse when hee was a boy. hee had more witt then, then hee has now I think, and I have lesse witt then

hee sure for spending my paper upon him when I have soe litle. heer is hardly Roome for Your affectionate freind and Servant

LETTER 11

Her taking steel. Jane with her. Almanzor and Alcidiana. Has he received the books? Lady R.'s niece (Mrs. Cl.). 'It is not discreet to refuse a good offer.' Lectured by her brothers.

Sr [*Saturday 12 March 1652/3.*]

I am soe farre from thinking you ill natured for wisheing I might not outlive you, that I should not have thought you at all kinde, if you had done otherwise; Noe, in Earnest I was never soe in love with my life, but that I could have parted with it upon a much lesse occasion then your Death, and 'twill bee noe complement to you, to say it would bee very uneasy to mee then, since 'tis not very pleasant to mee now. Yet you will say I take great paines to preserve it, as ill as I like it; but noe, i'le sweare 'tis not that I intende in what I doe, all that I ayme at, is but to keep my self from groweing a Beast. they doe soe fright mee with strange Story's of what the Spleen will bring mee to in time, that I am kept in awe with them like a Childe. they tell mee 'twill not leave mee common sence, that I shall hardly bee fitt company for my owne dog's, and that it will ende, either in a Stupidnesse that will make mee uncapable of any thing, or fill my head with such whim's as will make mee, rediculous; to prevent this, whoe would not take steel or any thing? though I am partly of your opinion, that 'tis an ill kinde of Phisick.[1] Yet I am confident that I take it the safest way, for I doe not take the powder, as many doe, but onely lay a peece of steel in white wine over night, and drink the infusion next morning, which one would think were nothing, and yet 'tis not to bee imagin'd how sick it makes mee for an hower or two. and, which is the missery, all that time one must be useing some kinde of Exercise. Your fellow servant[2] has a blessed time on't, I make her play at Shutlecock with mee, and she is the veryest bungler at it that ever you saw, then am I ready to beate her with the batledore, and grow soe peevish as I grow sick, that i'le undertake she wishes there were noe

steel in Englande; but then to recompence the morning I am in good humor all the day after, for Joy that I am well againe. I am tolde 'twill doe mee good, and am content to beleeve; if it do's not, I am but where I was.

I doe not use to forget my old acquaintances, Almanzor is as fresh in my memory, as if I had visetted his Tombe but Yesterday, though it bee at least seven yeer agon since; You will beleeve I had not bin used to great afflictions, when I made his Story such a one to mee, as I cryed an hower together for him, and was soe angry with Alcidiana[3] that for my life I could never love her after it. You doe not tell mee whither you received the Book's I sent you, but I will hope you did, because you say nothing to y^e^ contrary; They are my deare Lady Diana's and therfore I am much concern'd that they should bee safe. And now I speake of her Shee is acquainted with your Aunte my Lady R. and say's all that you say of her, if her Neece[4] has soe much witt will you not be perswaded to like her? or say she has not quite soe much, may not her fortune make it up? in Earnest I know not what to say, but if your father do's not use all his kindenesse, and all his power, to make you consider your owne advantage, hee is not like other fathers. Can you imagin, that hee, that demandes 5000^li^ besydes the reversion of an Estate, will like bare 4000^li^? such mirracles are seldome seen, and you must prepare to suffer a strange persecution, unlesse you grow comformable. therfore consider what you doe, 'tis the parte of a freind to advise you; I could say a great deal to this purpose, and tell you y^t^ 'tis not discreet, to refuse a good offer, nor safe to trust wholy to your owne Judgment in your disposall. I was never better provided in my life, for a grave admonishing discourse: Would you had heard how I have bin Chatechised for you, and seen how soberly I sitt and answer to interogatory's![5] would you think, that upon Examination it is founde that you are not an indifferent person to mee, but the mischeif is, that what my intentions or resolutions are, is not to bee discoverd, though much pain's has bin taken to collect all scattering[6] Circumstances, and all the probable conjectur's that can

bee raised from thence has bin urged, to see if any thing would bee confessed. And all this done with soe much Ceremony and complement, soe many pardon's asked for undertakeing to councell, or inquire, and soe great kindenesse and passion for all my interest's proffessed, that I cannot but take it well, though I am very weary on't. You are spoken of with the Reverence due to a person that I seem to like, and for as much as they know of you, you doe deserve a very good Esteem, but your fortune and mine, can never agree, and in plaine term's wee forfait our discretions and run willfully upon our owne ruin's, if there bee such a thought. To all this I make noe reply, but that if they will need's have it, that I am not without kindenesse for you, they must conclude withall that 'tis noe parte of my intention to Ruine you, and soe the conference breakes up for that time.

All this is my freind, that is not your's, and the Gentleman that cam up stayers In a baskett;[7] I could tell him that hee spends his breath to very litle purpose, and has but his labour for his paines. Without his precept's my owne Judgment would preserve mee from doeing any [? thing] that might bee prejudiciall to you, or unjustifiable to the worlde, but if these may bee secured, nothing can alter the resolution I have taken of settling my whole stock of happinesse upon the affection of a person that is deare to mee whose kindenesse I shall infinitly preffer before any other consideration whatsoever, and I shall not blush to tell you, that you have made the whole world besydes soe indifferent to mee, that if I cannot bee yours They may dispose mee how they please, H. C. will bee as acceptable to mee as any body else.[8] If I may undertake to councell, I think you shall doe well to comply with your father as farr as is posible and not to discover any aversion to what hee desyrs farther then you can give reason for; what his disposition may bee I know not, but 'tis that of many Parents to Judge there Childrens dislikes, to bee an humor of aproveing nothing that is Chosen for them, w^ch^ many times makes them take up another, of denyeing theire Children all they Chuse for themselv's.

I finde I am in the humor of talkeing wisely if my paper would give mee leave. tis great Pitty heer is roome for noe more but, Your faithful freind and Servant

LETTER 12

Jane leaving for Guernsey. D. would not stand between T. and his father.

Sr [*Thursday 17 March 1652/3.*]

Your fellow servant upon the news you sent her is goeing to Looke out her Captain.[1] In Earnest now shee is goeing to sea, but 'tis to Guarnesey to her freinds there.[2] her goeing is soe sudden that I have not time to say much to you, but that I Longe to heare what you have done, & that I shall hate my selfe as Longe as I live if I cause any disorder[3] between your father and you, but if my name can doe you any service, I shall not scruple to trust you with that,[4] since I make none to trust you with my heart. she will dirrect you how you may sende to mee, and for god sake though this bee a short Letter let not yours bee soe, tis very late & I am able to hold open my Eyes noe longer, good night. if I were not sure to meet you againe by and by, I would not Leave you soe soone. Your

LETTER 13

Sir John T. and Mrs. Cl. Her recent advice to him not to refuse a good offer. Lady R. Jane has left. Has sent the rest of Cleopatra. *Next week will send a letter to be delivered with the books to Lady Diana. T.'s stories of Lady Diana. It would be pardonable in T. to change. Asks T. to get her orange-water at Heams's. John O. at Chicksands sick.*

Sr [*Saturday 19 March 1652/3.*]

I am glad you scaped a beating but in Earnest would it had lighted upon my Brothers Groome,[1] I think I should have beaten him my self if I had bin able. I have expected your letter all this day with the greatest impatience that was posible, and at last resolved to goe out and meet the fellow, and when I came downe to the Stables, I found him come, had sett up his horse, and was sweeping the Stable in great

Order. I could not imagin him soe very a beast as to think his horses were to bee served before mee, and therfor was presently struck with an aprehension hee had noe letter for mee, it went Colde to my heart as Ice, and hardly left mee courage enough to aske him the question, but when hee had drawled it out that hee thought there was a letter for mee in his bag I quickly made him leave his broome. twas well tis a dull fellow, hee could not[2] but have discern'd else that I was strangly overjoyed with it, and Earnest to have it, for though the poor fellow made what hast hee coulde to unty his bag, I did nothing but chide him for being soe slow. at Last I had it, and in Earnest I know not whither an intire diamond of the bignesse on't would have pleased mee half soe well, if it would it must bee only out of this consideration that such a Juell would make mee Rich Enough to dispute you with M^rs^ Cl:[3] and perhaps make your father like mee as well. I like him i'le sweare, and extreamly too, for being soe calme in a buisnesse where his desyr's were soe much Crossed, Either hee has a great power over himself, or you have a great interest in him, or both. if you are pleased it should end thus, I cannot dislike it, but if it would have bin happy for you, I should think my self strangly unfortunate in being the cause that it went noe further. I cannot say that I preffer your interest before my owne, because all yours are soe much mine, that 'tis imposible for mee to bee happy if you are not soe, but if they could bee devided I am certaine I should, and though you reproached mee with unkindenesse for adviseing not to refuse a good offer[4] yet I shall not bee discouraged from doeing it againe when there is occasion, for I am resolved to bee your freind whither you will or noe. and for example though I know you doe not need my Councell, yet I cannot but tell you that I think 'twere very well that you took some care to make my Lady R. your freind, and oblige her by your Civilitys to beleeve that you were sencible of the favour was offer'd you, though you had not the grace to make good use on't. in very good Earnest now, she is a woman (by all that I have heard of her) that one would not loose; besydes that 'twill

become you to make some sattisfaction for downright refuseing a Young Lady, twas unmercifully done. Would to god you would leave that trick of makeing Excuses, can you think it necessary to mee, or beleeve that your Letters can be soe long as to make them unpleasing to mee? are mine soe to you? if they are not, yours, never will bee soe to mee. you see I say any thing to you, out of a beleife, y^t^ though my letter's were more impertinent then they are, you would not bee without them nor wish them shorter, why should you bee lesse kinde?

if your fellow servant has bin with you,[5] she has tolde you that I part w^th^ her but for her advantage. that I shall alway's bee willing to doe, but whensoever she shall think fit to serve againe and is not provided of a better Mistresse, she know's where to finde mee.

I have sent you the rest of Cleopatra.[6] pray keep them all in your hands, and the next week I will send you a letter and dirrections where you shall deliver that & the book's for my Lady. Is it posible that she can bee indifferent to anybody?[7] take heed of telling mee such story's. if all those Exelency's she is rich in cannot keep warme a passion without the sunshine of her Eyes, what are poore People to expect? and were it not a strange vanity in mee to beleeve yours can bee long lived? it would bee very pardonable in you to change, but sure in him 'tis a marke of soe great inconstancy as shews him of an humor that nothing can fixe.

When you goe into the Exchange pray call at the great Shop above, (The flower Pott). I spoke to Heam's the man of the Shop, when I was in Towne for a qu^rt^ of Oringe flower water. hee had none that was good then, but promised to gett mee some, pray putt him in mind of it, and let him show it you before hee sends it mee, for I will not altogether trust to his honesty. you see I make noe scruple of giveing you litle idle comissions, tis a freedom you allow mee, and that I should bee glad you would take. The Frenchman that sett my seal's lives between Salisbury house & the Exchange[8] at a house that was not finished when I was there, and the Master of the Shop his[9] name is

Walker, hee made mee pay 50[s] for three but twas too deare. you will meet with a story in these part's of Cleopatra that pleased mee more then any that ever I read in my life, 'tis of one Delie, pray give mee your opinion of her and her Prince. this letter is writt in great hast as you may see, tis my brothers sick day[10] and I am not willing to Leave him longe alone. I forgott to[11] tell you in my last that he was come hither to try if he can loose an ague heer that hee gott in Glocestershyre. hee asked mee for you very kindly and if hee knew I writt to you, I should have somthing to say from him besydes what I should say for my self if I had roome. Y[r]

LETTER 14

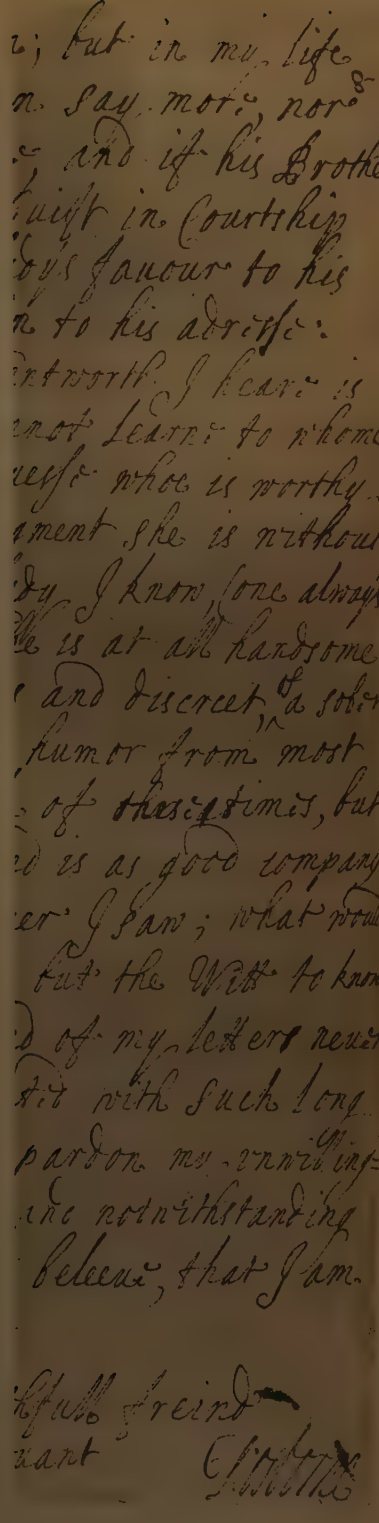
Asks T. to let his boy deliver the books and letter for Lady Diana. Refers to T.'s story of Lady D. and her own remark that it would be pardonable in him to change. Glad to hear his journey goes forward. Mr. Grey. Lady Jane Seymour. Lady Anne Percy. Lady Grey de Ruthin. Lady Anne Wentworth.

S[r] *Friday 25 March* [*1653.*]

I know not how to Oblige soe Civill a person as you are, more, then by giveing you the occasion of serving a faire Lady: In sober Earnest, I know you will not think it a trouble, to let your Boy deliver those books and this inclosed letter[1] where it is dirrected, for my Lady, whome I would the fainest in the world have you acquainted with that you might Judge whither I had not reason to say, sombody was too blame. but had you reason to bee displeased, that I sayed a Change in you, would bee much more pardonable then in him? certainly you had not, I spake it very innocently and out of a greate Sence how much she deserv's more then any body else. I shall take heed though, heerafter, what I write, since you are soe good at raiseing doubts to persecute your self withall; and shall condemne my owne easy faith noe more, for sure tis a better natured, and a lesse fault to beleeve too much, then to distruste where there is noe cause. if you were not soe apt to quarrell I would tell you that I am glad to heare your Journy goes forward,[2] but you would presently imagin that 'tis because I would bee glad if you were gon.

Need I say that 'tis because I preffer your interest's much before my owne, because I would not have you loose soe good a diversion and soe pleasing an Entertainment as (in all likelyhood) this voyage will bee to you, & because (which is a powerfull argument w^th^ mee) the sooner you goe, the sooner I may hope for your retourne. if it bee necessary I will confesse all this, and somthing more, which is, that notwithstanding all my Gallantry and resolution, 'tis much for my creditt, that my courage is putt to noe greater a tryall then parteing with you at this distance; but you are not goeing yet neither, and therfore wee'l leave the discourse on't till then if you please, for I finde noe great Entertainment in't; and let mee aske you whither it bee posible that M^r^ Grey[3] makes Love, they say hee do's, to my Lady Jane Seymor[4]? if it were Expected that one should give a reason for theire Passions, what could hee say for himself? hee would not offer sure to make us beleeve my Lady Jane a Lovelyer person then my Lady Anne Percy.[5] I did not think I should have lived to have seen his frozen heart melted, 'tis the greatest conquest she will ever make, may it bee happy to her, but in my opinion hee has not a good natur'd look. the Younger Brother was a Servant a great while to my faire Neighbour,[6] but could not bee received, and in Earnest I could not blame her. I was his confidente and heard him make his addresses, not that I brag of the favour hee did mee, for any body might have bin soe that had bin as often there and hee was lesse scrupulous in that point, then one would have bin that had had lesse reason; but in my life I never heard a may say more, nor Lesse to the purpose, and if his Brother have not a better Guift in Courtship hee will owe my Lady's favour to his fortune rather then to his adresse.

My Lady Anne Wentworth[7] I heare is marryeing but I cannot Learne to whome nor is it Easy to guesse whoe is worthy of her. in my Judgment she is without dispute the finest Lady I know, (one alway's Excepted),[8] not that she is at all handsome but infinitly vertuous and discreet, of a sober and a very different humor from most of the Young People of these times, but has as much witt and is as good



rne's handwriting

company as any body that Ever I saw. what would you give that I had but the Witt to know when to make an End of my letter? never any body was persecuted with such long Epistles. but you will pardon my unwillingnesse to Leave you; and notwithstanding all your litle doubts, beleeve, that I am very much Your faithfull freind

& humble servant

March y^e^ 25^th^ D. Osborne

LETTER 15

Jane has been with T. and has told him of D.'s melancholy. Nan [*Stacy*]. *Sir John T.'s doubts and fears. She will not marry without her father's consent.*

S^r^ [*Tuesday 29 March 1653.*]

There shall bee two Post's this week, for my Brother sends his groome up and I am resolved to make some advantage of it; Pray what the paper denyde mee in youre last let mee receive by him. Your fellow servant is a sweet Juell to tell tales of mee.[1] the truth is I cannot deny but that I have bin very carelesse of my self but alas whoe would have bin other? I never thought my life a thing worth my care whilest nobody was concern'd in't but my self, now I shall looke upon 't as somthing that you would not loose, and therfore shall indeavor to keep it for you; But then you must retourne my kindenesse with the same care of a life that's much dearer to mee; I shall not bee soe unreasonable as to desyre that for my sattisfaction you should deny your self a recreation that is pleasing to you, and very iñocent sure when tis not used in excesse, but I cannot consent you should disorder your self with it, and Jane was certainly in the right when she told you I would have chid If I had seen you soe in danger that I am soe much concern'd in. but for what she tels you of my melancholy you must not beleeve, she thinks noebody in good humor unlesse they Laugh perpetualy as Nan and[2] she do's,[3] which I was never given to much, and now I have bin soe long accustom'd to my owne naturall dull humor nothing can alter it. tis not that I am sad, for (as longe as you and the rest of my freinds are well) I thanke God I have noe occasion to bee soe, but I never apeare to bee very merry, and

if I had all that I could wish for in the World I doe not think it would make any visible change in my humor.

and yet with all my Gravity I could not but Laugh at your Encounter in the Parke though I was not pleased that you should Leave a faire Lady, and goe lye upon the Colde Grownde. that is full as bad as over heating your self at Tennis,[4] & therfore remember 'tis one of the things you are forbiden.

You have reason to think your father kinde and I have reason to think him very Civill, all his Scruples are very Just on's, but such as time and a litle good Fortune, (if wee were either of us Lucky to it) might sattisfy; hee may bee confident I can never think of disposeing my self without my fathers consente, and though hee has left it more in my Power then almost any body leav's a daughter, yet certainly I were the worst natured person in the world if his kindenesse were not a greater tye upon mee then any advantage hee could have reserved, besyd's that tis my duty from w^ch^ nothing can ever tempt mee; nor could you like it in mee if I should doe otherwise, 'twould make mee unworthy of your Esteem; but if ever that may bee obtayned or I left free, and you in the same condition, all the advantages of fortune or person imaginable mett together in one man should not be prefferd before you. I think I cannot Leave you better then with this assurance; tis very Late and haveing bin abroade all this day I knew not till e'en now of this messenger. good night to you; there needed noe Excuse for the conclusion of your Letter, nothing can please mee better. once more good night, I am half in a dreame already. Your

Addressed
For M^r^ Temple.

LETTER 16

Signed 'friend and servant'.

S^r^ [*Saturday 2 April 1653.*]

I did receive both your letters, and yet was not sattisfyed but resolved to have a third: you had defeated mee strangly if it had bin a blank. not that I should have taken it ill, for

'tis as imposible for mee to doe soe, as for you to give mee the occasion, but though by sending a blank with your name to it, you had given mee a power to please my self, yet I should ne'er have don't half soe well as your letter did, for nothing pleases mee like being assured that you are pleased. Will you forgive mee if I make this a short letter? in earnest I have soe many to write and soe litle time to doe it, that for this once I think I could imploy a Secretary if I had one; yet heer's another letter for you though I know not whither tis such a one as you desyr'd,[1] but if it bee not you may thank your self. if you had given larger instructions you had bin better obayed, and notwithstanding all my hast I cannot but tell you, 'twas a litle unkinde to aske mee if I could doe it for your sattisfaction, soe poor a thing as that. if I had time I would chide you for 't extreamly, and make you know that there is nothing I cannot doe for the sattisfaction of a Person I esteem and to whome I shall alway's bee a

faithfull freind &
servant

LETTER 17

Nursing her father. Had he sent her letter and Cleopatra? *His journey still in prospect. She is writing kind things in a dream. Asks for Lady Newcastle's poems.*

S^r^ [*Thursday 14 April 1653.*]

I received your letter to day when I thought it almost imposible that I should bee sencible of any thing but my fathers sicknesse,[1] and my owne affliction in it. indeed hee was then soe dangerously ill that wee could not reasonably hope hee should outlive this day, yet hee is now I thank God much better, and I am come soe much to my self with it as to undertake a longe letter to you whilest I watch by him; towards the latter-end it will bee Exelent stuffe I beleeve, but alas you may allow mee to dream somtimes, I have had soe litle sleep since my father was sick that I am never thoroughly awake. lord how have I wisht for you, heer doe I sitt all night by a poore moaped fellow that serv's my father, and have much adoe to keep him awake

and my self too, if you heard the wise discourse that is between us, you would sweare wee wanted sleep. but I shall leave him to night to entertain himself and try if I can write as wisely as I talk.

I am glad all is well againe. in Earnest it would have laine upon my conscience if I had bin the occasion of makeing your poore boy loose a service that if hee has the witt to know how to valew it, hee would never have forgiven it mee while hee had lived. but while I remember it let mee aske you if you did not send my letter & Cleopatra[2] where I dirrected you for my Lady. I received one from her to day full of the kindest reproaches that shee has not heard from mee this three week's. I have writt constantly to her, but I doe not soe much wonder that the rest are lost as that she seem's not to have received that which I sent to you nor the book's, I doe not understand it but I know there is noe fault of yours int. but harke you, if you think to scape with sending mee such bitts of letters you are mistaken. you say you are often interupted and I beleeve it, but you must use then to begin to write before you receive mine, and whensoever you have any spare time allow mee some of it. can you doubt that any thing can make your letters Cheap? in Earnest twas unkindly sayed, and if I could bee angry with you, it should bee for that. noe Certainly they are, and ever will bee, deare to mee, as that which I receive a huge contentment by. how shall I long when you are gon your Journy[3] to heare from you, how shall I aprehende a thousands [*sic*] accidents that are not likly nor will never happen I hope. O if you doe not send mee long letters then you are the Cruellest person that can bee. if you love mee you will and if you doe not I shall never love my self; you need not feare such a commande as you mention, alas I am too much concern'd that you should love mee ever to forbid it you, 'tis all that I propose of happinesse to my self in the world.

the turning of my paper[4] has waked mee, all this while I was in a dream. but tis noe matter, I am content you should know they are of you, and that when my thoughts are left most at liberty they are the kindest. ile swear my

Eys are soe heavy that I hardly see what or how I write, nor doe I think you will bee able to read it when I have done. the best on't is twill bee noe great losse to you, if you doe not, for sure the greatest part on't is not sence, and yet on my conscience I shall goe on with it. tis like people that talk in theire sleep, nothing interupts them but talking to them again and that you are not like to doe at this distance, besyd's that at this instant you are I beleeve more asleep then I, and doe not soe much as dream that I am writeing to you. my fellow watchers have bin a sleep too till just now, they begin to stretch and yawne, they are goeing to try if eating and drinking can keep them awake and I am kindly invited to bee of theire company. my fathers man had gott one of the mayd's to talk nonsence to to night and they have gott between them a botle of Ale, I shall loose my share if I doe not take them at theire first offer, your patience till I have drunk and then I am for you againe. and now in the strength of this Ale I beleeve I shall bee able to fill up this Paper that's left with something or other.

And first let mee aske you if you have seen a book of Poems newly come out, made by my Lady New Castle.[5] for God sake if you meet with it send it mee, they say tis ten times more Extravagant then her dresse. Sure the poore woman is a litle distracted, she could never bee soe rediculous else as to venture at writeing book's and in verse too, If I should not sleep this fortnight I should not come to that.

My Ey's grow a little dim though for all the Ale and I beleeve if I could see it this is most strangly scribled. sure I shall not finde fault with you writeing in hast for any thing but the shortnesse of your letter, and twould bee very unjust in mee to tye you to a Ceremony that I doe not observe my self, noe, for god sake, let there bee noe such thing between us. a reall kindenesse is soe farr beyond all Complement that it never apear's more then when there is least of t'other mingled with it, if then you would have mee beleeve yours to bee perfect confirme it to mee by a kinde freedom, tell mee if there bee any thing that I can serve you in, imploy mee as you would doe that

sister that you say you love soe well, chide mee when I doe any thing that is not well, but then make hast to tell mee that you have forgiven mee, and that you are what I shall Ever bee a faithfull freind

LETTER 18

She had written kind things in a dream. The two Spencers. Cromwell's coup d'état. Will it defer Lord Lisle's journey? T. has sent orange-water. She will expect his Diary next week. Her father keeps his bed. Her life to another humour than hers would be insupportable.

S^r^ [*Saturday 23 April 1653.*]
That you may bee sure it was a dreame that I writ that part of my letter in,[1] I doe not now remember what it was I writt, but it seem's it was very kinde, and posibly you owe the discovery on't to my being asleep, but I doe not repent it, for I should not love you if I did not think you discreet enough to bee trusted with the knowledge of all my kindenesse. Therfor 'tis not that I desyre to hyde it from you, but that I doe not love to tell it, and perhaps if you could read my heart, I should make lesse scruple of your seeing on't there, then in my letters.

I can easily guesse whoe the Pritty young Lady is, for there are but two in England of that fortune, and they are Sisters, but I am to seek who the Gallant should bee. if it bee noe secrett you may tell mee, however I shall wish him all good successe if hee bee your friend as I suppose hee is, by his confidence in you;[2] if it bee neither of the Spencers I wish it were, I have not seen two young Men that looked as if they deserv'd good fortunes soe much as those Brothers. but blesse mee what will become of us all now? is not this a strange turne?[3] what do's my Lord L.?[4] sure this will at least defferr your Journy. tell mee what I must think on't, whither it bee better or worse or whither you are at all concern'd in it, for if you are not I am not. onely if I had bin soe wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made mee of H. C.,[5] I might have bin in a faire way of prefferment, for sure they will bee greater now then ever. Is it true that Al: S.[6] was soe unwilling to leave the house, that the G. was faine to take the Pain's to turne him out

himself? well tis a pleasant world this, if Mr Pim[7] were alive again I wonder what hee would think of these proceedings and whither this would apeare as great a breach of the Privilidge of Parliament as the demanding the 5 members. but I shall talk treason by and by if I doe not look to my self, tis saffer talking of the Oringe flower water[8] you sent mee. The Carrier has given mee a great charge to tell you that it came safe and I must doe him right, as you say 'tis not the best I have seen, nor the worst. I shall expect your Diary next week. though this will bee but a short letter you may allow mee to make Excuses too somtimes. but seriously my Father is now soe Continualy ill that I have hardly time for any thing, tis but an Ague that hee has, but yet I am much affrayde that is more then his Age & weaknesse will bee able to beare, hee keeps his bed and never rises but to have it made, and most times faints with that. You ought in Charity to write as much as you can, for in Earnest my life heer since my Fathers sicknesse, is soe sad, that to another humor then mine it would bee unsuportable, but I have bin soe used to misfortun's that I cannot bee much surprised with them, though perhaps I am as sencible of them as another. i'le leave you for I finde these thoughts begin to putt mee in ill humor. farwell, pray you bee Ever happy, if I am soe at all tis in being Your

LETTER 19

Her last letter had frightened him. He has sent the first chapter [*of his Diary*]. *She has had two fits of ague. John O. and H. Molle there. T. has offered to release her*(?). *T.'s journey 'broke'. Will not Sir J.'s be delayed?*

Sr [*Saturday 30 April 1653.*]

I am sory my last letter frighted you soe,[1] twas noe part of my intention it should. but I am more sory to see by your first Chapter[2] that your humor is not alway's soe good as I could wish it, 'twas the only thing I ever desyr'd wee might differ in and (therfore) I think it is deny'd mee. whilest I read the discription on't I could not believe but yt I had writt it my self, it was soe much my owne. I pitty you in Earnest much more then I doe my self, and yet I

may deserve yours when I shall have told you, that besyd's all that you speake of I have gotten an Ague that with two fitts has made mee soe very weak that I doubted Extreamly yesterday whether I should bee able to sitt up to day to write to you. but you must not bee troubled at this, that's the way to kill mee indeed, besydes it is imposible I should keep it long for heer is my Eldest Brother and my Cousen Molle[3] & two or three more of them that have great understanding in Agues as People that have bin long acquainted with them and they doe soe tutor & governe mee that I am neither to eate drink nor sleep without theire leave, and sure my Obedience derserv's they should cure mee or else they are great Tyrants to very litle purpose. You cannot imagin how Cruell they are to mee and yet will perswade mee tis for my good, I know they mean it soe and therfore say nothing but submitt, and sigh to think those are not heer that would bee kinder to mee. but you were Cruell your self when you seem'd to aprehende I might Oblige you to make good your last offer.[4] Alasse if I could purchase the Empire of the world at that rate I should think it much too deare, and though perhaps I am too unhappy my self ever to make any body else happy, yet sure I shall take heed that my misfortun's may not prove infectious to my freinds. You ask Councell of a person that is very litle able to give it, I cannot imagin whither you should goe since this Journy is broake,[5] you must een bee content to stay at home I think and see what will become of us, though I expect nothing of good, and sure you never made a truer remarke in your life then that all changes are for the worse.[6] will it not stay your fathers Journy[7] too? my thinks it should. for god sake write mee all that you heare or can think of that I may have something to Entertaine my self withall. I have a scurvy head that will not let mee write longer. I am

Your

(*Addressed*)
For M^rs^ Painter at her house
in Bedford Street next y^e^ Goate
In Coven Garden

LETTER 20

She had missed her fit the day before. John D. and H. Molle there. T. need not send Lady Newcastle's book. Lady Diana. H. O. had left for town on Tuesday. T. had written that he had met him. A new suitor [*Sheriff Bennet*]. *She sends* Cyrus *tome I.*

S^r^ [*Saturday 7 May 1653.*]

I doe not know that any body has frighted mee or beaten mee, or putt mee into more Passion then what I usually carry aboute mee, but yesterday I missed my fitt,[1] & am not without hope I shall heare noe more on't. My Father has lost his too[2] & my Eldest Brother, but wee all look like People risen from the dead. Onely my Cousen Molle keeps his still and in Earnest I am not certain whither hee would loose it or not, for it gives him a lawfull occasion of being nice and cautious about himself, to which hee in his owne humor is soe much inclined that 'twere not easy for him to forbear it.

You need not send mee my Lady Newcastles book[3] at all for I have seen it, and am sattisfyed that there are many soberer People in Bedlam, i'le swear her friends are much to blame to let her goe abroade. But I am hugly pleased that you have seen my Lady.[4] I knew you could not chuse but like her, but yet let mee tell you you have seen but the worst of her, her Conversation has more charmes then can bee in meer beauty, and her humor & disposition would make a difform'd person apeare lovely.

You had strange luck to meet my brother soe soone, hee went up but last tuesday. I heard from him on Thursday[5] but hee did not tell mee hee had seen you, perhaps hee did not think it convenient to putt mee in minde of you, besyd's hee thought hee told mee enough in telling mee my Cousen O. was marryed.[6] Why did not you send mee that news and a Garland?[7] well ye best on't is, I have a squire now that is as good as a knight,[8] hee was comeing as fast as a Coach & 6 horses could bring him, but I desyr'd him to stay till my Ague was gon and give mee a litle time to recover my good look's, for I prottest if hee saw mee now, hee would never desyr to see mee againe. O mee I

can but think how I shall sitt like the Lady of the Lobster[9] and give Audience at Babram. You have bin there I am sure, nobody that is at Cambridge scapes it, but you were never soe wellcome thither as you shall bee when I am Mistresse on't. In the mean time I have sent you the first Tome of Cyrus[10] to read, when you have don with it leave it at Mr Hollingsworths[11] and i'le send you another.

I have had Ladys with mee all this Afternoon that are for London to morrow, and now have I as many letters to write as my Lord Generall's Secretary, forgive mee that this is noe longer, for I am Your

Addressed

For Mrs Painter at her house in
Bedford Street next ye Goate
In Coven Garden

LETTER 21

The sheriff. Maybe she had dreamed that T. had met H. O. She has missed four fits. Her father still mostly in bed. Molle has left. J. O. goes to town on Monday. Lady Diana & Harry Danvers. Fortune is cruel.

Sr [*Saturday 14 May 1653.*]

I'le tell you of noe more of my Servants, I can noe sooner give you some litle hint's whereabout's they live, but you know them presently;[1] and I meant you should bee beholding to mee for your acquaintance. but it seem's this gentleman is not of soe easy accesse but that you may acknoledge somthing due to mee if I incline him to looke Graciously upon you; and therfore there is not much harme done. What has kept him from marryeng all this while, or how the humor com's soe furiously upon him now, I know not, but if hee may bee believ'd, hee is resolved to bee a most Romance Squire[2] and goe in quest of some inchanted Damzell, whome if hee likes, as to her person (for fortune is a thing below him & wee doe not reade in History that any knight, or squire, was ever soe discourtious as to inquire what portions theire Lady's had), then hee comes with the Power of the County[3] to demande her, (which for the present hee may dispose of, being

Sheriff) soe that I doe not see whoe is able to resist him, all that is to bee hoped, is, that since hee may reduce whomsoever hee pleases to his Obedience, hee will bee very Curious in his choise, and then I am secure. It may bee I dreampt it that you had mett my Brother,[4] or else it was one of the Resvery's[5] of my Ague; if soe, I hope I shall fall into noe more of them, I have misst 4 fitts, and had but 5,[6] and have recoverd soe much strengh as made mee venture to meet your letter on Wedensday,[7] a Mile from home. Yet my Recovery will bee nothing towards my leaveing this place, where many reasons will oblige mee to stay at least all this Summer, unlesse some great Alteration should happen in this famely:[8] that which I most owne, is my fathers ill health, which though it bee not in that Extreamity it has bin, yet keeps him still a Prisoner to his Chamber and for the most part to his bed, w^ch^ is reason enough, but besydes I can give you others. I am heer much more out of Peoples way then in Towne, where my Aunte[9] and such as prettend an Interest in mee and a power over mee, doe soe persecute mee with theire good motions, and take it soe ill that they are not accepted; as I would live in a hollow Tree, to avoyde them. heer I have noe body but my Brother to Torment mee,[10] whome I can take the liberty to dispute with, and whome I have prevailed with hitherto, to bring none of his prettenders to this place, because of the noyse all such People make in a Country & the tittle tattle it breed's amongst neighbours that have nothing to doe but to inquire whoe marry's and who makes love. If I can but keep him still in that humor, M^r^ B,[11] and I, are likely to preserve our State, and Treat at distance like Princes, but wee have not sent one another our Pictures yet, though my Cousin M. whoe was his Agent heer begg'd mine very Earnestly. but I thank God an imagination took him one morning that hee was falleing into a dropsey, and made him in such hast to goe back to Cambridge to his Doctour, that hee never rememberd any thing hee had to aske of mee, but the Coach to carry him away, I lent it most Willingly, and gon hee is. my Eldest Brother goes up to Towne on Monday[12] too, per-

haps you may see him but I cannot dirrect you where to finde him for hee is not yet resolved himself where to lye, only tis likely Nan[13] may tell you when hee is there, hee will make noe stay I believe. you will think him Alterd and (if it bee posible) more Melancholy then hee was. if marriage agrees noe better with other People then it do's w^th^ him, I shall pray that all my freinds may scape it.

Yet if I were my Cousin H: Davers,[14] my Lady Diana should not if I could help it, as well as I love her. I would try if ten thousand pound a yeer with a husband that doated on her, as I should doe, could not keep her from being unhappy. well in Earnest if I were a Prince that Lady should bee my Mistresse but I can give noe rule to any body else, and perhaps those that are in noe danger of loosing theire hearts to her, may bee infinitly taken with one I should not vallew at all, for soe (say the Justinians[15]) wise providence has ordained it, that by theire different humors every body might finde somthing to please themselv's withall without Envying theire neighbours. and now I have begun to talk gravely and wisely i'le try if I can goe a litle further without being out.[16] Noe, I cannot, for I have forgott already what 'twas I would have sayed, but 'tis noe matter, for as I remember it was not much to the Purpose, and besydes, I have paper litle enough left, to chide you for askeing soe unkinde a question as whither you were still the same in my thoughts. have you deserved to bee otherwise, that is, am I noe more in yours? for till that bee tis imposible the other should. But that will never bee, and I shall bee alway's the same I am, my heart tels mee soe and I may believe it, for if twere otherwise fortune would not persecute us thus. Oh mee shee's Cruell[17] and how farr her power may reach I know not, only I am sure, she cannot call back time that is past and it is long since wee resolved to bee for Ever

most faithfull freinds

LETTER 22

Mr. Arbry [*Erbury*]. *She agrees that there is little likelihood of a change in their fortunes. The Lukes. Ladies at Heams's. Gives 'humble thanks' for orange-water. Her 'fighting servant' married. H. O.'s more than brotherly concern for her. He is to return next week and Molle shortly. 'Your . . freind and servant.'*

S^r^ [*Sunday 22 May 1653.*]

You must pardon mee I could not burn your other letter for my life; I was soe pleased to see I had soe much to reade, & soe sorry I had don soe soone, that I resolved to begin them again and had like to have lost my dinner by it. I know not what humor you were in when you writt it, but M^r^ Arbry's Prophesy[1] and the falling downe of the forme, did a litle discompose my Gravity. but I quickly recoverd my self with thinking that you deserved to bee Chid for goeing where you knew you must of necessity loose your time. In Earnest I had a litle Scruple when I went with you thither,[2] and but that I was assured it was too late to goe any whither else, and believ'd it better to heare an ill Sermon then none, I think I should have missed his Belles remarques. You had repented you I hope of that, and all other your faults before you thought of dyeing; What a sattisfaction you had found out to make mee for the injury's you say you have don mee; and yet I cannot tell neither (though 'tis not the remedy I should choose) whither that were not a certaine one for all my misfortunes, for sure I should have nothing then to perswade mee to stay longer where they grow, and I should quickly take a resolution of leaveing them and the world at once.

I agree with you too, that I doe not see any great likelihood of the Change of our fortunes,[3] and that wee have much more to wish then to hope for, but 'tis soe common a Calamity that I dare not murmur at it, better People have indured it, and I can give noe reason why (Almost,) all are denyed the sattisfaction of disposeing themselves to theire owne desyr's, but that it is a happinesse too great for this world, and might indanger on's forgetting the next, whereas if wee are Crossed in that which only can make

the world pleasing to us, wee are quickly tyred with the length of our Journy and the disquiet of our Inn's and long to bee at home. One would think it were I that had heard the three Sermons, and were tryeing to make a fourth, these are truths that might become a Pulpitt better then M^r^ Arbry's predictions; but least you should think I have as many wormes in my head[4] as hee, i'le give over in time And tell you how farr M^r^ Luke[5] and I are acquainted. hee lives within 4 or 5 mile of mee, and one day that I had bin to visett a Lady, that is neerer him then mee, as I cam back I mett a Coach with some company int that I knew, and thought my self obliged to salute. Wee all lighted and mett and I found more then I looked for, by two damzells and theire squires, I was afterwards tolde they were of the Lu^s^ and posible this man might bee there, or else I never saw him, for since these times, wee have had noe cõmerce with that famely, but have kept at great distance, as haveing upon severall occasions bin disobliged by them. But of late I know not how S^r^ Sam: has growne soe kinde as to send to mee for some things hee desyr'd out of this Garden, and withall made the offer of what was in his, which I had reason to take for a high favor, for hee is a nice florist, & since this, wee are insensibly come to as good degrees of Civility for one another, as can bee expected from People that never meet.

Whoe those Damoisells should bee that were at Heamses[6] I cannot imagin, and I know soe few that are concern'd in mee or my Name, that I admire you should meet with soe many that seem to bee acquainted with it. Sure if you had liked them you would not have bin soe sullen, and a lesse occasion would have served to make you entertaine theire discourse if they had bin handsome. and yet I know noe reason I have to believe that beauty is any Argument to make you like People; unlesse I had more ont my self. but bee it what it will that displeased you, I am glad they did not fright you away before you had the Orange flower water, for it is very good, and I am soe sweet with it a day's that I dispise Roses; When I have given you humble thanks for it, I meane to looke over your other letter and take the

heads, to treat of them in order, as my time, and your Patience shall give mee leave.

And first for my Sheriff,[7] let mee desyre you to believe hee has more Courage then to Dye, upon a denyall; noe (thanks bee to god) none of my Servants are given to that, I heare of many, every day that marry, but of none that doe worse. My Brother sent mee word this week that my fighting Servant[8] is marryed too, and with the news, this Ballad, which was to bee sunge in the grove that you dreampt of I think, but because you tell mee I shall not want company there, you may dispose of this peece of Poetry as you please, when you have suffitiently admired with mee, where hee found it out, for 'tis much older then that of my Lord of Lorne.[9]

You are altogether in the right that my B.[10] will never bee at quiet till hee sees mee disposed of, but hee do's not mean to loose mee by it, hee knows that if I were marryed at this present, I should not bee perswaded to leave my father, as long as hee lives, and when this house break's up, hee is resolved to follow mee if hee can, which hee thinks hee might better doe to a house where I had some power, then where I am but upon Courtesy my self, besydes that hee thinks it would bee to my advantage to bee well bestow'd, and by that hee understands Richly. hee is much of your Sisters humor, and many times wishes mee a husband that loved mee as well as hee do's, (though hee seem's to doubt the posibility ont) but never desyr's that I should love that husband with any Passion, and plainly tells mee soe, hee sayes it would not bee soe well for him, nor perhaps for mee that I should, for hee is of opinion that all passions, have more of trouble then sattisfaction in them and therfore they are happiest that have Least of them. You think him kinde from a letter that you mett with of his, Sure there was very litle of any thing in that, or else I should not have imployed it to wrap a Book up. but seriously I many times receive letters from him that were they seen without an adresse to mee, or his Name, noe body would believe they were from a brother, & I cannot but tell him sometimes that sure hee mistakes and sends

mee letters that were meant to his Mistresse, till hee swear's to mee that hee has none. Next week my persecution begins againe, hee com's downe,[11] and my Cousen Molle is already Cured of his imaginary dropsey and means to meet him heer. I shall bee baited most sweetly, but sure they will not easily make mee consent to make my life unhappy to sattisfy theire importunity; I was borne to bee very happy or very miserable, I know not which, but I am certaine that as long as I am any thing I shall be

Your most faithfull freind
& servant

you will never read half this letter, tis soe scribled, but tis noe matter, tis much worth it

LETTER 23

A letter had come with broken seal. The ladies at Heams's. Lord Chandos' duel. Compton and Lady Lepington. Sir Thomas Osborne. T. shall have no more 'humble thanks' or 'servants'. Death of an old knight (Sir W. Briers).

S^r^ [*Saturday 28 May 1653.*]

If it were the Carryers fault that you stayed soe longe for your letter, you are revenged, for I have chid him most unreasonably. but I must confesse twas not for that, for I did not know it then, but goeing to meet him, (as I usualy doe), when hee gave mee your letter I found the uper seale broake open, and underneath, where it uses to bee only Closed with a litle waxe, there was a seale, w^ch^ though it were an Anchor & a heart, mee thoughts it did not looke like yours, but lesse, and much worse cutt. this Suspition was soe stronge upon mee, that I chid till the Poore fellow was redy to crye, and swore to mee that it had never bin Touched since hee had it, and that hee was soe carefull of it, as hee never putt it with his other letters, but by it self, and that now it cam amongst his mony, w^ch^ perhaps might break the seale, and least I should think it was his Curiosity, hee tolde mee very ingenuously hee could not reade and soe wee parted for the present. but since hee has bin with a Neighbor of mine, whome hee somtimes delivers my letters to, and begged of her that

she would goe to mee, and desyre my worship to write to your worship to know how the letter was sealed, for it has soe greev'd him that I should think him soe dishonnest that hee has neither eate nor slept (to doe him any good) since hee came home, and in grace of god this shall bee a warning to him as longe as hee lives. hee takes it soe heavily that I think I must bee freinds with him againe but pray hearafter seale your letters soe as the difficulty of opening them may dishearten any body from attempting it.

It was but my Guesse that the Lady's at Heamses[1] were unhandsome but since you tell mee they were remarkably soe, sure I know them by it. they are two sisters, and might have bin mine, if the fates had soe pleased, they have a Brother that is not like them, and is a Barronett besydes.

Tis strange that you tell mee of my Lord Shanday's & Arrundell, but what becom's of young Comptons estate? sure my Lady Carey, cannot neither in honnor nor Conscience keep it, besydes that she needs it lesse now then Ever, her son (being as I heare) dead.[2]

S^r^ T.[3] I suppose avoyd's you as a freind of mine, my Brother tells mee they meet somtim's and have the most adoe to pull of theire hatts to one another that can bee, and never speake. if I were in Towne i'le undertake, hee would venture the being Choaked for want of Aire rather then stirre out of doores, for feare of meeting mee.

but did not you say in your last that you took somthing very ill from mee; & twas my humble thanks? Well you shall have noe more of them then, nor noe more Servant's,[4] I think indeed they are not Necessary amongst freinds. I take it very kindely that your father asked for mee, and that you were not pleased with the question hee made of the continuance of my freindship. I can pardon it him because hee do's not know mee, but I should never forgive you if you could doubt it; were my face in noe more danger of changing then my minde I should bee worth the seeing, at threescore, and that w^ch^ is but very ordinary now, would then bee counted handsome for an old woman. but alasse I am more likely to look old before my time, with Greife, never anybody had such luck with Servants,

what with marryeng, and what with dyeing, they all leave mee; Just now I have news brought mee of the death of an old rich Knight[5] that has promised mee this seven year's to marry mee whensoever his wife dyed, and now hee's dead before her, and has left her such a widdow it makes mee mad to think on't, 1200^{li} a yeare Joynter and 20000^{li} in mony & personall Estate, and all this I might have had, if M^{r} Death had bin pleased to have taken her instead of him; well whoe can help these things? but since I cannot have him, would you had her! what say you, shall I speak a good word for you? shee will marry for certain, and though perhaps my Brother may expect I should serve him in it, yet if you give mee comission, i'le say I was ingaged before hand for a freind and leave him to shift for himself. You would bee my Neighbour if you had her and I should see you often; think on't, and let mee know what you resolve.

My Lady has writt mee word, that she intends very shortly to sitt at Lilly's for her Picture for mee,[6] I give you notice on't that you may have the pleasure of seeing it somtimes whilest tis there. I imagin twill bee soe to you, for I am sure it would bee a greate one to mee, and wee doe not use to differr in our inclinations, though I cannot agree with you that my Brothers kindnesse to mee has any thing of trouble int,[7] noe sure I may bee Just to you and him both, and to bee a kinde sister, will take nothing from my being a Perfect ffriende

LETTER 24

T.'s dream of her. Molle there. Shepherdesses. She wishes T. with her. Since she wrote this, H. O. and Dorothy Peyton have arrived. John O. in Gloucestershire. Her father keeps his chamber still. Walker. Lady Lepington and Compton.

S^{r} [*Thursd.-Sat. 2–4 June 1653.*]

I have bin reckoning up how many faults you lay to my charge in your last letter, and I finde I am severe, unjust, unmercifull, and unkinde; O mee how should one doe to mende all these? 'tis worke for an Age and tis to bee fear'd

I shall bee soe olde before I am good, that 'twill not bee considerable to any body but my self whither I am soe or not. I say nothing of the Pritty humor you fancy'd mee in, in your dream, because 'twas but a dream, Sure if it had bin any thing else, I should have rememberd that my Lord L.[1] loves to have his Chamber, and his Bed to himself. but seriously now, I wonder at your Patience, how could you heare mee talke soe sencelessly (though twere but in your sleep) and not bee redy to beate mee? what nice, mistaken points of honnor, I prettended to and yet could allow him a roome in the same bed with mee! well dream's are pleasant things to People whose humor's are soe, but to have the Spleen and to dreame upont is a punnishment I would not wish my greatest Enemy. I seldome dream, or never remember them unlesse they have bin soe sad as to put mee into such disorder as I can hardly recover when I am awake, and some of those I am confident I shall never forgett.

You aske mee how I passe my time heer, I can give you a perfect accounte not only of what I doe for the present, but what I am likely to doe this seven yeare if I stay heer soe long. I rise in the morning reasonably Early, and before I am redy[2] I goe rounde the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows to hott for mee. about ten a clock I think of makeing mee redy, and when that's don I goe into my fathers Chamber, from thence to dinner, where my Cousin Molle[3] and I sitt in great State, in a Roome and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner wee sitt and talk till Mr B.[4] com's in question and then I am gon. the heat of the day is spent in reading or working and about sixe or seven a Clock, I walke out into a Common that lyes hard by the house where a great many young wenches keep Sheep and Cow's and sitt in the shade singing of Ballads; I goe to them and compare theire voyces and Beauty's to some Ancient Shepherdesses that I have read of and finde a vaste difference there, but trust mee I think these are as innocent as those could bee. I talke to them, and finde they want nothing to make them the happiest People in the world, but

the knoledge that they are soe.[5] most comonly when wee are in the middest of our discourse one looks aboute her and spyes her Cow's goeing into the Corne and then away they all run, as if they had wing's at theire heels. I that am not soe nimble stay behinde, & when I see them driveing home theire Cattle I think tis time for mee to retyre too. when I have supped I goe into the Garden and soe to the syde of a small River that runs by it where I sitt downe and wish you with mee, (You had best say this is not kinde neither) in Earnest tis a pleasant place and would bee much more soe to mee if I had your company. I sitt there somtimes till I am lost with thinking, and were it not for some cruell thoughts of the Crossenesse of our fortun's that will not lett mee sleep there, I should forgett there were such a thing to bee don as goeing to bed. Since I writt this my Company is increased by two, My Brother Harry, and a faire Neece, the Eldest of my Brother Peytons Daughter's,[6] she is soe much a woman, that I am almost ashamed to say I am her Aunte, and soe Pritty that if I had any designe to gaine a Servant I should not like her company. but I have none, and therfore, shall indeavor to keep her heer as long as I can perswade her father to spare her, for she will easily consent to it haveing soe much of my humor (though it bee the worst thing in her) as to like a melancholy place, and litle company.

My Brother John is not come downe againe nor am I certaine when hee will bee heer, hee went from London into Gloucestershyr to my Sister[7] who was very ill, and his youngest Girle of which hee was very fonde is since dead, but I beleeve by that time his wife has a litle recoverd her sicknesse and the losse of her Childe, hee will bee comeing this way. My Father is reasonably well but keeps his Chamber still, and will hardly I am affrayde Ever bee soe perfectly recoverd as to come abroade againe. I am sorry for Poore Walker,[8] but you need not doubt of what hee has of yours in his hands, for it seems hee do's not use to doe his worke himself (I speake seriously), hee keeps a french man that setts all his Seal's and Ring's. if what you say of my Lady Lepington[9] bee of your owne knoledge I

shall beleeve you, but otherwise I can assure you I have heard from People that prettend to know her very well, that her kindenesse to Compton was very moderate, and that she never liked him soe well, as when hee dyed and gave her his Estate. but they might bee deceived, and tis not soe strange as that you should imagin a Coldenesse and an indifference in my letter where I soe litle meant it, but I am not displeased you should desyre my kindenesse, enough to aprehende[10] the losse of it, when it is safest, Only I would not have you aprehende it soe farr as to belie[ve] it posible. that were an injury to all the assurances I have given you and if you love mee you cannot think mee unworthy. I should think my self soe, if I founde you indifferent to mee, that I have had soe long and soe perticuler a freindship for. but sure this is more then I need to say, you are Enough in my heart to know all my thoughts, and if soe, you know better then I can tell you how much I am Yours

LETTER 25

T. is pleased that she wished him with her. H. O. has offered her fresh servants since he came down. Mr. Talbot. Not going to Epsom this summer. Will be his prisoner at home. When Sir J. T. goes into Ireland, she would like an Irish greyhound. H. C. had promised to write to Fleetwood for one. R. Spencer's new love. Sir Justinian Isham again.

S[r] [*Saturday 11 June 1653.*]

If to know I wish you with mee,[1] pleases you, tis a sattisfaction you may alway's have, for I doe it perpetualy, but were it realy in my Power to make you happy, I could not misse being soe my self, for I know nothing else I want towards it. You are admitted to all my Entertainments, and 'twould bee a pleasing surprise to mee to see you amongst my Shepherdesses,[2] I meet some there somtimes that look very like Gentlemen (for tis a Roade) and when they are in good humor they give us a Complement as they goe by, but you would bee soe Courteous as to stay I hope if wee intreated you, tis in your way to this place, and Just before the house. tis our Hide Parke,[3] and every fine Evening any body that wanted a Mistresse might bee sure to finde one

there, I have wonderd often to meet my faire Lady Ruthin[4] there alone, mee thinks it should bee dangerous for an heire,[5] I could finde in my heart to steale her away my self, but it should bee rather for her person then her fortune. My Brother say's not a worde of you, nor your Service, nor doe I expect hee should, if I could forgett you, hee would not help my memory. you would laugh sure if I could tell you how many Servants hee has offerd mee since hee came downe,[6] but one above all the rest I think hee is in love with himself, and may marry him too, if hee pleases, I shall not hinder him. tis one Talbott[7]; the finest gentleman hee has seen this seven yeer, but the mischeif on't is hee has not above fifteen or 16 hundred pound a year, though hee swear's hee begins to think one might bate 500[li] a yeer for such a husband. I tell him I am glad to heare it, and that if I were as much taken (as hee) with M[r] Ta: I should not bee lesse Gallant, but I doubted the first Extreamly.

I have spleen enough to carry mee to Epsum this summer, but yet I think I shall not goe.[8] if I make one Journy I must make more, for then I have noe Excuse, and rather then bee obliged to that, I'le make none. you have soe often reproached mee with the losse of your liberty that to make you some amends I am contented to bee your Prisoner this summer, but you shall doe one favour for mee into the bargain. When your father goe's into Ireland,[9] Lay your Commands upon some of his Servant's to gett you an Ireish Greyhound. I have one that was the Generalls[10] but tis a bitch and those are alway's much lesse then the dog's, I gott it in the time of my favour there and it was all they had, H. C. undertook to write to his Brother Fleetwood for an other for mee,[11] but I have lost my hopes there. whomsoever it is that you imploy hee will need noe other instructions but to gett the biggest hee can meet with, 'tis all the beauty of those dogs or of any indeed I think, a Masty[12] is handsomer to mee then the most exact[13] litle dog that ever Lady playde withall. You will not offer to take it ill that I imploy you in such a comission, since I have tolde you that the generals Sonne did not refuse it,

but I shall take it ill if you doe not take the same freedom whensoever I am capable of serving you.

The Towne must needs bee unpleasant now, and mee thinks you might contrive some way of haveing your letters sent to you without giveing your self the trouble of comeing to Towne[14] for them when you have noe other buissnesse, you must pardon mee if I think they cannot bee worth it.

I am told that R: Spencer[15] is a servant to a Lady of my acquaintance, a Daughter of my Lady Lexingtons.[16] is it true? and if it bee what is become of the 2500[li] Lady?

Would you think it, that I have an Ambassador from the Emperour Justinian,[17] that com's to renew the Treaty? in Earnest tis true, and I want your Councell Extreamly what to doe in it. you tolde mee once that of all my Servants you liked him the best, if I could doe soe too there were noe dispute int: well i'le think on't, and if it succeed I will bee as good as my word, you shall take your Choice of my fower daughters; am not I beholding to him think you? hee says that hee has made adresses (tis true) in severall places since wee parted, but could not fixe any where, and in his opinion hee see's nobody that would make soe fitt a wife for him as I. hee has often inquired after mee to heare if I were not marryeng, and sombody told him I had an ague, & hee presently fell sick of one too, soe Naturall a Simpathy there is between us, and yet for all this on my Conscience wee shall never marry. hee desyr's to know whither I am at liberty or not, what shall I tell him? or shall I send him to you to know? I think that will bee best. i'le say that you are much my freind and that I have resolved not to dispose of my self but with your consent and aprobation, and therfore hee must make all his court to you, and when hee can bring mee a Certificate under your hand, that you think him a fitt husband for mee, 'tis very likly I may have him, till then I am his humble Servant and your faithfull freind.

LETTER 26

Sir Justinian's proposals. Dispute with H.O. T. has said 'tis but reasonable he should see her. Her resolve not to go to Epsom. He will not lose his prisoner. A seal to be taken to Walker's. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Fish. Has sent another tome of Cyrus. *Molle has left. H.O. goes to town shortly.*

S^r [*Saturday 18 June 1653.*]

You are more in my debt then you imagin, I never deserved a long letter, soe much as now when you sent mee a short one. I could tell you such a Story, ('tis too longe to bee written) as would make you see (what I never discoverd in my self before) that I am a Valiant Lady. in Earnest, wee[1] have had such a Skirmish and upon soe foolish an occasion, as I cannot tell w^ch is strangest: the Emperour and his proposall's[2] began it. I talked merrily on't till I saw my B. put on his sober face and could hardly then beleeve hee was in Earnest. it seem's hee was, for when I had spoke freely my meaning, it wrought soe with him as to fetch up all that lay upon his stommack, all the People that I had ever in my life refused were brought againe upon the Stage, like Richard the 3^ds Ghosts[3] to reproach mee withall, and all the kindenesse his discovery's could make I had for you was Layed to my Charge, my best quality's (if I have any that are good) served but for agravations of my fault, and I was allowed to have witt and understanding, & discretion in other things, that it might apear I had none in this. well twas a pritty Lecture, and I grew warme with it after a while, and in short wee came soe neer an absolute falling out, that twas time to give over, and wee sayed soe much then that wee have hardly spoken a word together since; but tis wonderfull to see what Courtesey's and Legg's[4] passe between us, and as before wee were thought the kindest brother & sister, wee are certainly now the most Complementall[5] Couple in England. tis a Strange Change and I am very sorry for it, but i'le sweare I know not how to help it,—I look upont as one of my great misfortunes, and I must bear it, as that w^ch is not my first, nor likely to bee my last.

Tis but reasonable (as you say) that you should see mee, and yet I know not, now, how it can well bee; I am not

for disguises, it looks like Guilt, and I would not doe a thing I durst not owne. I cannot tell whither if there were a necessity of your comeing, I should not Choose to have it when hee is at home, and rather Expose him to the trouble of Entertaining a Person whose company (heer) would not bee pleasing to him; and perhaps an opinion that I did it purposely to Crosse him, then that your comeing in his absence should bee thought a concealment. 'twas one reason more then I told you,[6] why I resolvd not to goe to Epsum this Summer, because I knew hee would imagin it an agreement between us, and that somthing besydes my Spleen carryed mee thither; but Whither you see mee or not you may bee sattisfied I am safe enough and you are in noe danger to loose your Prisoner[7] since soe great a Violence as this has not broke her Chaines. you will have nothing to thank mee for after this, my whole life will not yeeld such another occasion to let you see at what rate I valew your freindship and I have bin much better then my word, in doeing but what I promised you, since I have found it a much harder thing not to yeeld to the Power of a near relation and a great kindenesse then I could then imagin it. To let you see, I did not repent mee of the Last Cõmission, i'le give you another; heer is a seale that Walker[8] sett for mee, and tis dropt out, pray give it him to mende.

if any thing could bee wonderd at in this age, I should very much, how you come by your informations. tis more then I know if M^r^ Freeman[9] bee my Servant, I saw him not long since and hee told mee noe such thing. doe you know him? in Earnest hee's a Pretty gentleman and has a great deale of good Nature I think, w^ch^ may oblige him perhaps to speak well of his acquaintances without designe. M^r^ Fish[10] is the Squire of Dames, and has soe many Mistresses that any body may prettend a Share in him and bee beleev'd; but though I have the honour to bee his neer neighbour, to speak freely I cannot bragge much that hee makes any Court to mee, and I know noe young woman in the Country that hee do's not Visett oftener.

I have sent you another Tome of Cyrus,[11] pray send the

first to Mr Hollingsworth for my Lady. My Cousen Molle went from hence to Cambridge on Thursday and there 's an End of Mr B.[12] I have noe Company now but my Neece Peyton, My Brother will bee shortly for the Terme[13] but will make noe long stay in Towne, I think my Youngest Brother[14] com's downe with him, remmember that you owe mee a longe letter and somthing for forgiving your last. I have noe roome for more then Your

LETTER 27

Tom Cheke's story. T. must not complain that he does not see her. H. O. has gone to town. T. to send first part of Cyrus *to Mr. Hollingsworth. Mr. Freeman has said she looks stately. T. must command her to forbear fruit.*

Sr [*Saturday 25 June 1653.*]

You amaze mee with your Story of Tom Cheek,[1] I am certaine hee could not have it where you imagin, and tis a miracle to mee that hee remembers there is such a one in the worlde as his Cousin D. O. I am sure hee has not seen her this sixe yeare, and I think but once in his life. if hee has spred his opinion in that Famely, I shall quickly heare on't, for my Cousen Molle is now gon to Kimolten[2] to my L. Manchester and from thence hee goe's to Moore Parke[3] to my Cousen Franklins, and in one, or both, hee will bee sure to meet with it. The matter is not great for though I confesse I doe naturaly hate the noise and talk of the worlde, and should bee best pleased never to bee knowne int upon any occasion whatsoever, yet since it can never bee wholy avoyded one must sattisfye on's selfe by doeing nothing that one need care whoe know's. I doe not think it (a propos) to tell any body that you and I are very good friends, and it were better sure, if nobody knew it but wee our selves, but if in spight of all our Caution it bee discoverd, tis no Treason, nor any thing else that 's ill, and if any body should tell mee that I had a greater Kindenesse and Esteem for you, then for any one besydes, I doe not think I should deny it.

howsoever you doe oblige mee in not owning any such thing, for as you say, I have noe reason to take it ill that

you indeavor to preserve mee a Liberty, though I am never likely to make use on't, besydes that I agree with you too, that certainly tis much better you should owe my kindenesse to nothing but your owne merritt and my inclination then that there should lye any other Necessity upon mee[4] of makeing good my worde to you.

for god sake doe not complaine soe that you doe not see mee, I beleeve I doe not suffer lesse in't then you, but tis not to bee helpt. if I had a Picture that were fitt for you, you should have it, I have but one that 's any thing like and that 's a great one, but I will send it some time or other to Cooper or Hoskins,[5] and have a litle one drawne by it, if I cannot bee in Towne to sitt my selfe.

You undoe mee by but dreaming how happy wee might have bin, when I consider how farr wee are from it in reality. alasse, how can you talk of deffyeing fortune? noe body lives without it, and therfore why should you imagin you could? I know not how my B. coms to bee soe well informed as you say but I am certaine hee know's the utmost[6] of the injury's you have received from her, tis not posible she should have used you worse then hee say's.

wee have had another debate, but much more calmly, 'twas just upon his goeing up to Towne[7] and perhaps hee thought it not ffitt to parte in Anger. not to wrong him hee never sayed to mee (what ere hee thought) a word in prejudice of you, in your owne person, and I never heard him accuse any thing but your fortune, and my indiscretion, and wheras I did Expect that (at least in Complement to mee) hee should have sayed wee had bin a Couple of fooles well mett, hee says by his Troath hee do's not blame you, but bids mee not deceive my self to think you have any great passion for mee.

If you have done with the first Part of Cyrus[8] I should bee glad M^r^ Hollingsworth had it, because I mentiond some such thing in my Last to my Lady, but there is noe hast of restoreing the other unlesse she should send to mee for it w^ch^ I beleeve she will not. I have a third Tome heer against you have don with the[9] seccond, and to encourage you let mee assure you that the more you read of them you

will like them still better. O mee whilest I think ont let mee aske you one question seriously, and pray resolve mee truely; doe I look soe stately as People aprehende? I vowe to you I made nothing on't when S^r^ Emperour[10] sayed soe, because I had noe great opinion of his Judgment, but M^r^ Freeman[11] makes mee mistruste my self Extreamly (not that I am sorry I did apeare soe to him since it kept mee from the displeasure of refuseing an offer w^ch^ I doe not perhaps deserve) but that it is a scurvy quality in it self, and I am affrayde I have it in great measure if I showed any of it to him, for whome I have soe much of respect and Esteem. if it bee soe, you must need's know it, for though my kindnesse will not let mee look soe upon you, you can see what I doe to other People, and besydes there was a time when wee our selves were indifferent to one another, did I doe soe then or have I learn't it since? for god sake tell mee that I may try to mend it. I could wish too, that you would lay your commands on mee to forbeare fruite, heer is enough to kill a 1000 such as I am, and soe Exelently good, that nothing but your power can secure mee, therfor forbid it mee that I may live to bee Your

LETTER 28

T. has forbidden her to eat fruit. She believes too easily but not out of vanity as thinking she deserves love. He must not doubt that she desires to see him. He must tell her whether she is too stately.

S^r^ [*Saturday 2 July 1653.*]

In my opinion you doe not understande the Law's of freindship right; 'tis generaly beleeved it owes it's birth to an agreement & conformity of humors, and that it lives no longer then tis preserved by the Mutuall care of those that bred it, tis wholy Governde by Equality, and can there bee such a thing in it, as a distinction of Power? noe sure, if wee are friends wee must both comande & both obay alike.[1] indeed a Mistresse and a Servant, soundes otherwise, but that is Ceremony, and this is truth. Yet what reason have I to furnish you with a stick to beat my selfe withall or desyre you should com̃ande, that doe it soe severly? I

must Eate fruite noe longer then I could bee content you should bee in a feavor; is not that an absolute forbiding it mee? it has frighted mee just now from a baskett of the most tempting Cherry's that Ere I saw; though I know you did not mean I should Eate none, but if you had, I think I should have Obayed you. I am glad you lay noe fault to my charge but indiscretion,[2] though that bee too much tis a well natured one in mee. I confesse it is a fault to beleeve too easily but tis not out of vanity that I doe it, as thinking I deserve you should love mee and therfor beleeving it, but because I am apt to think People soe honnest as to speake as they meane, and the lesse I deserve it the more I think my selfe obliged. I know 'tis a fault in any one to bee masterd by a passion, and of all passions love is perhaps the least pardonable in a woman; but when tis mingled with Gratitude, 'tis sure the lesse to bee blamed. I doe not think if there were more that loved mee I should love them all, but I am certaine I could not love the most Perfect Person in the worlde unlesse I did first firmly beleeve hee had a passion for mee. and yet you would perswade mee I am not Just, because I did once in my life deny you somthing[3]; i'le swere you are not, if you doe not beleeve that next the happy ende of all our wishes, I desyre to see you,[4] but you know the inconveniances that will Certainly follow and if you can dispence with them[5] I can, to show that my Obedience is not lesse then yours. I cannot heare two often y^t^ you are kinde & noble enough to preffer my interest above your owne, but sure if I have any measure of either my selfe, the more liberty you give mee the lesse I shall take. Tis most Certaine, that our Emperour[6] would have bin to mee rather a Jaylor then a husband, and tis as true that (though for my owne sake I think I should not make an ill wife to any body) I can not bee a good one to any, but one. I know not with what constancy[7] you could heare the sentence of your Death, but I am certaine there is nothing I could not heare with more, and if your interest in mee bee dearer to you then your life, it must necessarily follow that tis dearer to mee then any thing in the worlde besydes, therfore you may bee sure

I will preserve it with all my care. I cannot promise that I shall bee yours, beecause I know not how farr my misfortunes may reach, nor what punishments are reserved for my faults, but I dare almost promise you shall never receive the displeasure of seeing mee anothers. Noe, in Earnest, I have soe many reasons to keep mee from that, besydes your interest, that I kno[w] not whither it bee not the least of the Obligations you have to mee; sure the whole worlde could never perswade mee (unlesse a Parent comanded it) to marry one that I had noe Esteem for, and where I have any, I am not lesse scrupulous then your father[8], for I should never bee brought to doe them the injury as to give them a wife whose affections they could never hope for, besydes that I must sacrifice my self int and live a walking missery[9] till the only hope that would then be left mee, were perfected. O mee this is soe sad, it has put mee out of all I had to say besydes. I meant to chide you for the shortnesse of your last letter and to tell you that if you doe not take the same liberty of telling mee of all my faults, I shall not think you are my freind. in Earnest tis true you must use to tell mee freely of any thing you see amisse in mee, whither I am too stately[10] or not enough, what humor pleases you and what do's not, what you would have mee doe & what avoyde, with the same freedom that you would use to a person over whome you had an absolute Power and were concerned in; these are the Laws of ffriendship as I understande them, and I beleeve I understande them right, for I am Certaine noe body can bee more perfectly a friend then I am Yours

LETTER 29

Refers to her having said that she had not the vanity to believe she deserved his kindness. Inconveniences of his coming to Chicksands. Cousin Peters. Has heard from Jane (in Guernsey). T. to give Walker a seal to set. John O. and her niece there. Pestered by her brothers about marriage.

S[r] [*Saturday 9 July 1653.*]

I can give you leave to doubt any thing but my kindenesse; though I can assure you I spake as I meant when I sayed I had not y[e] Vanity to beleeve I deserved yours.[1] for I am

not certaine whither tis posible for any body to deserve that another should love them above themselv's, though I am certaine many may deserve it more then I. but not to dispute this with you, let mee tell you that I am thus ffarr of Your opinion, that upon some Natur's nothing is soe powerfull as kindenesse, and that I should give that to yours, w^ch^ all the merritt in the worlde besydes would not draw from mee. I speake as if I had not don soe already, but you may choose whither you will beleeve mee or not, for to say truth I doe not much beleeve my selfe in that pointe; noe, all the kindenesse I have, or ever had, is yours, nor shall I ever repent it is soe, unlesse you shall ever repent yours; without telling you what the inconveniency's of your comeing[2] hither are, you may beleeve they are considerable or else I should not deny you or my selfe the happinesse of seeing one another, and if you dare trust mee where I am Equaly concerned with you, I shall take hold of the first opertunity that may either admitt you heer, or bring mee neerer you.

Sure you took sombody else for my Cousin Petters,[3] I can never beleeve her beauty able to smite any body. I saw her when I was last in Towne but shee appear'd wholy the same, to mee, she was at St Malo, with all her iñocent good nature too, and asked for you soe kindly that I am sure she cannot have forgott you, nor doe I think she has soe much addresse as to doe it meerly in Complement to mee.

Noe you were mistaken certainly, what should she doe amongst all that Company (unlesse she bee towards a wedding)? she has bin kept at home Poore Soule and sufferd soe much of Purgatory in this worlde that she needs not feare it in the next, and yet she is as merry as ever she was, w^ch^ perhaps might make her look young but that she Laughs a litle too much and that will bring wrinkles they say.[4]

O mee now I talk of Laughing it makes mee think of Poore Jane.[5] I had a letter from her the other day, she desyred mee to present her humble service to her Master, she did mean you sure, for she named every body else that

she ow's any Service to, and bid mee say that she would keep her worde with him, god knows what you have agreed on together; Shee tells mee she shall stay long enough there to heare from mee once more and then she is resolved to come away.[6]

heer is a seale w^ch^ pray give Walker[7] to sett for mee, very handsomly & not of any of those fashions hee made my others, but of some thing that may differ from the rest. tis a plaine head but not ill Cutt I think. My Eldest Brother is now heer,[8] and wee expect my Youngest shortly[9] and then wee shall bee all together, w^ch^ I doe not think wee ever were twice in our lives. My Neece[10] is still with mee, but her father threatens to fetch her away. if I can keep her till Michelmas I may perhaps bring her up to Towne my selfe and take that occasion of seeing you, for I have noe other buisnesse that is worth my takeing a Journy for. I have had another summons from my Aunt[11] and I prottest I am afrayde I shall bee in rebellion there, but tis not to bee helpt. the Widdow[12] writes mee worde too that I must expect her heer about a month hence, and I finde that I shall want noe company but only that w^ch^ I would have and for w^ch^ I could willingly spare all the rest. Will it bee ever thus? I am affrayde it will. there has bin complaints made on mee already to my Eldest Brother, only in generall (or at least hee takes notice of noe more), what offers I refuse and what a strange humor has possest mee of being deafe to the advice of all my freinds. I finde I am to bee bayted by them all by turn's, they weary themselv's and mee too, to very litle purpose, for to my thinking they talke the most impertinently that Ever People did, and I believe they are not in my debt, but think the same of mee. Somtimes I tell them I will not marry, and then they Laugh at mee, somtimes I say not yet, and then they Laugh more, and would make mee beleeve I shall bee old within this twelve months. I tell them I shall bee wiser then, they say, twill bee then to noe purpose. somtimes wee are in Earnest and somtimes in Jest, but alway's saye-ing somthing, since my Brother Hary found his Tongue againe.[13] if you were with mee I could make sport of all

this, but Patience is my Pennance, is sombody's Motto,[14] and I think it must bee mine; I am

Your

LETTER 30

H. O. (on 4 July?) riding down from London had met the carrier going up and asked him if he had letters of Dorothy's. That carrier goes no more till after harvest. Her sad eyes. The Mayernes and the 'little Marquise' (died 10 July).

Sr [*Saturday 16 July 1653.*]

I received your last sooner by a day then I Expected, it was not the lesse welcom but the Carrier was who brought mee none. I admired at my self to remember how I have bin transported wth the sight of yt pittifull fellow, and now that I knew hee had noe letter for mee, how coldly I looked upon him. Nan tels mee[1] hee had the curiosity to aske your Boy questions, I should never have suspected it, and yet hee had the witt to doe a thing last week few such People would have don. my B. comeing from London,[2] mett him goeing up & cald to him, & asked what letters hee had of mine, the fellow sayed none, I did not use to send by him. my B. sayed I tolde him hee had and bid him call for them, hee sayed there was some mistake int for hee had none, and soe they Parted for a while. but my B. not sattisfied with this rides after him, and in some anger threatned the Poore fellow, whoe would not bee frighted out of his letter, but looked very simply and sayed now hee rememberd himselfe hee had carried a letter for mee aboute a fortnight or three weeks agon, to my Lady D. R.[3] but hee was sure hee had none now; my B. smiled at his innocence and left him, and I was hugely pleased to heare, how hee had bin defeated. You will have time Enough to think of a new addresse, hee goes noe more till after harvest,[4] and you will receive this by your old freind Collins; but because my B. is with him every week as soone as hee com's and takes up all the letters, if you please lett yours bee made up in some other forme then usuall, and dirrected to Mr Ed: Gibson at Ch:[5] in some od hande, and bee at the Charge pray of buyeng a twopeny seale a purpos for these letters.

Would you could make your words good, that my Ey's

can dispell all mellancholy Clouded humors, I would looke in the glasse all day longe but I would cleare up my owne. Allasse they are soe farr from that, they would teach one to bee sad, that knew nothing on't, for in other peoples opinions as well as my owne they have the most of it in them that Ey's can have; My Mother (I remember) used to say I needed noe tear's to perswade my trouble, and that I had lookes soe farr beyonde them, that were all the friends I had in the world, dead, more could not be Expected then such a sadnesse in my Ey's, this indeed I think is naturall to them, or at least long custome has made it soe. Tis most true that our friendship has bin brought up hardly enough, and posibly it thrives the better for 't, tis observed that surfetts kill more then fasting do's; but ours is in noe danger of that. my B. would perswade mee there is noe such thing in the worlde as a constante friendship, People (hee say's) that marry with great passion for one another, as they think, come afterwards to loose it they know not how, besydes the multitude of such as are false and meane it. I cannot bee of his opinion, (though I confesse there are too many Examples on't), I have alway's beleeved there might bee a friendship perfect like that you discribe and mee thinks I finde somthing like it in my selfe, but sure tis not to bee taught, it must come Naturaly to those that have it, and those that have it not can ne're bee made to understand it. You needed not have feared that I should take occasion from your not answering my last, not to write this week. You are as much pleased (you say) with writeing to mee as I can bee to receive your letters, why should not you think the same of mee? in Earnest you may, and if you love mee you will. but then how much more sattisfied should I bee if there were noe need of these, and wee might talke all that wee write and more, shall wee Ever bee soe happy? Last night, I was in the Garden till Eleven a clock, it was the sweetest night that ere I saw, the Garden looked soe well, and the Jessomin smelt beyond all perfumes, and yet I was not pleased. the place had all the Charmes it used to have when I was most sattisfied with it and had you bin there I should have liked it much more

then Ever I did, but that not being it was noe more to mee then the next feilde, and only served mee for a place to resve in[6] without disturbance.

What a sad story you tell mee of the litle Marquise![7] Poore Woman, yet shee's happy, shee's dead, for sure her life could not bee very pleasing to her. when wee were both Girl's I had a great acquaintance there, they lived by us at Chelsey, and as long as his son lived S^r^ Theador did mee the honnour to call mee daughter. but whilest I was first in France hee dyed; and with him my converse w^th^ the Famely, for though my Mother had occasion to bee often there yet I went very seldome with her, they were still soe passionate for theire son that I never failed of setting them all a Cryeng and then I was noe company for them. but this poore Lady had a greater losse of my Lorde Hastings who dyed Just when they should have bin marryed, and sure she could not think she had recoverd it at all, by Marryeng this Buffle headed[8] Marquis. and yet one knows not neither what she might think, I remember I saw her with him in the Parke a litle while after they were marryed and she kist him the kindliest that could bee in the middest of all the Company. I shall never wish to see a worse sight then twas; nor to bee any thing longer then I am Your faith[full][9]

LETTER 31

H. O.'s search for her letters. Her two brothers. 'John "maliciously" said . . .' She is uncertain whether T. is back from Epsom. Jane's absence. Lady Sunderland and Mr. Smith. Sir Justinian Isham.

S^r^ . . [*Saturday 23 July 1653.*]

Your last cam safe, and I shall follow your dirrection for the adresse of this,[1] though as you say I cannot imagin what should tempt any body to soe severe a search[2] for them, unlesse it bee that hee is not yet fully sattisfyed to what degrees our friendship is growne and thinks hee may best informe himself from them. in Earnest 'twould not bee unpleasant to heare our discourses,[3] hee formes his with soe much art and designe, and is soe pleased w^th^ the hopes of makeing some discovery, and I that know him as well as

hee do's himselfe cannot but give my selfe the recreation (somtimes) of confounding him and distroyeng all that his buisy head had bin working on since the last conference; hee gives mee some trouble with his suspitions; yet on my conscience hee is a greater to himself and I deale with soe much franchise[4] as to tell him soe, many times, and yet hee has noe more the heart to aske mee dirrectly what hee would soe faine know, then a Jealous man has to aske (one that might tell him) whither hee were a cuckolde or not for feare of being resolved of[5] that w^ch^ is yet a doubt to him.

My E. B.[6] is not soe inquisitive, hee sattisfy's himselfe with perswading mee Earnestly to marry, and takes noe notice of any thing that may hinder mee but a Carelessnesse of my fortune or perhaps an aversion to a kinde of life that appears to have lesse of freedom in't then that w^ch^ I at present injoy. but sure hee gives himself another reason,[7] for tis not very long since hee took occasion to inquire for you very kindly of mee, and though I could then give but litle account of you, hee smiled as if hee did not altogether beleeve mee, and afterwards maliciously sayed hee wondered you did not marry. I seem'd[8] to doe soe too, & sayed if I knew any Woman that had a great fortune and were a person Worthy of you, I should wish her you with all my heart. but Sister say's hee, would you have him love her? doe you doubt I would? I say,[9] hee were not happy int else. hee laughed and sayed my humor was pleasant but hee made some question whither it was naturall or not. hee cannot bee soe unjust as to let mee loose him[10] sure. I was kinder to him,[11] though I had some reason's not to take it very well when hee made that a Secrett to mee, w^ch^ was knowne to soe many that did not know him, but wee shall never fall out I beleeve, wee are not apt to it neither of us.

if you are come back from Epsum,[12] I may aske you how you like drinking water. I have wished it might agree as well with you as it did with mee and if it were as certaine that the same things would doe us good, as tis that the same things would please us I should not need to doubt

it, Otherwise my Wishes doe not signifye much. but I am forbid complaint's or to expresse my fear's,[13] and bee it soe, only you must pardon mee if I cannot agree to give you false hopes, I must bee deceived my self before I can deceive you, and I have soe accustomed my self to tell you all that I think, that I must either say nothing, or that w^ch^ I beleeve to bee true.

I cannot say but I have wanted Jane,[14] but it has bin rather to have sombody to talk with of you, then that I needed any body to put mee in minde of you, and with all her dilligence I should have often prevented her[15] in that discourse.

Were you at Althrop[16] when you saw my Lady Sunderland and M^r^ Smith, or are they in towne? I have heard indeed that they are very happy but withall that as she is a very Extreordinary person her self, soe, she aymes at doeing Extreordinary things, and when she had marry'd M^r^ Smith because some People were soe bold as to think she did it because she loved him, she undertook to convince the worlde that what shee had don was in meer Pitty to his Sufferings, and that she could not goe a step lower to meet any body then that led her, though where she thought there were noe Ey's upon her, she was more gracious to him. but perhaps this might not bee true, or it may bee she is now growne weary of that constraint she putt upon her self. I should have bin sadder then you[17] if I had bin theire Neighbour to have seen them so kinde, as I must have bin if I had marryed the Emperour,[18] hee used to brag to mee alway's of a great acquaintance hee had there, what an Esteem my Lady had for him, & had the Vanity, (not to call it impudence) to talke somtimes as if hee would have had mee beleev'd hee might[19] have had her, and would not, i'le sweare I blushd for him, when I saw hee did not. hee tolde mee too that though hee had carryed his addresses to mee with all the privacy that was posible, because hee saw I liked it best, and that twas partly his owne humor too, yet shee had discoverd it, and could tell that there had bin such a thing, and that it was broake of againe she knew not why, w^ch^ certainly was a lye as well as the

other For I doe not think she ever heard there was such a one in the world

as

Your faithfull friend[20]

LETTER 32

T. has asked his father to get her an Irish dog and has given his opinion of John O. 'When I said maliciously . . .' She wishes he had stayed longer at Epsom. Her visit [to the Hillesdens, 11 July]. He is too severe to Walker. New phrases of the town.

S^r^ [*Saturday 5 Aug. 1653.*]

I did not lay it as a fault to your charge, that you were not good at disguise;[1] if it bee one, I am too guilty on't my self, to accuse another, and though I have bin tolde it shows an unpractisdnes in the world, and betray's one to all that understande it better, yet since it is a quality I was not borne with, nor ever like to gett, I have alway's thought good to maintaine that it was better not to need it, then to have it.

I give you many thanks for your care of my Irish dog,[2] but I am Extreamly out of countenance your father should bee troubled with it. Sure hee will think I have a most Extravagant fancy but doe mee the right as to let him know I am not soe possest with it, as to consent hee should bee imployed in such a coñission.

Your opinion of [my] E. B. is I think very Just, and when I say'd maliciously,[3] I meant a french malice w^ch^ you know do's not signifye the same with an English one.

I know not whither I tolde it you or not, but I concluded (from what you sayed of your indisposition), that it was very like the spleen; but perhaps I forsaw you would not bee willing to owne a disease, that the severe part of the worlde holde to bee meerly imaginary and affected, and therfore proper only to women; however I cannot but wish you had stay'd longer at Epsum,[4] and drunk the waters with more order, though in a lesse proportion. But did you drink them imediatly from the well? I remember I was forbid it, and mee thought with a great

deal of reason, for (Especialy at this time of the yeare) the well is soe low, and there is such a multitude to bee served out on't, that you can hardly gett any but what is thick, and troubled; and I have marked that when it had stood all night (for that was my dirrection) the bottom of y^e^ Vessell it stood in, would bee coverd an inch thick, with a white clay, which sure has noe great vertue int, and is not very pleasant to drink.

What a Character of a young couple you give mee; would you would aske sombody that knew him, whither hee bee not much more an Asse since his Marryeng then hee was before; I have some reasons to doubt[5] that it alters People strangly. I made a Visett t'other day to welcom a Lady into this Country[6] whom her husband has newly brought down, and because I knew him, though not her, and shee was a stranger heer 'twas a civility I owed them; but you cannot imagin how I was surprised to see, a Man that I had knowne soe handsom, soe capable of being made a pritty gentleman (for though hee was noe grande Philosophe as the french men say, yet hee was that, which good company, and a litle knowledge of the world, would have made Equall to many that think themselv's very well, and are thought soe) Tranformed into the dirrect shape of a great Boy newly come from scoole; to see him wholy taken up with running on Errand's for his wife, and teaching her litle dog, tricks, and this was the best of him, for when hee was at leasure to talke, hee would suffer noebody else to doe it, and by what hee sayd, and the noyse hee made, if you had heard it you would have concluded him drunk with Joy that hee had a wife and a pack of houndes. I was soe weary on't that I made hast home and could not but think of the change all the way, till my Brother (whoe was with mee) thought mee sad and to putt mee in better humor, sayd hee beleev'd I repented mee I had not this gentleman, now I saw how absolutly his wife govern'd him; but I assured him that though I thought it very fitt, such as hee should bee govern'd, yet I should not like the imployment by noe mean's, it became noe woman, and did soe ill with this Lady, that in my opinion

it spoyld a good face, and a very fine gowne. Yet the woman you mett upon the way govern'd her husband, and did it handsomly, it was (as you say) a great Example of friendship and much for the Creditt of our Sex.[7]

You are too severe to Walker,[8] i'le undertake hee would sett mee twenty seal's for nothing rather then undergoe your wish. I am in noe hast for it and, soe hee do's it well, wee will not fall out. perhaps hee is not in the humor of keeping his word, at present, and noe body can blame him if hee bee often in an ill one; but though I am mercifull to him as to one that has sufferd Enough alredy, I cannot Excuse you that proffesse to bee my friend, and yet are content to let mee live in such ignorance, write to mee Every week, and yet never send mee any of the new phrases of the Towne. I could tell you without abandoning the truth, that it is part of your devoyr to correct the imperfections you finde under my hand, and that my trouble resembles my wonder, you can lett mee bee disattisfyed. I should never have learnt any of these fine things from you, and to say truth I know not whither I shall from any body else, if to learne them bee to understand them; pray what is meant by wellnes and unwellnes, and why is, to some Extream,[9] better then to some Extreamity? I beleeve I shall live heer till there is quite a new Language spoke where you are, and shall come out like one of the Seven Sleepers,[10] a Creature of another Age. but tis noe matter, soe[11] you understande mee, though nobody else doe, when I say how much I am

Your faithfull

LETTER 33

Jane back. Jane had left town before T.'s return, but brought a report of his melancholy. He must take care of himself. Sir T. Peyton will fetch his daughter. D. will find cause to take her to town all the same. What an age since they first met! Her face must be changed.

S^r^ [*Friday 12 Aug. 1653.*]

Jane[1] was soe unlucky as to come out of towne before your retourne, but she tels mee she left my letter with Nan

Stacy[2] for you. I was in hope she would have brought mee one from you, and because she did not I was resolved to punish her, and kept her up till one a clock telling mee all her Storry's; Sure if there bee any truth in the olde observation your Cheeks glowed notably and tis most certaine that If I were with you I should chide notably. what doe you mean to bee soe mellancholy? by her report your humor is growne insuportable, I can allow it not to bee altogether what she say's & yet it may bee very ill too, but if you loved mee you would not give your self over to that which will infallibly[3] kill you if it continue. I know, too well, that our fortunes have given us occasion enough to complaine and to bee weary of her Tirrany, but alasse would it bee better if I had lost you, or you mee? unlesse wee were sure to dye both together, 'twould but increase our missery and adde to that w^{ch} is more alredy then wee can well tell how to beare. You are more Cruell then she in hazarding a life that's dearer to mee, then that of the whole worlds besyds, and w^{ch} makes all the happinesse I have, or ever shall bee capable of. Therfore by all our friendship I conjure you and by the power (you have given mee) cõmande you to preserve your self with the same care that you would have mee live, 'tis all the Obedience I require of you, and will bee the greatest Testimony you can give mee of your faith. When you have promis'd mee this, tis not imposible but I may promise you shall see mee shortly. though my B. Peyton (whoe says hee will come downe to fetch his daughter[4]) hinders mee from makeing the Journy in Complement to her, yet I shall perhaps finde buisinesse enough to carry mee up to Towne, tis all the service I Expect from two Girl's whose friends have given mee leave to provide for[5] [them] that some order I must take for the disposall of them may serve for my pretence to see you. but then I must finde you pleased and in good humor, merry, as you were wont to bee when wee first mett, if you will not have mee show that I am nothing a kin to my Cousin Osborn's Lady.[6] but what an Age tis since wee first mett and how great a Change it has wrought in both of us! if theire had bin as

great a one in my face, it would bee either very handsom or very ugly. ffor god sake when wee meet let us designe one day to remember old story's in, to aske one another by what degree's our friendship grew to this height tis at, in Earnest I am lost somtimes with thinking on't, and though I can never repent the share you have in my heart, I know not whither I gave it you willingly or not at first. noe, to speake ingenuously I think you gott an interest there a good while before I thought you had any, and it grew soe insensibly and yet soe fast that all the Traverses[7] it has mett with since, has served rather to discover it to mee, then at all to hinder it. by this confession you will see I am past all disguise with you, and that you have reason to bee sattisfyed with knowing as much of my heart as I doe my self.

Will the Kindenesse of this letter Excuse the Shortnesse on't? pray le[t][8] it, for I have twenty more I think to write and the hopes I had of receiving one from you last night[9] kept mee from writeing this when I had more time. or if all this will not sattisfye, make your owne conditions, soe you doe not retourne it mee by the shortnesse of yours; Your Servant[10] Kisses your hands, and I am

Your faithfull

Addressed For Mr T
On the back of the address
Let the answer bee sent by Harrold[11]

LETTER 34

She has read T.'s letter to his brother. T. to be merry. He confesses it is an age since their story began, so her face might well be altered. New form of marriage [passed 24 Aug.]. T. has said that his father remembers her with kindness. Has T. praised her to him? Difficulty of writing letters in town.

Sr [*Saturday 20 Aug. 1653*].
You cannot imagin how I was surprised to finde a letter that began Deare Brother[1]; I thought sure it could not belonge at all to mee, and was affrayde I had lost one by it, that you intended mee another, and in your hast had mistook, this, for that. therfor till I founde ye permission

you gave mee, I had layde it by, with a resolution not to read it, but send it again; If I had don soe I had mist of a great deal of sattisfaction, w^ch^ I received from it. In Earnest I cannot tell you how kindly I take all the Obligeing things you say in it of mee, nor how pleased I should bee (for your sake) if I were able to make good[2] the Charracter you give of mee to your Brother, and that I did not owe a great part of it wholy to your friendship for mee. I dare call nothing ont my owne, but faithfullnesse; that, I may boast of with truth, and modesty, since 'tis but a single Vertue, and though som are without it, yet tis soe absolutly necessary, that nobody wanting it, can bee worthy of any Esteem. I see you speak well of mee, to other People, though you complain alway's to mee; I know not how to beleeve I should misuse your heart as you prettende, I never had any quarrell to it, and since our friendship it has bin dear to mee as my owne; 'tis rather sure that you have a minde to try another, then that any dislike of yours makes you turne it over to mee; but bee it as it will, I am contented to stand to the losse, & perhaps when you have changed you will finde soe litle difference, that you'l bee calling for your owne againe.

doe but assure mee that I shall finde you almost as merry[3] as my Lady A. W.[4] is always and nothing shall fright mee from my purpose of seeing you as soone as I can with any conveniency; I would not have you insencible of our misfortun's but I would not neither that you should revenge them upon your self. noe, that show's a want of constancy[5] (w^ch^ you will hardly yeeld to bee your fault) but tis certaine that there was never any thing more mistaken then the Roman Courage when they kill'd themselv's to avoyde misfortun's that were infinitly worse then death.

You confesse 'tis such an Age since our Story began, as is not fitt for mee to owne. is it not likely then, that if my face had ever bin good it might bee alterd[6] since then? or is it as unfitt for mee to owne the Change as the time that makes it? bee it as you please. I am not enough concern'd in't to dispute it with you, for trust mee if you would not have my face better, I am sattisfyed it should

bee as it is, since if I ever wish'd it otherwise 'twas for your sake.

I know not how I stumbled upon a new's book[7] this week, and for want of somthing Else to doe read it. it mentions my L. L[1]'s Embassage againe,[8] is there any such thing towards? I mett with somthing else in't, that may concerne any body that has a minde to marry, 'tis a new forme[9] for it, that sure will fright the Country people Extreamly, for they aprehend nothing like goeing before a Justice; they say noe other Marriage shall stand good in Law; in conscience I beleeve the olde one is the better, and for my part I am resolvd to stay till that com's in fashion againe.

Can your father[10] have soe perfectly forgiven alredy the injury I did him (since you will not allow it to bee any to you) in hindring you of M[rs] Cle,[11] as to remember mee with kindenesse? tis most certaine that I am obliged to him, and in Earnest if I could hope it might ever bee in my power to serve him I would promise somthing for my self; but is it not true too, that you have represented mee to him rather as you imagin mee, then as I am, and had not you given him an Expectation that I shall never bee able to sattisfye? if you have, I can forgive you because I know you meant well in it; but I have knowne some women that have comended others meerly out of spite; and if I were malicious enough to Envy any body's beauty I would crye it up to all that had not seen them, ther's noe such way to make any body apear lesse handsom then they are.

You must not forgett that you are some letters in my debt besydes the Answer to this, if there were more conveniencys of sending I should persecute you strangly, and yet you cannot wonder at it, the constant desyre I have to hear from you and the sattisfaction your letters give mee, would Oblige one that had lesse time to write often. but yet I know what tis to bee in the Towne, I could never write a letter from thence in my life of above a dousen lines and though I see as litle company as any body that com's there, yet I alway's mett with somthing or other that kept mee idle. Therfor I can Excuse it though you

doe not Exactly pay all that you owe, upon condition you shall tell mee (when I see you) all that you should have writt if you had had time, and all that you can imagin to say to a person that is

Your faithfull friend

LETTER 35

He has said that her letters are his only happiness. She will not play the part of a Mistress. Lady Udall's marriage [*14 Aug.*]. *Is Lady St. John dead?* [*died 22 July*]. *Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Henningham. Sir R. Cooke of Epsom dead* [*19 July*].

Sr [*Saturday 27 Aug. 1653.*]

'Tis most true that I could not Excuse it to my selfe if I should not write to you, and that I owe it to my owne sattisfaction as well as to yours; or rather, tis a pleasure to mee, because 'tis acceptable to you; but I cannot think it deserv's that you should quitt all other Entertainments and leave your self nothing to bee happy in, but that which is an Effect[1] of the absence you complaine of, and that which if wee were but a litle more happy, wee should quickly dispise; at the same time that my Letters tell you I am well and still your friend, they tell you too that I am where you cannot see mee and where I vainly wish you, and when they are kindest and most welcom to you, they only show that tis imposible I should desyr your happinesse more, or have lesse power to make it. You shall not perswade mee to bee your Mistresse if you would, I am too much your friend to act that part well. I knew a Lady that rather then she would want an occasion to bee Cruell, made it a fault in her servant that hee Loved her too much, and another, that hers was not Jealous of her; Sure they forsee their Raign's are to bee but short and that makes them such Tyrants.

I heard a good while agon that my Lady Udall[2] was resolved to marry a blinde man that lived in the house with her, and mee thought twas an od story then, but since you tell mee hee has bin in love with her seventeen year, it apear's stranger to mee a great deal, for if she did

not love him what could perswade her to marry him, and if she did, in my opinion she made him but an ill requitall for seventeen year's service, to marry him when she had spent all her youth & beauty with another. she was handsom Enough once, or Else some Pictur's that I have seen of her flatterd her very much, that, and her witt together, gott her soe many servant's, that they hinderd one another and her too I think. S^r^ William Udall and his sonn were Rivalls and (w^ch^ was stranger) shee pleased them both, the son thought himself sure of her as longe as hee lived, and the Father knew hee might have her when his son was dead. this word, dead, makes mee remember to ask you a question that I have forgott twice or thrice, they say my Lady S^t^ John is dead in Childbed, is it true, or not? if it bee, Poore M^rs^ Fretcheville is neerer being mad then ere she was in her life, to Loose such a daughter[3] and Eight thousand pound is more then her head can beare. 'Twas the younger M^rs^ Bishop[4] that was counted like mee, but when that was, shee was not thought a beauty, for her elder sister (whoe in my Judgment had noe Excesse ont neither) was Esteem'd the handsomer in those day's, but a year or two mend's some as much as it impaires other's and she may have now outgrowne what shee had, of like mee, to her advantage, but 'tis most certain that wee have somthing of likenesse in our humors still, for I should have made the same ingenuous confession that shee did, if I had bin putt to it, and M^r^ Henningham's[5] 4000^li^ a year would have tempted mee as litle. Lord I would not bee soe perplex'd for the whole world, as that poore man is where to finde a wife that may bee young & handsome and that hee may bee secure in, for hee say's she must bee a very sweet natur'd Lady, or else hee is in danger of dyeing as meritoriously as the good husband you mention, that hang'd himself. 'twere noe great losse I think (as you say) if his Brain's were broke as well as his heart, but for a man that has noe more witt hee is the fullest of Caution that I have heard of; a S^r^ Justinian[6] could not bee more wary in his choise, and to say truth they are much in a condition, and have both the same hopes and fear's; only the

last has somthing the better opinion of himselfe and is (therfor) the more likly to bee deceived.

I had a letter the last week from my Lady[7] whoe tell's mee she has bin ill of a Paine at her stomack and that she has bin drinking Barnett waters,[8] and has founde her self better since. I thought they had bin soe Lately found out that nobody had knowne what they had bin good for yett, or had ventur'd to take them; I could wish they were as Proper for the spleen as Epsum, or Tunbridge,[9] they would lye much more conveniently for mee, besyd's that I have noe more heart to goe to Epsum since S^r^ Robert Cook dyed.[10] Ah that good old man, I would soe faine have had him but I haue noe luck to them, they all dye, if hee would have marry'd mee first and then have dyed twoul'd not have greev'd mee half soe much as it do's now. Yet I was offerd a new servant tother day, and after two howr's talk, and that they had tolde mee[11] hee had as good as two thousand pound a year in present, and a thousand more to come, I had not the Curiosity to ask who twas, w^ch^ they took soe ill y^t^ I think I shall hear noe more on't; never man made a worse bargain then you did when you played for the ten pounde I am to pay you when I marry.[12] in conscience now, what would you give mee to bee quit on't? because you shall see I am your friend I will release you for a favour at your wedding, but you must keep your owne councell then, for there are a great many others whome I have at the same advantage that must not Expect to bee soe favourably used. my paper has not dealt soe well with mee,[13] I thought I had had a side good still, but I see I must make an End in Earnest and say I am your faithfull.

LETTER 36

Her reading T.'s letter to his brother. She has to chide him for two faults. She will not see town before Michaelmas. In mourning [for her brother Robin]. Sir J. T. has left town [for Ireland]. Gen. Monk's marriage. Her letters shall go to Jones. Lady D. has received those parts of Cyrus. *Another now sent* (L'Amant Absent, &c.). *T. about to make some little journey's.*

S^r^ . . . [*Saturday 3 Sept. 1653.*]

It was sure a lesse fault in mee to made a scruple of reading

your letter to your Brother,[1] w^ch^ in all Likelyhood I could not bee concern'd in; then for you to condemn the freedome you take of giveing mee dirrections in a thing where wee are Equaly concern'd, therfor if I forgive you this you may Justly forgive mee t'other, and upon these Term's wee are friend's againe, are wee not? Noe, stay, I have another fault to chide you for, you doubted whither you had not writt too much and whither I could have the Patience to read it or not. Why do you disemble soe abominably? you cannot think these things; how I should Love that plaineheartednesse you speak of if you would use it, nothing is civill but that, amongst friend's. Your kinde Sister ought to chide you too for not writeing to her, unlesse you have bin with her to Excuse it, I hope you have, and pray take some time to make her one Visett from mee.[2] carry my humble Service with you, and tell her that tis not my fault you are noe better. I doe not think I shall see the Towne before Michaelmas, therfore you may make what sally's you please. I am tyed heer to Expect my Brother P.[3] and then posibly wee may goe up together, for I should bee at home againe before the Terme.[4] then I may show you my Neece, and you may confesse that I am a kinde Aunte to desyr her company since the disadvantage of our being together will lye wholy upon mee, but I must make it in my bargaine that if I come, you will not bee frighted to see mee. You think, i'le warrant, you have courage enough to Endure a worse sight, you may bee deceived, you ne're saw mee in mourning yet,[5] noebody that has, will ere desyre to doe it againe, for theire owne sakes, as well as mine: O tis a most dismall dresse, I have not dared to looke in the glasse since I wore it, and certainly if it did soe ill with Other People as it do's with mee, it would never bee worne. You told mee of writeing to your father,[6] but you did not say whither you had heard from him, or how hee did, may not I aske it? is it posible that hee saw mee? where were my Ey's that I did not see him? for I beleeve I should have guessed at least twas hee, if I had; they say you are very like him. but tis noe wonder neither that I did not see him, for I saw not

you when I mett you there, 'tis a place I looke upon nobody in,[7] and it was reproached to mee by a Kinsman, (but a litle before you cam to mee) that hee had follow'd mee to halfe a dousen shops to see when I would take notice of him, and was at last goeing away with a beleife[8] twas not I because I did not seem to know him. Other People make it soe much their buisnesse to gape that i'le swear they put mee soe out of Countenance I dare not look up for my life.

I am sory for Gen: Monk's misfortune because you say hee is your friend, but Otherwise shee will suit well enough with the rest of the great Lady's of the tim's and become Greenwich as well as some Others doe the rest of the Kings houses.[9] if I am not mistaken that Monke has a brother lives in Cornwell,[10] an honnest Gentleman I have heard, and one that was a great acquaintance of a Brother of mine whoe was kill'd there during the Warr,[11] and soe much his friend that upon his death hee putt himselfe and his Famely into mourning for him, w^ch^ is not usuall I think where there is noe relation of kindred.

I will take Order that my letters shall bee left with Jones, and yours call'd for there[12]; as long as your last was, I read it over thrice in lesse then an hower, though to say truth I skipt some on't the last time, I could not read my owne confession soe offten; Love is a Terrible word, and I should blush to death if any thing but a letter accused mee on't, pray bee mercifull and lett it run friendship in my next Charge; My Lady sends mee word she has received those parts of Cyrus I lent you, heer is another for you[13] w^ch^ when you have read you know how to dispose, there are fower Pritty Story's in it L'Amant Absent L'Amant non Aymé L'Amant Jaloux et L'Amant dont la Maitresse est mort. tell mee w^ch^ you have most compassion for; when you have read what Every one say's for himself, perhaps you will not think it soe Easy to decide w^ch^ is the most unhappy as you may think by the Titles theire Storry's bear, only let mee desyre you not to Pitty the Jelous one, for I remember I could doe nothing but Laugh at him, as one that sought his owne vexation. This

and the litle Journy's (you say) you are to make, will Entertain you till I come, w^ch^ sure will bee as soone as posible I can,[14] since tis Equaly desyr'd by you and

Your faithfull

LETTER 37

'When I chide . . . you need not studdy . . . for Excuses, I can . . . forgive . . . any thing but want of kindnesse.' He has received L'Amant Absent *&c. Amestris. M. and Mlle Scudéry. No perfect happiness in this world. Good wishes for Sir J. T.'s journey. Lady Ormonde. Sir Justinian married. Has been persecuted with visits* [*of condolence*].

S^r^ [*September 1653.*]

all my quarrells to you are kinde on's, for sure tis alike imposible for mee to bee angry as for you to give mee the occasion; therfor when I chide[1] (unlesse it bee that you are not carefull enough of Your selfe and hazarde too much a health that I am more concerned in, then in my owne), you need not studdy much for Excuses, I can Easily forgive you any thing but want of kindenesse. the Judgment you have made of the fower Lovers[2] I recomended to you do's soe perfectly agree with what I think of them, that I hope it will not Alter when you have read their Story's. L'Amant Absent has (in my opinion) a Mistresse, soe much beyonde any of the rest that to bee in danger of loosing her, is more then to have lost the others, L'Amant non Aimé was an Asse under favour,[3] (notwithstanding the Princesse Cleobulines letter), his Mistresse had Caprices that would have suited better with our Amant Jaloux then with any body else; and the Prince Artibie was much too blame that hee outlived his belle Leontine. but if you have mett with the begining of the story of Amestris & Aglatides, You will finde the rest of it in this part[4] I send you now, and tis to mee one of the Prittiest I have read and the most Naturall. they say the Gentleman that writes this Romance has a Sister[5] that lives with him as Mayde and she furnishes him with all the litle Story's that come between, soe that hee only Contrives the maine designe, and when hee wants somthing to Entertaine his company withall hee call's to her for it. shee has an Ex-

elent fancy sure, and a great deal of witt, but I am sorry to tell it you, they say tis the most ilfavourd Creatur that ever was borne, and it is often soe, how seldome doe wee see a person Exelent in any thing but they have some great deffect with it that pulls them low enough to make them Equall with Other People, and there is Justice in't; those that have fortunes have nothing else, and those that want it deserve to have it; that's but small comfort though, you'le say, 'tis confess't. but there is noe such thing as perfect happynesse in this world, those that have come the neerest it, had many things to wish, and—O mee whither am I goeing? sure tis the Deaths head I see stand before mee putt mee into this grave discourse, (pray doe not think I meant that for a conceite[6] neither), how idly have I spent two sydes of my paper and am affrayde besydes I shall not have time to write two more, therfor i'le make hast to tell you, that my friendship for you, makes mee concern'd in all your relations, that I have a great respect for S^r^[7] meerly as hee is your Father, and that tis much increased by his kindnesse to you, that hee has all my Prayers and wishes for his safety[8] and that you will Oblige mee in letting mee know when you heare any good news from him; hee has mett with a great deal of good company I beleeve.

My Lady Ormonde[9] I am told is wayting for a passage and divers others, but this winde (if I am not mistaken) is not good for them; In Earnest 'tis a most sad thing that a person of her quality should bee reduced to such a fortune as she has lived upon these late year's and that shee should loose that which she brought as well as that w^ch^ was her husbands; yet I hear shee has now gott some of her owne Lande in Ir: granted her, but whither she will gett it when she com's there is I think a question; Wee have a Lady new come in to this Country that I pitty too Extreamly. she is one of my Lord of Valentia's daughters[10] and has marryed an old fellow that is some threescore and ten whoe has a house that is fitter for the hoggs then for her, and a fortune that will not at all recompence the least of these inconveniency's; Ah tis most Certain I should have

chosen a handsome Chaine to Leade my Apes in,[11] before such a husband. but marryeng and hanging goe by destiny[12] they say; it was not mine it seem's to have an Emperour, the spitefull man, meerly to vexe mee has gon and Marryed my Country Woman my Lord Lee's daughter.[13] What a multitude of Willow garlands[14] shall I weare before I dye, I think I had best make them into fagotts this cold weather, the flame they would make in a Chimny would bee of more use to mee then that w^ch^ was in the hearts of all those that gave them me and would last as long. I did not think I should have gott thus farr, I have bin soe persecuted with Vissetts[15] all this week I have had noe time to dispatch any thing of buisnesse, soe that now I have don this, I have 40 letters more to write. how much rather would I have them all to you then to any body else, or rather how much better would it bee if there needed none to you and that I could tell you without writeing

how much I am Yours

LETTER 38

'If want of kindness were the only crime I exempted from pardon.' 'Poor Amestris.' Stephen Marshall. T. has said that he could fancy a perfect happiness here. What had carried him out of town? Jones knows her name. The address for her letters should be changed. Jane sends a box. B. Whitelocke. Rumour of the abolition of Chancery. Lord Keble.

S^r^ [*Sept. 1653.*]

if want of kindenesse were the only Crime I exempted from pardon,[1] twas not that I had the least aprehension you could bee Guilty of it, but to show you (by Excepting only an imposible thing) that I Excepted nothing; Noe in Earnest, I can fancy noe such thing of you; or if I could, the quarrell would bee to my self, I should never forgive my owne ffolly that led mee to choose a friend that could bee false; but i'le leave this (w^ch^ is not much to the purpose) and tell you how with my usuall impatience I Expected your letter, and how colde it went to my heart to see it soe short a one, twas soe great a paine to mee that I am resolved you shall not feell it nor can I in Justice, punnish you for a fault unwillingly committed; if I were

your Enemy, I could not use you ill, when I saw fortune doe it too, and in gallantry & good nature both I should think my self rather Obliged to prottect you from her injuryes (if it lay in my power) then double them upon you; these things considerd I beleeve this letter will bee longer then ordinary; kinder, I think it cannot bee, I alway's speak my heart to you, and that is soe much your friend it never furnishes mee with any thing to your disadvantage; I am glad you are an admirer of Telesile as well as I, in my opinion tis a fine Lady, but I know you will pitty Poore Amestris[2] strangly when you have read her Storry. i'le swear I cryed for her when I read it first though shee were but an imaginary person, and sure if any thing of that kinde can deserve it her misfortunes may.

God forgive mee I was as neer Laughing Yesterday where I should not; would you beleeve that I had the grace to goe heare a sermon upon a week day, in Earnest tis true, and M^r^ Marshall[3] was the Man that preached, but never any body was soe defeated,[4] hee is soe famed that I Expected rare things from him and seriously I listned to him at first with as much reverence and attention as if hee had bin S^nt^ Paul.[5] and what doe you think hee told us? why that if there were noe kings no Queens, noe Lord's no Lady's noe Gentlemen nor Gentlewomen, in the world, twould bee noe losse at all to God Almighty. this wee had over some forty times w^eh^ made mee remember it whither I would or not, the rest was much at this rate, Enterlarded with the prittyest od phrases that I had the most adoe to look soberly enough for the place I was in that ever I had in my life; hee do's not preach soe alway's sure; if hee do's I cannot beleeve his Sermon's will doe much toward's the bringing any body to heaven, more then by Exerciseing there Patience[6]; Yet i'le say that for him, hee stood stoutly for Tyth's[7] though in my opinion few deserved them lesse then hee, and it may bee hee would bee better without them. yet you are not Convinced you say that to bee miserable is the way to bee good.[8] to some Natures I think it is not, but there are many of soe carelesse & vaine a Temper that the least breath of good fortune swell's them

with soe much Pride, that if they were not putt in minde somtimes by a sound Crosse or two, that they are Mortall, they would hardly think it posible, and though tis a signe of a servile Nature when feare produces more of reverence in us then love, yet there is more danger of forgetting on's self in a prosperous fortune then in the contrary, and affliction may bee the surest (though not the pleasantest) Guide to heaven; what think you might not I preach with Mr Marshall for a wager? but you could fancy a perfect happinesse heer you say.[9] that is not much, many People doe soe, but I never heard of any body that had it more then in fancy, soe that twill not bee Strange if you should misse on't. one may bee happy to a good degree I think in a faithfull friend, a Moderate fortune and a retired life, farther then this I know nothing to wish, but if there bee any thing beyond it I wish it you.

You did not tell mee what carryed you out of Towne in such hast,[10] I hope the occasion was good; you must account to mee for all that I lost by it, I shall Expect a whole Pacquett next week. O mee I have forgott this once or twice to tell you that if it bee noe inconvenience to you I could wish you would change the place of dirrection for my letters. certainly that Jones know's my Name.[11] I bespoke a sadle of him once, and though it bee a good while agon, yet I was soe often with him aboute it, haveing much adoe to make him understand how I would have it, it being of a ffashion hee had never seen though since it bee common, that I am confident hee has not forgott mee, besydes that upon it hee gott my Brothers Custom and I cannot tell whither hee do's not use the shop[12] still.

Jane presents her humble service to you and has sent you somthing in a boxe,[13] tis hard to imagin what shee can finde heer to present you withall, and I am much in doubt whither you will not pay to dear for it if you discharge the Carriage, tis a pritty freedom she takes but you may thank your selfe, shee thinks because you call her ffellow Servant[14] she may use you accordingly, I bred her better, but you have spoyled her.

Is it true that my Lord Whitlock goes Ambassador

where my my [*sic*] Lord L. should have gon ?[15] I know not how hee may apear in a Swedish Court, but hee was never meant for a Courtier at home I beleeve. Yet tis a gracious Prince, hee is often in this Country and always do's us the favour to send for his fruit hither, hee was makeing a Purchase of one of the best houses in the County, I know not whither hee go's[16] on with it, but tis such a one as will not become any thing lesse then a lord, and there is a talke as if the Chancery were goeing downe,[17] if soe his title goes with it I think; twill bee sad news for my Lord Keebles son,[18] hee will have nothing left to say when my Lord my father is taken from him; were it not better that I had nothing to say neither, then that I should entertaine you with such sencelesse things? I hope I am halfe asleep, nothing Else can Excuse mee, if I were quite asleep I should say fine things to you, I often dream I doe, but perhaps if I could remember them they are noe wiser then my wakeing discourses, good night.

LETTER 39

Her previous letter, addressed to Copyn, had been lost. 'The memory of my poor brother.' Mr. Freeman had been with her and her niece and said many fine things to her.

S[r] [*Sept. 1653.*]

that you may bee at more certainty hereafter what to think, Let mee tell you that nothing could hinder mee from writeing to you (as well for my owne sattisfaction as yours) but an imposibillity of doeing it, nothing but death or a dead Palsy in my hands, or somthing that had the Same Effects. I did write,[1] and gave it Harrold, but by an accident his horse fell lame soe that hee could not set out on munday, but a Tuesday hee did, cam to Towne on wedensday, carryed the Letter himself (as hee tell's mee) where twas dirrected w[ch] was to M[r] Copyn in Fleetstreet, 'twas y[e] first time I made use of that dirrection,[2] noe matter and I had not don't then since it proves noe better. Harrold cam late home on thursday night with such an account as your boy gave you, that comeing out of Towne the same day hee cam in, hee had bin at Fleetstreet again but there

was noe letter for him. I was sorry, but I did not much wonder at it because hee gave soe litle time, and resolved to make my best of that I had by Collins. I read it over often enough to make it Equall with the longest letter that ever was writt and pleased my self in Earnest (as much as it was posible for mee in the humor I was in) to think how by that time you had asked mee pardon for the litle reproaches you had made mee and that the Kindenesse and lengh [*sic*] of my letter had made you amends for the trouble it had given you in Expecting it; but I am not a litle amazed to finde you had it not, I am very confident it was deliverd and therfor you must serch where the fault lyes.

were it not that you have suffer'd too much alredy, I would complain a litle[3] of you. why should you think mee soe carelesse of any thing that you were concerned in, as to doubt that I had not writt? though I had received none from you, I should not have taken that occasion to revenge my self, nay I should have concluded you innocent, and have imagin'd a thousand way's how it might happen rather then have suspected your want of kindenesse; why should not you bee as Just to mee? but I will not Chide, it may bee (as long as wee have bin friends) you doe not know mee soe well yett as to make an absolute Judgment of mee, but if I know my self at all, if I am capable of being any thing, tis, a perfect friend.

Yet I must Chide too, why did you gett such a Colde? good God how carelesse you are of a life that (by your owne confession) I have told you makes all the happinesse of mine, tis unkindly don. what is left for mee to say when that will not prevaile with you, or how can you perswade mee to a care of my self when you refuse to give mee the Example? I know nothing in the world that gives mee the least desyr of preserving my self but the opinion I have you would not bee willing to loose mee, and yet if you saw with what Caution I live, (at least to what I did befor) you would reproach it to your self somtim's, and might grant perhaps that you have not gott the advantage of mee in friendship soe much as you imagin. what (besydes your

consideration) could Oblige mee to live and loose all the rest of my friends thus one after another? sure I am not insencible nor very ill natur'd, and yet i'le swear I think I doe not afflict my self halfe soe much as another would doe that had my losses. I pay nothing of sadnesse to the memory of my poore Brother,[4] but I presently disperse it with thinking what I owe in thankfullnesse, that tis not you I mourne for. Well give mee noe more occasion's to complaine of you, you know not what may follow, heer was M[r] Freeman[5] yesterday that made mee a very kinde Visett and sayed soe many fine things to mee that I was confounded with his Civility's and had nothing to say for my self. I could have wish'd then, that hee had considerd mee lesse and my Neece[6] more, but if you continue to use mee thus, in Earnest i'le not bee soe much her friend herafter. mee thinks I see you Laugh at all my Threatnings and not without reason, M[r] Freeman you beleeve is designed for sombody that deserv's him better, I think soe too, and am not sorry for it, and you have reason to beleeve I never can bee other then

Your faithfull friend

LETTER 40

T. had feared that others said finer things to her than he. Sir T. Peyton. Molle's much admired letters. Letters should be written in easy style. Translators of romances. Lord Broghill will give something worth the reading. Has received Irish dogs from H. C. Encloses Sir T. Peyton's letter of 22 Sept.

S[r] . . . . . [. . . *Sept. 1653.*]

Pray let not the aprehension that other's say finer things to mee[1] make you [*sic*] letters at all the shorter, for if it were soe; I should not think they did, and soe Long you are safe. My Brother P.[2] indeed do's somtim's send mee letters that may bee Excelent for ought I know, and the more likely because I doe not understand them, but I may say to you (as to a friend) I doe not like them, and have wonderd that my Sister whoe (I may tell you too and you will not think it Vanity in mee) had a great [deale][3] of Witt and was thought to write as well as most Women in

England; never perswaded him to Alter his Stile and make it a litle more Intelligeble. Hee[is][4] an honnest Gentleman in Earnest, has understanding enough, and was an Excelent husband to two very different Wives, as two good on's could bee; My Sister was a melancholy retir'd woman, and besydes the Company of her husband and her book's, never sought any, but could have spent a life much longer then hers was in lookeing to her house and her Children; This Lady is of a free Jolly humor, loves cards and company and is never more pleased then when she see's a great many Others that are soe too; now with both these hee soe perfectly complyed that tis hard to guesse, w^ch^ humor hee is more inclined to in himself, perhaps to neither, w^ch^ makes it soe much y^e^ more strange. his kindenesse to his first wife, may give him an Esteem for her Sister, but hee was too much smitten with this Lady to think of marryeng any body else, and seriously I could not blame him, for she had, and has yet, great Lovlinesses in her, she was very handsom and is very good, one may read it in her face at first sight; a Woman that is hugely Civill to all People, and takes as Generaly as any body that I know.

but not more then my Cousen M: letters[5] doe, w^ch^ yet you doe not like you say, nor I neither i'le swere, and if it bee ignorance in us both we'el forgive it one another. in my Opinion these great Schollers are not the best writer's, (of Letters I mean, of books perhaps they are). I never had I think but one letter from S^r^ Jus:[6] but twas worth twenty of any body's else to make mee sport, it was the most sublime nonsence that in my life I ever read, and yet I beleeve hee decended as low as hee could to come neer my weak understanding; twill bee noe Complement after this to say I like your letters in themselv's, not as they come from one that is not indifferent to mee; but seriously I doe. all Letters mee thinks should bee free and Easy as ones discourse, not studdyed, as an Oration, nor made up of hard words like a Charme; tis an admirable thing to see how some People will labour to finde out term's that may Obscure a plaine sence, like a gentleman I knew, whoe would never say the weather grew cold, but that Winter

began to salute us. I have noe patience for such Coxcomb's and cannot blame an old Uncle of mine that threw the Standish[7] at[8] his mans head because he writt a letter for him where instead of sayeing (as his Master bid him) that hee would have writ himself but that hee had the Goute in his hand; hee sayed that the Goute in his hand would not permitt him to put pen to paper; the ffellow thought hee had mended it Mightily and that putting pen to paper was much better then plaine writeing. I have noe Patience neither for these Translatours of Romances; I mett with Polexandre and L'Illustre Bassa, both soe disguised that I who am theire old acquaintance hardly knew them,[9] besydes that they were still soe much french in words and Phrases that twas imposible for one that understood not french to make any thing of them. if Poore Prazimene bee in the same dresse, I would not see her for the worlde, she has sufferd enough besydes; I never saw but 4 Tomes of her[10] and was told the Gentleman that writt her Storry dyed when those were finnish'd, I was very sorry for it I remember, for I liked soe farr as I had seen of it Extreamly. is it not my Good Lord of Monmouth[11] or some such honourable personage that presents her to the English Lady's? I have heard many People wonder how hee spends his Estate, I beleeve hee undo's himself with Printing his Translations, nobody else will undergoe the Charge because they never hope to sell enough of them to pay themselv's withall; I was lookeing tother day in a book of his where hee Translates Pipeur, a Piper and twenty words more that are as false as this. My Lord Broghill[12] sure will give us somthing worth the reading; My Lord Saye[13] I am tolde has writ a Romance Since his retirement in the Isle of Lundee, and M[r] Waller[14] they say is makeing one of Our Warr's, w[ch] if hee do's not mingle with a great deal of pleasing fiction cannot bee very diverting sure, the Subject is soe sad.

but all this is nothing to my comeing to Towne[15] You'le say, tis confest, and that I was willing as long as I could to avoyde sayeing any thing when I had nothing to say worth your knoweing. I am still Obliged to wayte my Brother P.

and his Lady's comeing, I had a letter from him this week w^ch I will send you that you may see what hopes hee gives. as litle Roome as I have left too, I must tell you what a present I had made mee to day, two the finest Young Ireish Greyhounds that ere I saw, a Gentleman that serv's the Generall sent them mee; they are newly come over and sent for by H. C.[16] hee tels mee, but not how hee gott them for mee. however I am glad I have them and much the more because it dispenses w^th a very unfitt imployment that your father out of his kindenesse to you & his Civility to mee was content to take upon him.[17]

Good Sister[18]

I am very sorrie to heare of the losse of our good Brother[19] whose short time gives us a sad example of o^r fraile condition. But I will say the lesse, knowing whom I write to; whose religion & wisedome is a present stay & support in all worldly accidents.

Tis long since wee resolved to have given you a visit, & have releived you of my Daughter. But I have had y^e following of a most laborious affaire, which hath cost mee the travelling, though in o^r owne Country still, fifty miles a weeke; & have bin lesse at home then elsewhere ever since I came from London[20]: which hath vext mee y^e more in regard I have bin detayned from y^e desires I had of being with you before this time. Such entertainment however must all those have that have to doe with such a purse-strong & willfull person as S^r Edw. Hales.[21] This next weeke being Michaelmas weeke wee shall end all, & I bee at liberty I hope to consider my owne contentments. In y^e meane time I knowe nott what excuses to make for y^e trouble I have putt you to already, of which I growe to bee ashamed; & should much more bee soe, if I did not knowe you to bee as Good as you are Faire: in both which regards I have a great Honour to be esteemed

My good Sister

Your faithfull Brother & Servant

Thomas Peyton

Knolton Sept. 22^d 1653

(*Written at back of Sir T. Peyton's letter*)

Nothing that is paper can scape mee when I have time to write and tis to you; But that I am not willing to Excite your Envy, I would tell you how many Letters I have dispatch'd since I Ended yours, and if I could shew them you, twould bee a certaine Cure for it, for they are all very short on's and most of them meerly complement w^ch^ I am sure you care not for. I had forgott in my Other to tell you what Jane requir's[22] for the Sattisfaction of what you confesse you owe her, You must promise her to bee merry and not to take Colde when you are at y^e^ Tennis Court,[23] for there shee hear's you were founde.

Because you mention my Lord Broghill[24] and his witt I have sent you some of his Verses. My B. urged them against mee one day in a dispute where hee would needs make mee confesse that noe Passion could bee long lived and that such as were most in love forgott that ever they had bin soe within a twelve month after they were Marryed, and in Earnest the want of Examples to bring for the Contreary puzled mee a litle, soe that I was faine to bring out these Pittifull Verses of my Lord Biron[25] to his wife, w^ch^ was soe poore an Agument [*sic*] that I was e'en ashamed on't my self, and hee quickly Laught mee out of Countenance with sayeing they were Just such as a marryed mans flame would produce, and a wife inspire. I send you a Love Letter too, w^ch^ simple as you see it was sent in very good Earnest, and to a person of quality as I was told. if you read it when you goe to bed twill certainly make you sleep, aproved.[26] I am Yours

LETTER 41

Dinner with a rich widow (Lady Briers). H. O. disputes with D. on the advantages of riches. T.'s letter, expected that night, arrived next morning. Was it without design that Mrs. Franklin had praised her to T.? Mrs. F. has her news from Tom Cheke. Cousin Molle to end the summer at Moor Park. Did not know that T. knew the Franklins. Walker the goldsmith. Sir Peter's feeble health.

S^r^ [? *Oct. 1653.*]

the day I should have received your letter I was invited to

dine at a rich widdow's[1] (whome I think I once told you of and offerd my service in case you thought fitt to make addresses there) and she was soe kinde and in soe good humor, that if I had had any comission I should have thought it a very fitt time to speak; Wee had a huge dinner, though the company was only of her owne kindred that are in the house with her, and what I brought, but she is broke loose from an Old Miserable husband that lived soe long, she thinks, if she do's not make hast, she shall not have time to spend what hee left; she is old and was never handsom, and yet is courted a thousand times more then the greatest beauty in the world would bee that had not a fortune. wee could not eate in quiet for the letters and the presents that cam in from People that would not have looked upon her when they had mett her, if she had bin left Poore; I could not but laugh to my self at the meanesse of theire humor, and was merry enough all day, for the company was very good and besydes I Expected to finde when I cam home a letter from you that would bee more a feast and company to mee then all that was there; but never any body was soe deffeated[2] as I was to finde none; I could not imagin the reason, only I assured my self it was noe fault of yours, but perhaps a Just punishment upon mee for haveing bin too much pleased in a company where you were not; After supper my Brother and I fell into dispute about riches, and the great advantages of it, hee instanced in the widdow,[3] that it made one respected in the world. I sayed twas true, but that was a respect I should not at all value when I owed it only to my fortune; & wee debated it soe long till wee had both talked our selv's weary enough to goe to bed; yet I did not sleep soe well but that I chid my mayde for wakeing mee in the morning, till she stoped my mouth with sayeing she had letters for mee. I had not patience to stay till I could rise, but made her tye up all the Curtains to let in light, and amongst some others, I quickly founde my deare letter that was first to bee read, and w^ch^ made all the rest not worth the reading. I could not but wonder to finde in it that my Cousin Fr:[4] should want a true friend, when

'tis thought she has the best husband in the world; hee was soe passionate for her before hee had her, and soe pleased with her since, that in Earnest I did not think it posible she could have any thing left to wish for that she had not already, in such a husband with such a fortune; but she can best tell whither shee's happy or not, only if she bee not I doe not see how any body else can hope for it; I know her the least of all the sisters,[5] and perhaps tis to my advantage that she knows mee noe more, since she speaks soe Obligingly of mee,[6] but doe you think it was altogether without designe y^t she spoke it to you? when I remember she is T. C. Sister, I am apt to think she might have heard his news,[7] and meant to try whither there was any thing of truth int; My Cousin Molle I think means to End the Summer there[8]; they say indeed tis a very fine seate, but if I did not mistake S^r Thomas Ch:[9] hee told mee there was never a good roome in the house. I was wondring how you cam by an acquaintance there because I had never heard you speak that you knew them. I never saw him, in my life, but hee is famous for a kinde husband, only twas found fault with, that hee could not forbeare kissing his wife before company, a foolish trick that young marryed men it seem's are apt to. hee has left it long since I suppose; but seriously tis as ill a sight as one would wish to see, and appear's very rude mee thinks to the Company. What a strange fellow this Goldsmith[10] is, hee has a head fitt for nothing but horn's. I chid him once for a seale hee sett mee just of this fashion and the same coulers, (as) if hee were to make twenty they should all bee soe, his invention can stretch noe further then blew and red; it makes mee think of the fellow that could paint nothing but a flower de luce,[11] whoe when hee mett with one that was soe firmly resolved to have a Lyon for his signe that there was noe perswading him out ont, Well say's the painter, let it bee a Lyon then but it shall bee as like a flower de Luce as ere you saw, soe because you would have it a dolphin hee consented to it but it is liker an ilfavourd knot of riban.

I did not say any thing of my father's being ill of late.

I think I tolde you before hee kept his chamber ever since his last sicknesse, and soe hee do's still, yet I cannot say that hee is at all sick but ha's soe generall a weaknesse upon him that I am much affrayde theire opinion of him, has too much of truth in't, and doe Extreamly aprehende how the winter may worke upon him. Will you pardon this strang scribled letter, and the disorderlinesse on't? I know you would, though I should not tell you that I am not soe much at liesure as I use to bee. You can forgive your friends any thing, and when I am not the faithfullest of those never forgive mee *

* You may dirrect your letter how you please heer will bee nobody to receive it, but[12] Yours

LETTER 42

T. has given her arguments to confute H. O. if he should enter on the dispute again. Thoughtless marriages. Sir T. Osborne. T. has said that Mrs. Franklin spoke 'malicieusement'. Tom Cheke's source for his story. Sir J. T. 'Is not your cousin Rante left a rich widow?' (Dr. Rant died in Sept.). Lady Isabella Thynne. T. has sent a letter of an Oxford scholar. Mrs. Franklin had said that D.O.'s and T.'s humours would agree. Jane can send more quince marmalade. Lord Broghill and Mrs. Harrison.

S[r] [*Oct. 1653.*]

You have furnish'd mee now with Argument's to convince my B: if hee should ever enter upon the dispute againe[1]; In Earnest I beleev'd all this before; but twas somthing an ignorant[2] kinde of faith in mee; I was sattisfyed my self but could not tell how to perswade another of the truth on't; and to speak indifferently, there are such Multitudes that Abuse the names of Love and friendship, and soe very few, that either understand or practice it in reality, that it may raise great doubt's whither there is any such thing in the world or not, and such as doe not finde it in themselv's, will hardly beleeve tis any where. But it will Easily bee granted that most People make hast to bee miserable, that they put on theire ffetter's as inconsideratly as a woodcock run's into a noose, and are carryed by the weakest considerations imaginable, to doe a thing of the greatest Con-

sequence of any thing that concern's this worlde; I was tolde by one (whoe pretend's to know him very well) that nothing Tempted my Cousin O.[3] to marry his Lady (soe much) as that shee was an Earl's daughter, which mee thought was the prittiest fancy and had the least of sence int of any I had heard on, Considering that it was noe addition to her person, that hee had honour enough before for his Fortune, and how litle tis esteem'd in this Age; if it bee any thing in a better, w^ch^ for my Part I am not well sattisfyed in besyd's that in this perticular it dos not sound handsomly. My Lady Bridgett O: makes a worse name a great deal mee thinks then plaine my Lady O: would doe. and now I speak of Cousin's let mee tell you that (allowing all that M^rs^ F:[4] sayd of the person she recomended to you, to bee but complement, or that she thought she could not say lesse upon such an occasion), I may confesse, I think shee meant mee and spoke it as you say Malicieusement[5]; for tis true that her husband was proposed by one that is our Neighbor and has some interest in the Famely as a Trustee for the Estate I think; I heard my Mother speak of it once but how it fell to the grownd I cannot tell, perhaps hee was a litle ingaged then where hee is now fast. I have bin studdieng how Tom C. might come by his intelligence[6] and I verily beleeve hee has it from my Cousin Peetres,[7] she lives neer them in Essex, and in all liklihood for want of Other discourse to Entertaine him withall she has come out with all shee know's. the last time I saw her[8] she asked mee for you before she spoke sixe words to mee and I whoe of all things doe not love to make Secretts of Trifles told her I had seen you that day. she sayd noe more nor I neither but perhaps it worked in her litle braine. the best on't is the matter is not great, for though I confesse I had rather nobody knew it, yet tis that I shall never bee ashamed to owne.[9]

How kindly doe I take these civility's of your fathers! in Earnest you cannot imagin how his letter pleased mee. I used to respect him meerly as hee was your Father, but I begin now to owe it to himselfe, all that hee say's is soe kinde and soe Obligeing, soe Naturall and soe Easy that

one may see tis perfectly his disposition and has nothing of disguise int. tis long since that I knew how well he writ's, perhaps you have forgott that you showed mee a letter of his (to a french Marquis I think or some such man of his acquaintanc[e][10]) when I first knew you; I remember it very well, & that I thought it as handsome a letter as I had seen, but I have noe skill it seem's, for I like Yours too.

You shall Excuse mee for giveing[11] you leave to beleeve that I might have bin happy If I could have resolved to have bin soe without you. 'tis very true that I never tryed to resolve it, for if I had, I think it had bin to very litle purpose, but If I could have don that, I know not whither I should have bin e're a whit the neerer being happy. if one could bee soe for resolving it, twere not soe hard a thing to get as tis beleev'd.

Is not your Cousin Rante left a Rich Widdow?[12] I was tolde soe to day and that shee is very hansome too, a fine house I am sure shee has, it was my Lord Pagetts. that name makes mee remember to tell you that I had a letter t'otherday from my Lady[13] where she sends mee the news of her sister Izabella's being come over,[14] if you saw it you would conclude with mee that where she loves, tis with passion, she is as absolutly wilde with Joy, as any thing in Bedlam is mad, and all that she say's is soe strangly disjoynted that one whoe did not know her would think she were a very od body, but yet it is a thousand times more naturall then the Oxford letter you sent mee,[15] I doe not Envy that kinde of witt by noe mean's. Such Extravagancy's as you say seldom mean any thing.

I can pardon all my Cousin Fr: litle plotts of discovery if shee beleeved her self when she say'd she was confident our humors would agree Extreamly well. in Earnest I think they doe, for I marke that I am always of your opinion unlesse it bee when you will not allow that you write well, for there I am too much concern'd. Jane told mee t'other day very soberly that wee writt very much alike, I think she say'd it with an intent to please mee and did not faile int, but if you write ill twas noe great complement to mee. A propos de Jaune she bids mee tell you

that if you liked your Marmelade of Quince[16] she could sende you more and she thinks better, that has bin made since.

Twas a strange Caprice as you say of M^rs^ Harrison,[17] but there is fate as well as love in those things. the Queen tooke the greatest pain's to perswade her from it that could bee, and (as sombody say's I know not who) Majestye is noe ill Oratour. but all would not doe, when she had nothing to say for her self she told her shee had rather begg w^th^ M^r^ Howards then live in the greatest plenty that could bee with either my Lord Br:, Charles Rich or M^r^ Nevill,[18] for all these were dyeng for her then; I am affray'd shee has Alterd her opinion since twas too late, for I doe not take M^r^ H: to bee a person that can deserve one should necglect all y^e^ world for him, and where there is noe reason to uphold a passion it will sinke of it self but where there is it may last Eternaly[19] I am Yours

LETTER 43

Her plans for coming to town depend on the letter of Sir T. Peyton (of 22 Sept.) which she had sent him. Lady Carlisle. Lady Isabella. Refers to her dispute with H.O. Lord and Lady Pembroke. Lord and Lady Leicester. Need of caution before marrying. Jane's lot. T.'s melancholy.

S^r^ [*Oct. 1653.*]

You would have mee say somthing of my comeing. Alasse, how faine I would have somthing to say, but I know noe more then you saw in that letter I sent you[1]; how willingly would I tell you any thing that I thought would please you, but I confesse I doe not love to give uncertaine hopes because I doe not care to receive them, and I thought there was noe need of sayeing I would bee sure to take the first occasion and that I wayted w^th^ impatience for it, because I hoped you had beleev'd all that already. And soe you doe I am sure, say what you will you cannot but know my heart enough to bee assur'd that I wish my self with you for my owne sake as well as yours; tis rather that you love to heare mee say it often, then that you doubt it, for I am noe dissembler. I could not Cry for a husband that

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were indifferent to mee (like your Cousen)[2] noe nor for a husband that I loved neither I think, twould break my heart sooner then make mee shed a tear, 'tis ordinary greifs that only make mee weep. in Earnest, you cannot imagin how often I have bin told that I had too much franchise[3] in my humor and that 'twas a point of good breeding to disguise handsomly, but I answerd still for my self that twas not to bee Expected I should bee Exactly[4] bred that had never seen a Court since I was capable of any thing. yet I know soe much that my Lady Carlisle[5] would take it very ill if you should not let her get the point of honnour; tis all she Aim's at to goe beyond every body in Complement. but are not you affrayde of giveing mee a strang Vanity with telling mee that I write better then the most Extreordinary person in the Kingdom? if I had not the sence to understand that the reason why you like my letters better is only because they are kinder then hers, such a word might have undon mee.

But my Lady Izabella[6] that speaks & looks and sings & play's & all soe Prittily, why cannot I say that she is as free from fault's as her Sister beleev's her? noe, I am affray'd she is not, and sorry that those she has are soe generaly known. My B. did not bring them for an Example[7] but I did, and made him confesse she had better have marryed a begger, then that beast with all his Estate; she cannot bee Excused but certainly they run a strange hazard that have such husbands as makes them think they cannot bee more undon whatever course they take, O tis ten thousand pitty's. I remember she was the first woman that ever I took notice of for Extreamly handsom, and in Earnest shee was then the Lovlyest thing that could bee lookt on I think, but what should she doe with beauty now? were I as shee I would hide my self from all the world, I should think all people that Looked on mee read it in my face and dispised mee in theire hearts, and at y^e^ same time they made mee a leg[8] or spoke Civily to mee I should beleeve they did not think I deserved theire respect. I'le tell you whoe hee urged for an Example though, my Lord Pembrok and my Lady[9] whoe they say are upon Parteing after

all his Passion for her, and his maryeng her against y^e^ consent of all his friends. but to that I answer'd that though hee prettended great Kindnesse hee had for her, I never heard of much she had for him, and knew she marryed him meerly for advantage. nor is she a woman of that discretion as to doe all that might become her, when she must doe it rather as things fitt to bee don then as things she is inclined to; besyd's that, what with a spleenatick side and a Chimickall head, hee is but an odd body himself. but is it Posible what they say that my Lord Liec: and my Lady[10] are in great disorder,[11] and that after 40 years patience hee has now taken up the Cudgells and resolves to Venture for the Mastery? meethinks hee wakes out of his long sleep like a froward Childe that wrangles and fights with all that com's neer it, they say hee has turned away almost every servant in the house and left her at Penshurst[12] to disgest[13] it as she can. What an Age doe wee live in where 'tis a Miracle if in ten Couple that are marryed two of them live soe as not to publish it to the world that they cannot agree. I begin to bee of y^e^ opinion of him that (when the Roman Church first propounded whither it were not convenient for Priest[s] not to marry) sayed that it might bee convenient enough but sure it was not our Saviours intention, for hee comanded that all should take up theire Crosse and follow him, and for his part hee was Confident there was noe such Crosse as a wife. this is an ill doctrine for mee to preach but to my friends I cannot but confesse that I am affrayde much of the fault lyes in us, for I have observed that Generaly in great famely's[14] the Men sildom disagree, but the women are alway's scolding, and tis most certain that, lett the husband bee what hee will, if the wife have but patience (w^ch^ sure becoms her best) the disorder cannot bee great enough to make a noise, his anger alone when it meet's with nothing that resists it cannot bee loude enough to disturbe the Neighbours, and such a wife may bee sayd to doe, as a kinswoman of ours, that had a husband whoe was not alway's him self, and when hee was otherwise, his humor was to rise in the night, and with two bedstaves[15] tabour[16] upon the table an

houre together, shee took care every night to lay a great Cushen upon the table for him to strike on that noebody might heer him and soe discover his madnesse. but tis a sad thing when all on's happinesse is only that y^e^ world dos not know you are miserable, for my part I think it were very convenient that all such as intend to marrye should live together in the same house some year's of probation and if in all that time they never disagreed they should then bee permitted to marry if they pleasd. but how few would doe it then! I doe not remember that I ever saw or heard of any couple that were bred up soe together, (as many you know are, that are design'd for one another from Children) but they alwayes disliked one another Extreamly and parted if it were left in theire Choise. if People proceeded with this caution the world would End sooner then is Expected I beleeve, and because with all my Warinesse tis not imposible but I may bee caught, nor likely, that I should bee wiser then Every body Else, twere best I think that I sayed noe more in this point.

What would I give to know that Sister of yours[17] that is soe good at discovery! Sure she is Excelent Company. shee had reason to Laugh at you when you would have perswaded her the mosse was sweet, I remember Jane brought some of it to mee to ask mee if I thought it had noe ill smell and whither shee might venture to put it in the boxe[18] or not, I told her, as I thought, she could not putt a more innocent thing there for I did not finde that it had any Smell at all, besyd's that I was willing it should doe mee some Service in requitall of the Pain's I had taken for it. My Neece[19] and I wanderd through some 6 hundred Acres of wood in search of it, to make rocks and strang things that her head is full of, and she admires it more then You did. if she had known I had consented it should have bin used to fill up a boxe she would have condemn'd mee Extreamly. I told Jane that you liked her present, and she I finde is resolved to spoyle your complement and make you confesse at last that they are not worth the Eateing, she Threatens to send you more. but you would forgive her if you saw how she baites mee Every day to goe to

London, all that I can say will not sattisfye her. when I urge (as tis true) that there is a necessity of my stay heer, she grow's furious, cry's you will dye with melancholy and confounds mee soe with Storry's of your ill humor that i'le swere I think I should goe, meerly to bee at quiett, if it were posible, though there were noe other reason for it; but I hope tis not soe ill as she would have mee beleive it though I know your humor is strangly Alterd from what it was, and am sorry to see it. Melancholy must needs doe you more hurt then to another to whome it may bee Naturall, as I think it is to mee; therfore if you loved mee you would take heed ont. can you beleeve that you are dearer to mee then the whole world besyd's and yet necglect yourself? if you doe not, you wrong a perfect friendship, and if you doe, you must consider my interest in you and preserve your self to make mee happy, promise mee this or I shall haunte[20] you worse then she do's mee. Scrible how you please soe you make your Letters longe enough, You see I give you good Example. besyd's I can assure you wee doe perfectly agree, if you receive noe sattisfaction but from my letters, I have none but what yours give mee.

LETTER 44

T. has denied his melancholy. He must take care of his health. T.'s 'wife'. Ingredients of a happy marriage. Mrs. Franklin's saying that 'their humours must agree'. Qualities D. would not like in a husband. Molle has sent a description of Moor Park. She wishes to see Lady Carlisle's writing. Has been thinking of sending T. Lely's portrait of her. Lady Diana's opinion that every face decays after eighteen. Lady Ruthen to marry Mr. Yelverton. Mr. Henningham. John O. and his wife.

S[r] [*Oct. 1653.*]

Why are you soe sullen, and why am I the cause? can you beleeve that I doe willingly deffer my Journy?[1] I know you doe not. why then should my Absence now bee lesse suportable to you then heretofore? it cannot, nay it shall not bee long (if I can help it) & I shall break thorough all inconvency's [*sic*] rather then deny you any thing that ly's in my power to grant; but by your owne rules then may

not I Expect the same from you? is it posible that all I have sayed cannot Oblige you to a care of your Selfe? what a pleasant distinction you make when you say tis not melancholy makes you doe these things but a carelesse forgetfulnesse, did ever any body forget themselv's to that degree that was not melancholy in Extreamity? good God how are you Alter'd![2] and what is it that has don it? I have knowne you when of all the things in ye world you would not have bin taken for a discontent,[3] you were as I thought perfectly pleased with your condition, what has made it soe much worse since? I know nothing you have lost and am sure you have gained a friend, A friend that is capable of the highest degree of friendship you can propounde, that has already given an intire heart for that w^ch^ she received, and tis noe more in her will then in her power ever to recall it or devide it; if this bee not Enough to sattisfye you, tell mee what I can doe more, I shall finde lesse difficulty in the doeing it then in imagining what it may bee; and will not you then doe soe much for my sake as to bee carefull of a health I am soe infinitly concern'd in and w^ch^ these Courses must need's distroy? if you Loved mee you would, I am sure you would, and Let mee tell you, vou can never bee that perfect friend you describe if you can deny mee this.

but will not your wife[4] beleeve there is such a friendship? I am not of her opinion at all but I doe not wonder neither that she is of it. Alas, how few there are that ever heard of such a thing, and ffewer that understand it, besyd's it is not to bee taught or Learn'd, it must come Naturaly to those that have it and those must have it before they can know it. but I admire, since she has it[5] not, how she can bee sattisfyed with her condition, nothing else sure can recompence the Alteration you say is made in her fortune. what was it took her? her husbands good face? what could invite her where there was neither fortune, witt nor good usage and a husband to whome she was but indifferent? w^ch^ is all one to mee, if not worse, then an Aversion and I should sooner hope to gaine upon one that Hated mee then upon one that did not consider mee enough either to Love

or hate mee; i'le swere she is much Easyer to please then I should bee. there are a great many ingredients must goe to the makeing mee happy in a husband, first, as my Cousin Fr: say's, our humors must agree,[6] and to doe that hee must have that kinde of breeding that I have had and used that kinde of company, that is hee must not bee soe much a Country Gentleman as to understand Nothing but hawks and dog's and bee fonder of Either then of his wife, nor of the next sort of them[7] whose aime reaches noe further then to bee Justice of peace and once in his life high Sheriff, who read noe book but Statut's and study's nothing but how to make a speech interlarded[8] with Latin that may amaze his disagreeing poore Neighbours and fright them rather then perswade them into quietnesse; hee must not bee a thing that began the world in a free scoole, was sent from thence to the University, and is at his farthest when hee reaches the Inn's of Court, has noe acquaintance but those of his forme[9] in these places, speaks the french hee has pickt out of Old Law's, and admires nothing but the Storry's hee has heard of the Revells[10] that were kept there before his time; hee must not bee a Towne Gallant neither that lives in a Tavern and an Ordinary, that cannot imagin how an hower should bee spent without company unlesse it bee in sleeping, that makes court to all the Women hee sees, thinks they beleeve him and Laughs and is Laught at Equaly; Nor a Traveld Mounsieur whose head is all feather inside and outside, that can talk of nothing but dances and Duells, and has Courage Enough to were slashes[11] when every body else dy's with cold to see him; hee must not bee a foole of noe sort, nor peevish nor ill Natur'd nor proude nor Coveteous and to all this must bee added that he must Love mee and I him as much as wee are capable of Loveing. Without all this his fortune though never soe great would not sattisfye mee, and with it a very moderat one would keep mee from ever repenting my disposall. I have bin as large and as perticular in my discriptions as my Cousin Molle in his of Moore Park; but that you know the place soe well I would send it you,[12] nothing can come neer his Patience in write-

ing it but my reading ont. but would you had sent mee your fathers letter,[13] it would not have bin lesse welcome to mee then to you, and you may safely beleeve that I am Equaly concern'd with you in any thing.

I should bee pleased too to see somthing of my Lady Carlisles writeing[14] because she is soe Extreordinary a Person. I have bin thinking of sending you my Picture[15] till I could come my self, but a Picture is but dull company and that you need not, besyd's I cannot tell whither it bee very like mee or not, though tis the best I have ever had drawne for mee and Mr Lilly[16] will have it that hee never took more pain's to make a good one in his life. and that was it I think that spoiled it; hee was condemned for makeing the first hee drew for mee a litle worse then I, and in makeing this better hee has made it as unlike as tother. hee is now I think at my Lord Pagetts at Marloe[17] where I am promised hee shall draw a Picture of my Lady for mee, she giv's it mee she say's as ye greatest testimony of her friendship to mee, for by her owne rule she is past the time of haveing Pictur's taken of her, After Eighteen shee say's there is noe face but decay's aparantly. I would faine have had her Excepted such as[18] had never bin beauty's, for my comfort, but she would not.

When you see your friend Mr Heningham[19] You may tell him in his Eare there is a Willow Garland[20] comeing towards him. hee might have sped better in his suite if hee made court to mee as well as to my La: Ru:[21], shee has bin my wife this Seven year[22] and who soever pretends there must ask my Leave; I have now given my consent that she shall marry a Very pritty litle Gentleman, Sr Chr: Yelverton's Son,[23] and I think wee shall have a wedding ere it bee long. my Lady her Mother[24] in great kindenesse would have recomended Hen:[25] to mee and told mee in a Complement that I was fitter for him then her daughter whoe was younger and therfore did not understand the world soe well, that she was certain if hee knew mee hee would bee Extreamly taken, for I would make just that kinde of wife hee looked for. I humbly thankt her but sayed that without knowing him (more then by relation[26]) I was certain hee would not

make that kinde of husband I looked for, and soe it went noe further.

I Expect my Eldest brother heer shortly[27] whose fortune is well mended by my Other brothers death, soe as if hee were sattisfyed himself with what hee has don,[28] I know noe reason why hee might not bee very happy, but I am affrayd hee is not. I have not seen my Sister[29] since I knew shee was soe, but sure she can have lost noe beauty, for I never saw any shee had but good black Ey's w^{ch} cannot Alter. hee Lov's her I think at the Ordinary rate of husbands, but not enough I beleeve to marry her soe much to his disadvantage if it were to doe again, and that would kill mee were I as shee. for I could bee infinitly better sattisfyed wth a husband that had never Loved mee in hope hee might, then wth one that began to Love mee lesse then hee had don. I am Yours

LETTER 45

Jane says that T. deceives D. when he denies his melancholy. He has promised to be careful of himself. H. O. and Mr. Gibson talking by the fire on flying. Cyrus, *part v, sent the week before. Has seen Lady Carlisle's letter. Has sent T. her picture. Lady Diana's view of the decay of beauty. T. has said she knows what she would not like in a husband.*

S^{r} [*Sunday 23 Oct. 1653.*]

You say I abuse[1] you, and Jane say's you abuse mee when you say you are not melancholy[2], w^{ch} is to bee beleev'd? neither I think, for I could not have sayd soe positively as (it seem's) she did, that I should not bee in Towne till my B:[3] came back. hee was not gon when she writt nor is not yet, and if my B: Peyton had come before his goeing, I had spoyld her prediction; but now it cannot bee for hee goes on Monday or Tuesday at farthest.[4] I hope you deal truely with mee too in sayeing that you are not melancholy (though she dos not beleeve it). I am thought soe many times when I am not at all guilty on't; how often doe I sitt in company a whole day and when they are gon am not able to give an account of sixe words that was sayd, and many times could bee soe much better pleased with the

Entertainment my owne thoughts give mee, that tis all I can doe to bee soe civill as not to let them see they trouble mee, this may bee your disease. however remember you have promised mee to bee carefull of your self[5] and that if I secure what you have intrusted mee with, you will answer for the rest, bee this our bargain then, and look that you give mee as good an account of one, as I shall give you of tother. In Earnest I was strangly vexed to see my self forst to disapoint you soe, and felt your trouble and my owne too. how often have I wisht my self with you though but for a day, for an hower, I would have given all the time I am to spend heer for it with all my heart.

You could not but have Laught if you had seen mee last night. my Br: and Mr Gibson were talking by the fyre,[6] and I satt by, but as noe part of the company. amongst other things (wch I did not at all minde) they fell into a discourse of fflyeing[7] and both agreed that it was very posible to finde out a way that people might fly like Birds and dispatch theire Journy's soe. I that had not sayd a word all night started up at that and desyr'd they would say a litle more in it, for I had not marked the begining, but instead of that they both fell into soe Violent a Laughing that I should apeare soe much concern'd in such an Art; but they litle knew of what use it might have bin to mee. Yet I saw you last night but twas in a dream, and before I could say a word to you, or you to mee, the disorder[8] my Joy to see you had put mee into waked mee.

Just now I was interupted too and call'd away to Entertain two dumbe Gentlemen, You may imagin whither I was pleased to leave my writeing to you for theire company, they have made such a tedious Visett too, and I am soe tyred with makeing of sign's and tokens for every thing I had to say, good god, how doe those that live always with them? they are Brothers and the Eldest is a Barronett, has a good Estate, a wiffe & three or 4 Children. hee was my Servant hertofore and com's to see mee still for old Lov's sake, but if hee could have made mee Mistresse of the worlde, I could not have had him, and yet i'le sweare hee

has nothing to bee disliked in him but his want of Tongue, w^ch^ in a woman might have bin a Vertue.

I sent you a part of Cyrus last week[9] where you will meet w^th^ one Doralize in the Story of Abradate and Pantheé, the whole Story is very good but her humor makes the best part of it. I am of her opinion in most things that she say's, in her Character of L'honnest hoñe that she is in search of, and her resolution of receiveing noe heart that had bin offerd to any body else. pray tell mee how you like her, and what fault you finde in my Lady Car: letter,[10] my thinks[11] the hand and the Stile both show her a great person, and tis writt in the way that's now affected by all that pretend to witt and good breeding, only I am a litle scandalised I confesse that she uses that word faithfull, she that never knew how to bee soe in her life.

I have sent you my Picture[12] because you wisht for it, but pray let it not presume to disturbe my Lady Sunderlands,[13] put it in some Corner where noe Ey's may finde it out but yours to whome it is only intended. tis noe very good one but the best I shall ever have drawne of mee, for as my Lady say's my time for Pictur's is past,[14] and therfor I have alway's refused to part with this because I was sure the next would bee a worse. there is a beauty in Youth that every body has once in theire lives, and I remember my Mother used to say there was never any body (that was not deformed) but were handsom to some reasonable degree, once between fowerteen and twenty. it must hang with the light on the left hand of it, and you may keep it if you please till I bring you the Originall; but then I must borrow it[15] (for tis noe more mine if you like it), because my Br: is often bringing People into my Closet where it hangs to show them Other Pictur's that are there, and if hee should misse this long from thence 'twould trouble his Jealous head.

You are not the first that has told mee I knew better what qualitys I would not have[16] in a husband, then what I would, but it was more pardonable in them, I thought you had understood better what kinde of person I liked then any body else could posibly have don, and therfor

did not think it necessary to make you that discription too. those that I reckon'd up were only such as I could not bee perswaded to have, upon noe term's, though I had never seen such a person in my life as M^r^ T. not but that all those may make very good husbands to some women, but they are soe different from my humor that tis not posible wee should ever agree. for though it might bee reasonably enough Expected that I should conforme mine to their's, (to my shame bee it spoken) I could never doe it, and I have lived soe longe in the world and soe much at my owne liberty that whosoever has mee must bee content to take mee as they finde mee, without hope of ever makeing mee other then I am, I cannot soe much as disguise my humor. When it was designed that I should have had S^r^ Jus:,[17] my Br: used to tell mee hee was confident that with All his wisdom, any woman that had witt and discretion might make an Asse of him and Govern him as shee pleased, I could not deny but posibly it might bee soe, but twas that, I was sure I could never doe, and though 'twas likely I should have forced myselfe to soe much complyance as was necessary for a reasonable wife, yet farther then that noe designe could ever have carryed mee, and I could not have fflatterd him into a beleife that I admir'd him, to gaine more then hee and all his Generation[18] are wor[th]. Tis such an Ease (as you say) not to bee sollicitous to please Others, in Earnest I am noe more concern'd whither people think mee hands[om] or ilfavourd, whither they think I have witt or that I have none, then I am whither they think my name Eliz: or Dor:.[19] I would doe nobody noe injury, but I should never desyre to please above one and that one I must Love too, or else I should think it a trouble and consequently not doe it. I have made a generall confession to you, will you give mee absolution ?[20] mee thinks you should, for you are not much better by your owne relation[21], therfor tis easyest for us to forgive one another. When you hear any thing from your father remember that I am his humble Servant and much concern'd in his health.

I am Yours

VISIT TO LONDON

28 Oct.–25 Nov. 1653

Probably Dorothy had but just dispatched her last letter when she heard that Sir Thomas and Lady Peyton were coming to fetch his daughter Dorothy away.

H. O. writes in his Diary: 'Oct. 25 [?27], Thursday. S^{r} Th. Peyton and my Lady came to Chicksands. Oct 28, Friday. They went to S^{t} Albons toward London and carried mee and my sister with them, who lay at M^{r} Cales a plommer at the Catt a mountaine in Fleete streete.'

Henry Osborne is engaged in town over the legal proceedings in which he was involved with his uncle Francis Osborn, author of the *Advice to a Son*. (See Appendix IX.)

Dorothy's visit lasted till 25 Nov. Friday when H. O. writes: 'The Trustees mett and it was determined that my brother and his wife should come to Chicksands the day before he and I agreed. This day my sister went to S^{t} Albons where our Coach mett her.'

As to Dorothy's visit there is an unfortunate ambiguity in H. O.'s words that the Peytons 'carried mee and my sister with them, who lay at M^{r} Cales'.

Was it the Peytons who stayed at M^{r} Cale's? or Henry and Dorothy? or Henry alone? This is not plain.

We find however from H. O.'s Diary for 28 Nov., three days after Dorothy had left London, 'S^{r} T. Peyton and I [tell S. Br. Wh.?] of my sister,' that Sir Thomas at least was still in London. I conclude that he had his wife and daughter with him, and think it probable that Dorothy stayed with them during her visit, whether at Cale's the plumber's or somewhere else.

Of Dorothy's little undated notes, I assign five to this visit.

To begin with that which I have numbered 4, I think the phrases: 'you doe a great injustice if you think mee false,' 'I never resolved to give you an Etternell ffarwell' are in very close relation to the group of letters from Chicksands which follow Dorothy's return. I cannot place them either in the visit of February 1653, or in that of the autumn of 1654 when clouds had been dispelled, and the lovers were on the point of being united in marriage. Could she then write: 'they will think it strang to see you heer'?

But the opening of the letter links this note with the French note which precedes it, while the reference to Roehampton links it with number two of the set. As to number one, the words 'will my Cousen fr: come think you? send mee word, it may bee 'twas but a complement', seem most natural at this time when Temple was already on intimate terms with the Franklins and knew Moor Park well, whereas Dorothy had apparently not seen either of them since their marriage. One would expect Temple to wish Dorothy to meet her cousin and the latter to wish to meet Dorothy, now that she had got to know Temple so well. Note 5 is as suitable to this visit as to either of the others. Dorothy was in London again from 20 April to 26 June 1654, but Temple was then in Ireland.

1

I finde my conscience a litle troubled till I have asked your pardon for my ill humor last night, will you forgive it mee? in Earnest I could not helpe it, but I mett with a Cure for it, my B. kept mee up to hear his learned lecture till after two a clock and I spent all my ill humor upon him, and yet wee parted very quietly and look'd as if a litle good fortune might make us good friends. but your speciall friend my E. B., I have a story to tell you of him; will my Cousen fr: come think you? send mee word, it may bee twas but a complement. if I can see you this morning I will, but I dare not promise it

[This first note at least implies that Dorothy and Henry are staying in the same house.]

2

Now I have gott the trick of breaking my word I shall doe it every day. I must goe to Roehampton to day, but tis all one, you doe not care much for seeing mee. well my Master remember last night you swaggerd like a Young Lord, i'le make y[our] stomack come downe, rise quickly you had [best] and come hither that I may give you you[r] Lesson this morning before I goe.

[The margin of the note is torn.]

3

Je n'ay guere plus dormie que vous et mes songes n'ont pas estes moins confuse, au rest une bande de Violons qui sont venu Jouer sous ma fennestre m'ont tourmentés de tel façon que je doubt fort si je pourois jamais les souffrire encor. je ne suis pourtant pas en

fort mavaise humeur et je m'envay ausi tost que je seray habillie Voire ce qu'il est posible de faire pour Vostre sattisfaction. apres je Viendre vous rendre conte des nos affairs et quoy qu'il en sera vous ne sçaurois jamais doubté que Je ne vous ayme plus que toutes les Choses du monde.

4

I have slept as litle as you and may bee allowed to talk as unreasonably. Yet I finde I am not quite sencelesse, I have a heart still that cannot resolve to refuse You any thing within its power to grant. But Lord where shall I see you? People will think mee mad if I goe abroade this morning After haveing seen mee in the condition I was in last night, and they will think it strang to see you heer. Could you not stay till they are all gon to Roehampton? they goe this morning. I doe but aske though, doe what you please, only beleeve you doe a great injustic if you think mee false. I never resolved to give you an Etternell ffarwell but I resolved at ye same time to part with all the comfort of my life and whither I told it You or not I shall dye . . . Yours

tell mee what you will have mee doe.

5

Heer comes the note again to tell you I cannot call on you to night; I cannot help it and you must take it as patiently as you can, but I am ingaged to night at the three Kings to sup and play. Poore man I am sorry for you in Earnest. I shall bee quite spoyld, I see noe remedy, think whither it were not best to leave mee and begin a new adventure

[The tiny village of Roehampton contained the great house of Christian, Countess of Devonshire, a zealous Royalist and probably a friend of the Peytons.]

LETTER 46

Back at Chicksands. Looking ill. Asks T. to send back her picture.

[*Saturday 26 November 1653.*]

had you the bitt of paper I sent you from S[t] Albon's?[1] twas a strang one I beleeve as my humor was when I writt it; Well heer I am,[2] God know's for how long or short a time, nor shall I bee able to guesse till all our Company that we expect is come,[3] then, as I finde theire humors I shall resolve. Why did not you tell mee how ill I looked?

all People heer will not beleeve but I have bin desperatly sick. I doe not finde that I am ill though but I have lost a Collop[4] that 's Certaine, and now I am come to my owne glasse I finde I have not brought downe the same face I carryed up,[5] but tis noe matter, tis well enough for this place. I shall hear from you a Thursday, and next week I shall bee able to say much more then I can this, both because I shall have more time, and besyd's I shall know more. You will send the Picture[6] and forgett not that you must walke noe more in the Cloisters,[7] noe, in Earnest tis not good for you and you must bee ruled by mee in that point, besyd's if wee doe not take care of our selv's I finde nobody else will; I would not live though, if I had not some hope left that a litle time may breed great Alterations, and that tis posible wee may see an End of our misfortunes; when that hope leav's us, then tis time to dye, and if I know my self I should need noe more to kill mee; let your letter bee as much too long as this is too short, I shall finde by that how I must write. I doe not think this is sence nor have I time to look it over. I am yours

LETTER 47

[*A letter missing?*] *The only end of their misfortunes to submit to what they cannot avoid and keep a friendship without passion. She has had no letter from him this week, only a note to Jane. Lady Anne Blunt's marriage. Has he sent the last part of* Cyrus *to Mr. Hollingsworth?*

S[r] [*Thurs.-Sat. 8–10 Dec. 1653.*]

haveing tyr'd my selfe with thinking, I mean to weary you with reading, and revenge my selfe that way for all the unquiet thoughts you have given mee[1]; but I intended this a sober letter, and therfor (sans Raillerie) let mee tell you; I have seriously considerd all our misfortunes, and can see noe End of them but by submitting to that which wee cannot avoyde and by yeelding to it, break the force of a blowe which if resisted brings a certain Ruine; I think I need not tell you how dear you have bin to mee nor that in your kindenesse I placed all the sattisfaction of my life, 'twas the onely happinesse I proposed to my selfe, and had sett my heart soe much upon it, that it was therfore made

my punishment, to let mee see that how innocent soever I thought my affection, it was guilty, in being greater then is allowable for things of this world; 'Tis not a melancholy humor gives mee these aprehensions and inclinations, nor the perswasions of Others, tis the result of a longe Strife with my selfe, before my Reason could overcome my passion, or bring mee to a perfect Resignation to whatsoever is alotted for mee; Tis now don I hope, and I have nothing left, but to perswade you to that w^ch^ I assure my self your owne Judgment will aprove in the End and your reason has often prevailed with you to offer; that w^ch^ you would have don then out of kindenesse to mee, and point of honnor,[2] I would have you doe now out of wisdome and kindenesse to your self, not that I would disclaime my part in it, or lessen my Obligation to you, noe, I am your friend as much as ever I was in my life, (I think more), and am sure I shall never bee lesse; I have knowne you long enough to discerne that you have all the quality's that make an excelent friend, and I shall indeavour to deserve that you may bee soe to mee; but I would have you doe this upon the justest grownd's and such as may conduce most to your quiett and future sattisfaction; When wee have tryed all wayes to happinesse, there is noe such thing to bee found, but in a minde conformed to on's condition whatsoever it bee, and in not aymeing at any things that is either imposible, or improbable; all the rest is but Vanity and Vexation of Spirritt,[3] and I durst pronounce it soe from that litle knowledge I have had of the world though I had not Scripture for my warrant. The Shepheard that bragged to the Travelour whoe asked him what weather it was like to bee, that it should bee what weather pleased him,[4] and made it good by sayeing it should bee what weather pleased God and what pleased God should please him; sayed an Excelent thing in rude Language, and knew enough to make him the happiest person in the worlde if hee made a right use on't. There can bee noe pleasure in a struggling life, and that ffolly w^ch^ wee condemne in an Ambitious man, that's ever labouring for that w^ch^ is hardly gott and more uncertainly kept, is seen in all according to

theire severall humors; in some tis Coveteousnesse in others Pride, in some a Stubbornesse of Nature that chooses to goe alway's against y^e^ Tide, and in others, an unfortunate ffancy to things that are in themselv's innocent, till wee make them otherwise by desyreing them too much; Of this sort I think you and I are, Wee have lived hitherto upon hopes soe Aïrye that I have often wonderd how they could support the weight of our misfortunes; but passion gives a Strengh [*sic*] above Nature, wee see it in mad People, (and not to fflatter our selves) ours is but a refined degree of madnesse; what can it bee else, to be lost to all things in the world but that single Object that takes up on's ffancy, to loose all the quiet and repose of on's life in hunting after it, when there is soe litle likelyhood of ever gaineing it, and soe many, more probable, accidents, that will inffallibly[5] make us misse of it; And (which is more then all) tis being Masterd by that, which Reason & Religion teaches us to governe, and in that onely gives us a preheminence above Beasts; This soberly considerd is Enough to let us see our Errour, and consequently to perswade us to redeeme it; To another Person I should Justifie my selfe that tis not a lightnesse in my Nature, nor any interest that is not Common to us both, that has wrought this Change in mee; To you that knowe my heart and from whome I shall never hide it; to whome a thousande Testimony's of my Kindenesse can wittnesse the reality of it, and whose ffriendship is not built upon common grownd's; I have noe more to say, but that I impose not my opinions upon you and that I had rather you tooke them up, as your owne Choice, then upon my intreaty's; but if as wee have not differd in anything else wee could agree in this too, and resolve upon a friendship that will bee much the Perfecter for haveing nothing of passion in it, how happy might wee bee; without soe much as a fear of y^e^ Change that any accident could bring, wee might deffye all that fortune could doe, and putting of all disguise & constraint, (with that which onely made it necessary) make our lives as Easy to us as the condition of this worlde will permitt. I may owne You as a Person that

I Extreamly Value and Esteem and for whome I have a particuler friendship, and you may consider mee as one that will alway's bee Your ffaithfull

This was writt when I expected a letter from you,[6] how cam I to misse it? I thought at first it might bee the Carriers fault in changeing his Inne, without giveing notice, but hee assur's mee hee did to Nan.[7] My Brothers groome cam downe to day too and saw her hee tells mee, but brings mee nothing from her; if nothing of ill bee the cause I am contented.

You heare the noise my Lady Anne Blunt has made with her marryeng,[8] I am soe weary with meeting it in all places where I goe, from what is shee ffallen! they talked but the week before that shee should have my Lord of Strafford.[9] did you not intende to write to mee when you wr[itt][10] to Jane? that bit of paper did mee great service, without it I should have had strange aprehensions, all my sad dreams and the severall frights I have waked in would have run soe in my head that I should have concluded somthing of very ill from your Silence.

Poore Jane is sick but she will write she say's if she can.

did you send the last part of Cyrus to M[r] Hollingsworth?[11]

LETTER 48

H. O. went to London the day after T.'s letter should have arrived [*he went 9 Dec.*]. *She refuses to return to a thoughtless passion such as has made Lady A. Blount the talk of the town. Mrs. Franklin may say fine things* [*may praise a romantic marriage*] *now that she is well provided for. T. has asked what her plans are. She has none. He wishes to see her. It must be for the last time. He will get over his loss. Let him at least defer troubling her till after Christmas.*

S[r] [*Friday 16 Dec. 1653.*]

I am extreamly sorry that your letter miscaryed but I am confident my B: has it not;[1] as cunning as hee is, hee could not hide it soe from mee, but that I should discover it some way or other; noe hee was heer, and both his men, when this letter should have come, and not one of them

stird out that day, indeed the next they went all to London; The note you writt to Jane[2] cam in one of Nans[3] by Collins but nothing else; it[4] must bee lost by the Porter that was sent with it, and twas very unhappy that there should bee any thing in it of more concequence then ordinary, it may bee numbred amongst the rest of our misfortun's, All which an inconsiderat passion[5] has occasioned.

You must pardon mee I cannot bee reconciled to it; 't has bin the ruine of us both; Tis true that nobody must imagin to themselv's, ever to bee absolute Masters ont, but there is great difference betwixt that and yeelding to it, between striveing with it, and soothing it up till it grow's too strong for one; Can I remember how ignorantly and innocently I sufferd it to steall upon mee by degrees; how under a maske of friendship I cousen'd my self into that, which had it apeard to mee at first in its true shape, I had fear'd and shunn'd; Can I discerne that it has made the trouble of your life, and cast a cloude upon mine that will help to cover mee in my grave; can I know that it wrought soe upon us both as to make neither of us friends to one another, but agree in running wildely to our owne distructions and that perhaps of some more innocent persons[6] whoe might live to curse our ffolly that gave them soe misserable a beeing? Ah if you love Your self or mee, you must confesse that I have reason to condemne this sencelesse passion, that wheresoere it com's distroy's all that Entertaine it,[7] nothing of Judgment or discretion can live with it, and putts every thing else out of Order, before it can finde a place for its self. What has it not brought my Poore Lady Anne Blunt[8] to, she is the talk of all the footmen and Boy's in the street, and will bee company for them shortly, who yet is soe blinded by her passion as not at all to perceave the missery shee has brought her self to, and this fond love of hers, has soe rooted all sence of Nature out of her heart, that they say shee is noe more moved then a Statue, with the affliction of a Father and Mother that doated on her, and had placed the comfort of theire lives in her preferment[9]; with all this, is it not manifest to the

whole world that Mr Blunt could not consider any thing in this action but his owne interest, and that hee makes her a very ill retourn for all her kindenesse? if hee had loved her truly, hee would have dyed rather then have bin the occasion of this misfortune to her.

My Cousin Fr:[10] (as you observe very well) may say fine things now she is warme in Moore Park, but she is very much Alterd in her opinions since her marriage, if these bee her owne; She left a gentleman that I could name whome she had much more of kindenesse for, then ever she had for Mr Fr: because his Estate was lesse, and upon the discovery of some letters that her Mother intercepted, sufferd her self to bee perswaded that 23 hundred pound a year, was better then twelve though with a person she loved, and has recoverd it soe well that you see shee confesses there is nothing in her condition she desyr's to Alter, at ye Charge of a wish; shee's happyer by much then I shall ever bee, but I doe not envy her, may she long injoy it, and I, an early, and a quiet grave, free from the trouble of this buissy world, where all with passion persue theire owne interests at theire Neighbours Charges, where nobody is pleased but sombody complain's ont, and where tis imposible to bee without giveing and receiveing injury's.

you would know what I would bee at,[11] and how I intend to dispose of my self; alasse were I in my owne disposall you should come to my Grave to bee resolved, but Greif alone will not kill. All that I can say then is, that I resolve on nothing but to Arme my self with patience, to resist nothing that is layd upon mee, not struggle for what I have noe hope to gett. I have noe End's nor noe designes nor will my heart ever bee capable of any; but like a Country wasted by a Civill warr, where two opposeing Party's have disputed theire right soe long till they have made it worth neither of theire conquest's, tis Ruin'd and desolated by the long striffe within it to that degree as twill bee usefull to none, noebody that know's the condition tis in will think it worth the gaineing, and I shall not cousen any body with it; noe Realy if I may bee permitted to desyre any thing it shall bee only, that I may injure

nobody but my self, I can bear any thing that reflect's only upon mee, or if I cannot, I can dye, but I would faine dye innocent that I might hope to bee happy in the next world though never in This.

I take it a litle ill that you should conjure mee by any thing, with a beleife that 'tis more powerfull with mee then your kindenesse. noe, assure your self what that alone cannot gaine, will bee denyed to all the world; You would see mee you say, You may doe soe if you please though I know not to what end, you deceive your self if you think it would prevaile upon mee to Alter my intentions; besides I can make noe contrivances, it must bee heer,[12] and I must indure the noise it will make and undergoe the Censors[13] of a People that Choose ever to give y^e^ worst interpretation that any thing will bear. Yet if it can bee any Ease to you to make mee more misserable then I am, never spare mee, consider your self only and not mee at all, tis noe more then I deserve for not accepting what you offer'd mee[14] whilest twas in your Power to make it good, as you say it then was; You were prepared it seem's, but I was surprized I confesse it, 'twas a kinde fault though, and you may pardon it with more reason; then I have to forgive it my self. and let mee tell you this too, as lost and as wretched as I am, I have still some sence of my reputation left in mee, I finde that to my last I shall attempt to preserve it as Cleer as I can, and to doe that I must if you see mee thus, make it the last of our interviews. what can Excuse mee if I should Entertaine any Person that is knowne to pretend to mee, when I can have noe hope of ever Marryeng him? and what hope can I have of that when the fortune that can only make it posible to mee, depends upon a thousand accidents and contingencys, the uncertainty of the place tis in, and the Government it may fall under, Your fathers life, or his successe, his disposeall of himself and then of his fortune, besyd's the time that must necessarily bee requir'd to produce all this, and the changes, that, may proba[bly][15] bring with it w^ch^ tis imposible for us to forsee? all this considerd what have I to say for my self when People shall aske what tis I Expect,

can there bee any thing Vainer then such a hope, upon such grownds? You must needs see the ffolly on't your self, and therfore Examine your owne heart what tis fitt for mee to doe, and what you can doe for a Person you Love, and that deserv's your compassion if Nothing Else, A Person that will alway's have an inviolable friendship for you, a freindship that shall take up all the roome my Passion held in my heart and govern there as Master till Death come to take[16] possession and turn it out. Why should you make an imposibility where there is none? A thousand accidents might have taken mee from you, and you must have borne it, why should not your owne resolution work as much upon you, as necessity and time do's infalibly upon all People? Your Father would take it very ill I believe if you should pretende to love mee better, then hee did my Lady, yett shee is dead, and hee liv's and perhaps may doe to love again; there is a Gentlewoman in this Country that loved soe pasionatly for sixe or seven years, that her freinds who kept her from marryeng, fearing her death consented to it, and within halfe a year her husband dyed, which afflicted her soe strangly nobody thought she would have lived, she saw noe light but candles in three year nor cam abroad in five, and now that tis some nine years past she is passionatly taken again wth another and how long she has bin soe nobody knows but her self.

This is to let you see tis not imposible what I aske, nor unreasonable, think ont and Attempt it at least but doe it sincerely and doe not help your passion to master you. As you have ever loved mee doe this; The Carrier shall bring you[r] letters to Suffolk house to Jones.[17] I shall long to hear from you, but if you should deny mee the only hope thats left mee, I must beg you will deffer it till Christmasse day[18] bee past, for to deale freely wth you I have some devotions to performe then w^{ch} must not bee disturbed with any thing, and nothing is like to doe it soe much as soe sencible an Affliction. Adieu.

LETTER 49

He has called her false and inconstant and wished her a prince for husband. His lost letter. It is her misfortune to make him miserable. She would know her faults. She has nothing more to do in the world than to look forward to leaving it.

S^r^ [*Saturday 24 Dec. 1653.*]

Tis most true what you say that few have what they merritt; if it were Otherwise you would bee happy I think; but then I should bee soe too, and that must not bee, a falce and an inconstant person,[1] cannot merrit it I am sure. You are kinde in your good wishes but I aime at noe friends, nor noe Princes,[2] the honour would bee lost upon mee; I should become a Crowne soe ill there would bee noe Striveing for it after mee; and sure I should not weare it longe; Your letter was a much greater losse to mee then that of H: C: and therfor tis that with all my care and dilligence I cannot inquire it out; You will not complaine I beleeve of the shortnesse of my last, whatsoever else you dislike in it;[3] and if I spare you at any time tis because I cannot but imagin, since I am soe wearisom to my self,[4] that I must needs bee soe to Every body else, though at present I have other occasions that will not permitt this to bee a longe one; I am sorry it should bee only in my Power to make a friend misserable, and that where I have soe great kindenesse I should doe soe great injurie,[5] but tis my fortune and I must bear it, twill bee none to you I hope to pray for you, nor to desire that you would (all passion laide aside) freely tell mee my faults that I may at least aske your forgivnesse where tis not in my power to make you better sattisfaction; I would faine make Even with all the worlde, and bee out of danger of dyeng in any body's debt, then, I have nothing more to doe in it but to Expect when I shall bee soe happy as to leave it, and alway's to remember that my misfortune makes all my fault towards you, and that my faults to god made[6] all my misfortunes. Your unhappy

LETTER 50

No, she has no more to do in the world than to weary of it. She can pity the misfortunes she has caused but she cannot love him. She feels no concern for her nearest relations. She forgives his thoughts of her and wishes him better fortune. No news of the lost letter.

Sr [*Saturday 31 Dec. 1653.*]

I can say litle more then I did, I am convinced of the Vilenesse of the worlde and all that 's in't and that I deceived my self Extreamly when I Expected any thing of comfort from it; noe I have noe more to doe in it but to grow every day more and more weary of it, if it bee posible that I have not yet reached the highest degree of hatred for it; but I thank god I hate nothing else but ye bare world and the Vices that make a part of it, I am in perfect Charrity with my Enemy's and have compassion for all peoples misfortunes as well as for my owne, Espetialy for those I may have caused, and I may truly say I bear my share of such, but as nothing Obliges mee to releive a person that is in Extream want till I change conditions with him[1] and come to bee where hee began, and that I may bee thought compassionat enough if I doe all that I can without prejudicing my self too much, soe let mee tell you that if I could help it I would not love you, and that as long as I live I shall strive against it, as against that wch has bin my Ruine, and was certainly sent mee as a punishment for my Sinn's; but I shall alway's have a sence of your misfortun's Equall, if not above my owne, I shall pray that you may Obtain a quiett, I never hope for but in my grave,[2] and I shall never Change my condition but with my life. Yet let not this give you a hope, nothing can ever perswade mee to enter the worlde againe, I shall in a short time have disingaged my self of all my litle affaires in it and settled my self in a condition to aprehend[3] nothing but too long a life, therfore I wish you would forgett mee, and to induce you to it let mee tell you freely that I deserve you should. if I remember any body tis against my will, I am possessed with that strange insencibillity that my neerest relations have noe tye upon mee,[4] and I finde my self noe more concerned in those that I have hertofore had great tendernesse

of affection for then in my kindred that[5] dyed long before I was borne. Leave mee to this, and seek a better fortune, I beg it of you as heartily as I forgive you all those strange thoughts you have had of mee,[6] think mee soe still if that will doe any thing towards it, for god sake doe, take any course that may make you happy or if that cannot bee, lesse unfortunate at least then

Your friend and humble Servant
D Osborne[7]

I can hear nothing of that letter[8] but I hear from all people that I know part of my unhappy Story[9] and from some that I doe not know. A Lady whose face I never saw sent it mee as news she had out of Ireland.

LETTER 51

Bids him preserve himself from the violences of his passion and vent it on her, though she was never false. She desires his pardon.

[*Saturday 7 Jan. 1653/4.*]

if you have Ever Loved mee doe not refuse the Last request I shall Ever make you, tis to preserve your self from the Violences of your passion.[1] Vent it all upon mee, call mee and think mee what you please, make mee if it bee posible more wretched then I am, i'le beare it all without the Least murmure, nay I deserve it all, for had you never seen mee You had certainly bin happy, tis my misfortunes only that have that infectious quality to strike at the same time mee, and all thats d[ear][2] to mee. I am the most unfortunate woman breathing but I was never falce,[3] noe I call heaven to wittnesse that if my life could sattisfye for the least injury my fortune has don you, (I cannot say twas I that did them you), I would Lay it downe with greater Joy then Any person Ever received a Crowne, and if I ever forgett what I owe you, or Ever Entertaine a thought of kindenesse for any person in the world besydes, may I live a long and misserable life, tis the greatest Curse I can invente, if there bee a greater may I feel it; this is all I can say. tell mee if it bee posible I can doe any thing for You

and tell mee how I may deserve your pardon for all the trouble I have given you, I would not dye without it.

Addressed For Mr Temple

LETTER 52

She has already written by his boy. She would give her reputation for his ease but cannot give him hopes. She dare not indulge her passion. Why does he yield to his so unreasonably? She forgives him, her anger is past, but she trembles at the desperate things he says in his letter. They must submit to God's decree. Mr. Dr.'s story.

Sr [*Saturday 7 Jan. 1653/4.*]

That which I writt by your Boy was in soe much hast and distraction, as I cannot bee sattisfyed with it nor beleeve it has Expressed my thoughts as I meant them.[1] Noe, I finde it is not Easily don at more Leasure and I am yet to seek what to say that is not too litle nor too much. I would faine let you see that I am Extreamly sencible of your affliction, that I would Lay downe my life to redeem you from it, but that 's a mean Expretion, my life is of soe litle Valew that I will not mention it. noe let it bee rather, what, in Earnest, if I can tell any thing I have left that is considerable enough to Expose for it, it must bee, that small reputation I have amongst my friends. that 's all my wealth and that I could part with to restore you to that quiet you lived in when I first knew you. but on the Other-side I would not give you hopes of that I cannot doe; If I loved you lesse I would allow you to bee the same person to mee and I would bee the same to you as hertofore, but to deal freely with you, that were to betray my self and I finde that my passion would quickly bee my Master again if I gave it any liberty; I am not secure that it would not make mee doe the most Extravagant things in the worlde, and I shall bee forced to keep a continuall warr alive with it, as long as there are any remainders of it left, I think I might as well have sayed as long as I lived; Why should you give your self over soe unreasonably to it? good God, noe woman breathing can deserve halfe the trouble you give Your Self; If I were Yours from this

minute I could not recompence what you have sufferd from the Violence of your passion though I were all that you can imagin mee, when god know's I am an inconsiderable person born to a thousand misfortun's which have taken away all sence of any thing else from mee and left mee a walking missery[2] only.

I doe from my soule forgive you all the Injury's your passion has don mee, though let mee tell you I was much more at my Ease whilest I was angry,[3] Scorne and dispite would have cured mee in some reasonable time which I dispaire of now. however I am not displeased with it and if it may bee of any advantage to you, I shall not consider my self in it; but let mee beg then that you will leave of those dismall thoughts, I tremble at the desperate things you say[4] in your letter. for the Love of God consider Seriously with your selfe what can Enter into comparison with the Safety of your soule, are a thousand Women or ten thousand world's worth it? noe you cannot have so litle reason left as you prettende; nor soe litle religion. for god sake let us not necglect what can only make us happy for a triffle. iff God had seen it fitt to have sattisfyed our desir's wee should have had them, and Every thing would not have conspired thus to crosse them; since hee has decreed it otherwise (at least as farr as wee are able to Judge by Event's) wee must submitt and not by striveing make an innocent passion a sinne and show a Childeish Stubbornesse. I could say a thousande things more to this purpose if I were not in hast to send this away that it may come to you at least as soone as the Other.[5]

Adieu

I cannot imagin whoe this should bee y^t^ M^r^ Dr:[6] meant and am inclined to beleive twas a Storry made to disturbe you though perhaps not by him.

Addressed For M^r^ T.

LETTER 53

Seeing that it is impossible to cure him, she confesses that she had never had any hope of wearing out her passion, except when he had made her angry. He has still his old place in her heart, and she will marry him if fortune allows. She has no fear of want but will not be scorned. No reason he should not read her other letter (sent with this?) Has he forgotten the books for Lady D.?

Sr [*Sunday 8 Jan. 1653/4.*]

Tis never my humor to doe injury's, nor was this[1] meant as any to you. noe in Earnest if I could have perswaded you to have quitted a passion that injures you I had don an act of real friendship and you might have lived to thank mee for it, but since it cannot bee I will Attempt it noe more;[2] I have Layed before you the inconveniencys it brings alonge, how certain the trouble is, and how uncertain the rewarde, how many accidents may hinder us from ever being happy and how few there are, (and those soe unlikely) to make up our desyr's; All this makes noe impression in you, You are still resolved to ffollow your blinde Guide, and I to pitty where I cannot helpe; It will not bee amisse though to let you see that what I did was meerly in consideration of your interest and not at all of my owne that you may Judge of mee accordingly, and to doe that I must tell you that unlesse it were affter the receite of those letters that made mee Angry,[3] I never had the least hope of wearing out my passion, nor to say truth much desyre, for to what purpose should I have strived[4] against it? twas innocent enough in mee that resolved never to marry, and would have kept mee company in this solitary place[5] as longe as I lived, without being a trouble to my self or any body else. nay in Earnest if I could have hoped that you would bee soe much your owne friend as to seek out a happinesse in some other person, nothing under heaven could have sattisfyed mee like Entertaining my self with the thought of haveing don you service in diverting you from a troublesome persuite of what is soe uncertain; and by that, giveing you the occasion of a better fortune; Otherwise whither you loved mee still or whither you did not, was equally the same to mee, your interest

sett aside. I will not reproach you how ill an interpretation you made of this because wee'l have noe more quarrell's, on y^e^ contreary because I see tis in Vaine to think of cureing you, i'le studdy only to give you what Ease I can, and leave the rest to better Phisitians, to Time, and Fortune.

Heer then I declare that you have still the same power in my heart that I gave you at our last parteing;[6] that I will never marry any Other, and that iff ever our fortun's will allow us to marry you shall dispose mee as you please, but this, to deal freely with you, I doe not hope for. noe, tis too great a happinesse, and I that know my self best must acknoledge I deserve crosses and affliction but can never merritt such a blessing. You know tis not a fear of want that frights mee, I thank god I never distrusted his providence nor I hope never shall, and without attributeing any thing to my self I may Acknoledge hee has given mee a minde that can bee sattisfyed within as narrow a compasse as that of any person liveing of my rank; but I confesse that I have an humor will not suffer mee to Expose my self to Peoples Scorne,[7] the name of Love is growne soe contemptible by the ffolly of such as have falcely prettended to it, and soe many Giddy People have marryed upon that score and repented soe shamefully afterwards, that nobody can doe any thing that tends towards it without being esteem'd a rediculous person. now as my Young Lady Holland[8] say's, I never prettended to witt in my life, but I cannot bee sattisfyed that the worlde should think mee a foole; soe that all I can doe for you will bee to preserve a constant kindenesse for you w^ch^ nothing shall ever Alter or diminish. ile never give you any more Alarm's by goeing about to perswade you against that you have for mee, but from this hower we'l[9] live quietly, noe more fear's, noe more Jelousy's. the wealth of the whole world by the grace of God shall not Tempt mee to break my worde w^th^[10] you, nor the importunity of all the friends I have; keep this as a testimony against mee if ever I doe and make mee a reproach to them by it. therfore bee secure; and rest sattisfyed with what I can doe for you; You should come hither but that I expect my Brother every day,[11] not

but that hee designed a longer stay when hee went, but since hee keep's his horses with him tis an infalible Token that hee is comeing. wee cannot misse ffitter times[12] then this twenty in a year and I shall bee as redy to give you notice of such, as you can bee to desyre it, only You would doe mee a great pleasure if you could forbear writeing unlesse it were somtimes on great occasions. this is a strange request for mee to make that have bin fonder of your letters then my Lady Protector is of her new honnour[13] and in Earnest could bee soe still, but there are a thousand inconveniencys int that I could tell you, tell mee what you can doe. in the mean time think of some imployment for your self this summer,[14] whoe know's what a yeare may produce? if nothing, wee are but where wee were and nothing can hinder us from being at least perfect friends.

Adieu

ther 's nothing soe Terrible in my other letter[15] but you may venture to read it; have not you forgott my Lady's Book? [16]

LETTER 54

Temple has just left Chicksands and they are reunited. She has told a lie about it to H. O. T. about to go to Ireland. Mr. Dr.'s story. She asks for a pair of tweezes and a ring. Lady Ruthen's intended marriage. Does T. remember the little house at Herm?

[*Friday–Sunday 13–15 Jan. 1653/4.*]

Tis but an howr since you went,[1] and I am writeing to you already, is not this kinde? how doe you after your Journy? are you not weary? doe you not repent that you tooke it, to soe litle purpos? Well god forgive mee and you too, you made mee tell a great lye, I was faine to say You came only to take your leave before you went abroade[2] and all this nott only to keep quiett[3] but to keep him from playeing the mad man, for when hee has the least suspition hee carry's it soe strangly that all the worlde takes notice on't and often Guesse at the reason or else hee tel's it. now doe but you Judge whither, if by mischance hee should discover the truth, whither hee would not raile most Sweetly

at mee, (and with some reason) for abuseing[4] him. Yet you helped to doe it, a sadnesse that hee discoverd at your goeing away inclined him to beleeve You were ill sattisfyed, and made him Creditt what I sayed; hee is kinde now in Extremity and I would bee glad to keep him soe till a discovery is absolutly necessary. Your goeing abroade will confirme him much in his beleife, and I shall have nothing to Torment mee in this place but my owne doubts and fear's; heer I shall finde all the repose I am capable of, and nothing will disturbe my Prayers and wishes for your happinesse w^ch^ only can make mine. Your Journy cannot bee to your disadvantage neither, you must needs bee pleased to Visett a place you are soe much concern'd in,[5] and to bee a wittnesse your selfe of the probabillity of your hopes though I will beleive you need noe other inducement to this Voyage then my desyreing it. I know you Love mee, and you have noe reason to doubt my kindenesse. Let us both have patience to wayte what time and fortune[6] will doe for us, they cannot hinder our being perfect friends.

Lord, there were a thousand things I rememberd after you were gon that I should have sayed, and now I am to write, not one of them will come into my head, Sure as I live it is not setled yet. good god, the fear's and surprizes, the crosses and disorders of that day,[7] twas confused enough to bee a dream and I am apt to think somtimes it was noe more. but noe I saw you, when I shall doe it againe god only know's; can there bee a more Romance Story[8] then ours would make if the conclusion should prove happy? Ah I dare not hope it, somthing that I cannot discribe draw's a cloude over all the light my fancy discovers somtimes; and leav's mee soe in the darke with all my fear's about mee that I tremble to think on't. but noe more of this sad talke, whoe was that M^r^ Dr: tolde you I should marry?[9] I cannot imagin for my life. tell mee or I shall think you made it to Excuse your self. did not you say once you knew where good french tweeses[10] were to bee had? pray Send mee a payer, they shall Cutt noe Love.[11] before you goe I must have a ring from you[12] too, a plaine

Golde one; if I ever marry it shall bee my wedding ring or when I dye, i'le give it you againe.

What a dismall Story this is you sent mee, but whoe could Expect better from a Love begun upon such grownde̅s? I cannot pitty neither of them, they were both soe Guilty, yes they are the more to bee pittyed for that.

heer is a note comes to mee Just now, will you doe this service for a faire Lady[13] that is my friend? have not I taught her well? shee writes better then her Mistresse.[14] how merry and pleased she is with her marryeng because there is a plentifull fortune, Otherwise she would not valew the man at all, this is the worlde. would you and I were out on't, for sure wee were not made to live in it; doe you remember Arme and the litle house there?[15] shall wee goe thither? that 's next to being out of the worlde. there wee might live like Baucis and Philemon,[16] grow old together in our litle Cottage and for our Charrity to some shipwrakt stranger obtaine the blessing of dyeing both at the same time. how idly[17] I talk! tis because the Storry pleases mee, none in Ovide soe much. I remember I cryed when I read it, mee thought they were the perfectest Charracters of a con[ten]ted[18] marriage where Piety and Love were all there wealth and in theire poverty feasted the Gods where rich men shutt them out. I am called away. farwell Your faithfull

LETTER 55

She has a new admirer [James Beverley]. Has received tweezes and essences. Let him remember the ring. He had better start for Ireland as soon as possible. His father and fortune must do the rest. Her difficulty in withstanding H. O.'s appeals. T. has accused her of vanity in caring for the world's talk. She has no desire for the world's praise. Mr. Yelverton and Lady Ruthen.

[*Saturday 21 Jan. 1653/4.*]

of what she saw[1] till hee[2] was gon but then I had it in full measure. Tis pitty I cannot show you what his witt could doe upon soe ill a subject; but my Lady Ru:[3] keeps them to abuse mee withall,[4] & has putt a tune to them that I may hear them all manner of way's, and yet I doe prottest

I remember nothing more of them but this lame peece;

A stately[5] and majestick brow
Of force to make Prottectours[6] bow.

Indeed if I have any stately looks I think hee has seen them, but yet it seem's they could not keep him from playeing the foole. My Lady Grey tolde mee that one day talkeing of mee to her, (as hee would finde way's to bring in that discourse by the head & shoulders whatsoever any body else could interpose), hee sayed hee wonderd I did not marry; she, (that understood him well enough but would not seem to doe soe) sayed she knew not, unlesse it were that I liked my present condition soe well that I did not care to change it, which she was apt to beleeve because to her knoledge I had refused very good fortunes, and named some, soe farr beyond his reach, that she thought she had dashed all his hopes; but hee confident still, sayed twas perhaps that I had noe fancy to theire Person's (as if his owne were soe takeing), that I was to bee looked upon as one that had it in my power to please my self, and that perhaps in a person I liked would bate somthing of fortune. to this my Lady answerd again for mee, that twas not imposible but I might doe soe, but in that pointe she thought mee nice and curious[7] enough; and still to dishearten him the more, she tooke occasion (upon his nameing some gentlemen of the Country that had bin talked of hertofore as my servant's and are since disposed off,) to say (very plainly) that twas true they had some of them prettended, but there was an End of my Bedfordshyre Servants, she was sure there were noe more that could bee admitted into the Number ; After all this (w^ch^ would have sattisfied an ordinary young man) did I this last thursday receive a Letter from him by Collins, w^ch^ hee sent first to London, that it might come from thence to mee; I threw it into the fyre, and, doe you but keep my councell, noe body shall ever know that I had it, and my Gentleman shall bee kept at such a distance as I hope to heare noe more of him; yett i'le sweare of late I have used him soe neer to Rudely that there is litle left for mee to doe.

fye, what a deal of paper have I spent ypon this idle ffellow, if I had thought his storry would have proved soe long you should have missed on't and the Losse would not have bin great. I have not thanked you yet for my tweeses and essences, they are both very good, I kept one of the litle glasses my self; remember my ring[8] and in retourne if I goe to London whilest you are in Ireland[9] i'le have my Picture taken in litle[10] and send it you. the sooner you dispatch away will bee the better I think, since I have noe hopes of seeing you before you goe; there lyes all your buisnesse, your father & fortune must doe the rest, I cannot bee more yours then I am; You are mistaken if you think I stand in Awe of my B:[11], noe, I feare nobody's Anger, I am proofe against all Violence, but when People haunte[12] mee with reasonings and Entreaty's, when they looke sadly[13] and prettende kindenesse, when they begg upon that score, tis a strange paine to mee to deny; when hee raunt's and renounces mee I can dispise him, but when hee askes my pardon w^th^ tear's, pleades to mee the long and constant friendship between us and call's heaven to wittnesse that nothing upon earth is dear to him in comparison of mee, then I confesse I feel a strange unquietnesse within mee, and I would doe any thing to avoyde his importunity. nothing is soe great a Violence to mee, as that which moves my compassion, I can resist with Ease any sort of People but beggers; if this bee a fault in mee, tis at least a well natured one, and therfore I hope you will forgive it mee; You that can forgive mee any thing you say, and bee displeased with nothing whilest I love you, may I never bee pleased with any thing when I doe not. Yet I could beat you for writeing this last strange letter, was there ever any thing sayed like, if I had not a Vanity[14] that the worlde shoulde admire mee, I would not care what they talked of mee? in Earnest, I beleeve there is nobody displeased that People speak well of them and reputation is esteem'd by all of much greater Valew then life it selfe. Yet let mee tell you soberly, that w^th^ all my Vanity I could bee very well contented, upon condition noe body should blame mee or any action of mine, to quitt all my part of the praises and admira-

tion of the worlde; and if I might bee allowed to choose my happinesse, part of it should consist in concealment, there should not above two persons in the worlde know that there were such a one in it as Your faithfull

Stay, I have not done yet, heers another side good still, heer then i'le tell you that I am not angry for all this. noe, I allow it to your ill humor, and that to the Crosses that have bin Common to us. but now that is clear'd up I shall Expect you should say finer things to mee.[15] Yet take heed of being like my Neighbours Servant,[16] hee is soe transported to finde noe rubb's in his way that hee knows not whither hee stands upon his head or his feet; tis the most troublesome, buisy, talkeing litle thing that ever was borne, his Tongue goes like the Clack of a Mill but to much lesse purpos, though if twere all Oracle my head would ake to heare that perpetuall noise. I admire at her Patience, and her resolution that can laugh at all his ffooleries and love his fortune; You would wonder to see how tyred she is with his impertinences,[17] and yet how pleased she is to think she shall have a great Estate with him; but this is the world and shee makes a part of it betimes, two or three great glistering Jewells has bribed her to wink at all his faults and she hears him as unmoved and unconcern'd as if another were to marry him. What think you? have I not don faire for once? would you wish a longer letter? see how kinde I grow at parting,[18] whoe would not goe into Ireland to have such another?

In Earnest now, goe as soone as you can, twill bee the better, I think, whoe am Your faithfull friend

LETTER 56

T. has again reproached her for caring for the world's opinion. She defines her position. T. has called Beverley a whelp and told a college story of him. She cannot go to town at present. T. is unwilling to press his father to provide for them. The world must know however what T.'s means are. Perhaps her love-story has made her peevish. Sends a ring as a pattern. Would like Nan to send her a lock of his hair. Her fears for his journey.

[*Saturday 28 Jan. 1653/4.*]

Whoe would bee kinde to one that reproaches one soe

cruelly? doe you think in Earnest I could bee sattisfyed the world should think mee[1] a dissembler, full of Avarice, or Ambition? noe you are mistaken. but i'le tell you what I could suffer; that they should say I marryed where I had noe inclination, because my friends thought it fitt rather then that I had run willfully to my owne Ruine in persuit of a fond passion of my owne; To marry for Love were noe reproachfull thing if wee did not see that of ten thousand couples that doe it, hardly one can be brought for an Example that it may bee done & not repented afterwards; is there any thing thought soe indiscreet, or that makes one more contemptible? tis true that I doe firmly beleeve wee should bee as you say tousjours les mesmes,[2] but if (as you confesse) tis that which hardly happens once in two Ages, wee are not to Expect the worlde should discerne wee were not like the rest.

i'le tell you story's[3] another time, you retourne them soe handsomly upon mee. well the next servant I tell you of shall not bee called a whelp; if twere not to give you a stick to beat my self with, I would confesse that I looked upon the impudence of this ffellow as a punishment upon mee for my over care in avoyding the talk of y^e^ world; Yet the case is very different and noe Woman shall ever bee blamed that an inconsiderable person prettends to her when she gives noe allowance[4] to it, whereas none shall scape that own's a passion though in retourne of a Persons much above her; The litle Taylor that loved Queen Elizabeth[5] was sufferd to talke ont; and none of her Councell thought it nescesary to stop his mouth, but the Queen of Swedens kinde letter to ye King of Scott's[6] was intercepted by her owne Ambassador, beccause hee thought it was not for his Mistresses honnour, (at least that was his prettended reason and thought Justifiable enough). but to come to my Beagle[7] again, I have heard noe more of him though I have seen him since, wee mett at Wrest again;[8] I doe not doubt but I shall bee better able to resist his importunity then his Tutor[9] was; but what doe you think it is that giv's him his incouragement? hee was told that I had thought's of marryeng a Gentleman that had not above two hundred

Pounde ayeer only out of a likeing to his person; and upon that score his vanity allows him to think hee may prettende as farr as another. thus you see tis not altogether without reason that I aprehend[10] the noise of the worlde since tis soe much to my disadvantage.

is it in Earnest that You say your being there keeps mee from the Towne? if soe, tis very unkinde. noe if I had gon it had bin to have wayted on my Neighbour,[11] whoe has now alterd her resolution and goes not her self, I have noe buisnesse there, and am soe litle taken with the place that I could sitt heer seven yeer without soe much as thinking once of goeing to it. Tis not likely as you say that you should much perswade your father[12] to what you doe not desyre hee should doe, but it is harde if all the Testimony's of my kindenesse are not enough to sattisfye without my Publishing to the world that I can forgett my friends and all my interest to ffollow my Passion; though perhaps it will admitt of a good sence, tis that which nobody but you or I will give it, and wee that are concerned int can only say twas an act of great kindenesse and somthing Romance,[13] but must confesse it had nothing of prudence, discretion, nor sober councell in't; Tis not that I Expect by all your Fathers offers to bring my friends to aprove it, I don't deceive my self thus farr, but I would not give them occasion to say that I hid my self from them in the doeing it, nor of makeing my action apear more indiscreet then it is, it will concerne mee that all the worlde should know what fortune you have and upon what term's I marry You that both may not bee made to appeare ten times worse then they are. tis y^e^ Generall Custome of All People to make those that are Rich to have more Mines of Golde then are in the Indias, and such as have small fortun's to bee beggers; if an Action take a litle in the worlde it shall bee magnified and brought into Comparison w^th^ what the Hero's, or Senatours of Rome perform'd, but on the Contreary if it bee once condemned nothing can bee founde ill enough to compare it with, and People are in Paine till they finde out some Extravagant Expression to represent the ffolly on't; only there is this difference that as all are more forcibly in-

clined to ill then good, they are much apter to Exceede in detraction then in praises. have I not reason then to desyre this from you, and may not my ffriendship have deserved it? I know not, tis as you think, but if I bee denyed it, you will teach mee to consider my self. Tis well the side ended heer.[14]

If I had not had occasion to stop there, I might have gon too farr and showed that I have more passions then one. Yet tis fitt you should know all my faults, least you should repent your bargen when twill not bee in your power to release your self; besides I may owne my ill humor to you that cause it, tis the discontents my Crosses in this buisnes has given mee, makes mee thus Peevish. though I say 't my self, before I knew you I was thought as well an humord Younge Person[15] as most in England, Nothing displeased, nothing troubled mee. when I cam out of France[16] nobody knew mee againe, I was soe alterd, from a Cheerful humor that was alway's alike, never over merry but always pleased, I was growne heavy, and sullen, froward and discomposed, and that Country w^ch^ usualy gives People a Jollynesse and Gayete that is naturall to the Climate, had wrought in mee soe contreary effects that I was as new a thing to them as my Cloth's; if you finde all this to bee sad truth[17] hereafter, remember that I gave you faire warning. heer is a ring,[18] it must not bee at all wider then this, w^ch^ is rather to bigge for mee then Otherwise, but that is a good fault and counted Lucky by Superstitious People; I am not soe though. tis indifferent to mee whither there bee any word int[19] or not, only tis as well without, and will make my wearing it the lesse Observed. you must give Nan[20] leave to cutt of a lock of your haire for mee too; O my heart; what a sigh was there,[21] I will not tell you how many this Journy[22] causes nor the fear's and Aprehensi[ons] I have for you, noe, I long to bee rid on you, am afrayde you will not goe soone enough; doe not you beleeve this? Noe, my Dearest, I know you doe not, what Ere you say You cannot doubt but I am

Yours

LETTER 57

T. has given over his reproaches. Defends herself for desiring the world's esteem. No merit of his will excuse a want of fortune: to marry without it would be no kindness to him. H. O. says that T. has no religion. She and H. O. had talked of religion like two hermits in a cell. She will write every week. She has the lock of his hair. He must see that her old letters are in safe hands during his absence. Do not the Franklins suspect them? She would like the engagement kept as secret as possible. Thanks T. for consenting to use his influence with his father. The accomplishment of their hopes would be a happiness too great to expect. But though people complain of the world, none wish to quit it.

[*Saturday 4 Feb. 1653/4.*]

Tis well you have given over your reproches;[1] I can allow you to tell mee of my faults kindly and like a friend; Posibly it is a weaknesse in mee,[2] to ayme at the worlds Esteem as if I could not bee happy without it; but there are certaine things that custom has made Almost of Absolute necessity, and reputation I take to bee one of those; if one could bee invisible I should choose that, but since all people are seen and knowne, and shall bee talked of in spight of theire Teeth's,[3] whoe is it that do's not desyre at least that nothing of ill may bee sayed of them whither Justly, or Otherwise? I never knew any soe sattisfied with theire owne innocence as to bee content the worlde should think them Guilty; some out of pride have seem'd to contemme ill reports when they have founde they could not avoyde them; but none out of strengh of reason though many have prettended to it; noe not my Lady New Castle with all her Philosophy;[4] therfore you must not Expect it from mee; I shall never bee ashamed to owne that I have a particuler Valew for you above any Other, but tis not the greatest merritt of Person will Excuse a want of fortune; in some degree I think it will, at least with the most rationall part of the worlde, and as farr as that will reach I desyre it should; I would not have the worlde beleeve I marryed out of Interest and to please my friends, I had much rather they should know I chose the Person, and took his fortune because twas necessary and that I preffer a competency with one I esteem infinitly before a Vaste Estate in Other hands; Tis much Easier sure to get a good fortune then a

good Husband, but whosoever marry's without any consideration of fortune shall never bee allowed to doe it out of soe reasonable an aprehension;[5] the whole worlde (without any reserve) shall pronounce they did it meerly to sattisfie theire Giddy humor. Besides though you imagin twere a great argument of my Kindenesse to consider nothing but you, In Earnest I beleeve twould bee an injury to you, I doe not see that it putts any Valew upon men, when Women marry them for Love (as they terme it), 'tis not theire merritt but our ffolly that is alway's presumed to cause it, and would it bee any advantage to you to have your wife thought an indiscreet person? All this I can say to you, but when my Brother[6] disputes it with mee I have Other Arguments for him, and I drove him up soe close t'other night that for want of a better gap to gett out at, hee was faine to say that hee feard as much your haveing a fortune as your haveing none, for hee saw you held my Lord L[ds] principles,[7] that Religion or honnour were things you did not consider att all, and that hee was confident you would take any Engagement, serve in any employment or doe any thing to advance yourself. I had noe patience for this, to say you were a begger, Your Father not worth 4000[li] in the whole world, was nothing in comparison of haveing noe Religion nor noe honnour. I forgott all my disguise and wee talked our selves weary, hee renounced mee againe and I defyed him, but both in as Civill Language as it would permitt, and parted in great Anger with the Usuall Ceremony of a Leg and a Courtesy,[8] that you would have dyed w[th] Laughing to have seen us. the next day I not beeing at dinner saw him not till night; then hee cam into my Chamber, where I supped but hee did not. Afterwards M[r] Gibson and hee and I[9] talked of indifferent things till all but wee two went to bed, there hee sate halfe an hower and sayde not one word nor I to him, at Last in a pittifull Tone, Sister say's hee, I have heard you say that when any thing troubles you, of all things you aprehend[10] goeing to bed, because there it increases upon you and you lye at the mercy of all your sad thoughts which y[e] silence and darknesse of y[e] night adds

a horror to; I am at that passe now, I vow to God I would not indure another night like the last to gaine a Crowne. I whoe resolved to take noe notice what ayled him, sayd twas a knoledge I had raised from my Spleen[11] only; and soe fell into a discourse of Melancholy and y^e^ Causes, and from that (I know not how) into Religion, and wee talked soe long of it and soe devoutely that it layed all our anger, wee grew to a calme and peace with all the world; two hermitts conversing in a Cell they Equaly inhabitt, never Expressed more humble Charritable Kindenesse one towards another then wee, hee asked my Pardon and I his, and hee has promised mee never to speak of it to mee whilest hee liv's but leave the Event to God Almighty, and till hee sees it don,[12] hee will bee always the same to mee that hee is; then hee shall leave mee, hee say's, not out of want of Kindenesse to mee, but because hee cannot see the Ruine of a Person that hee lov's soe passionatly and in whose happinesse hee had layed up all his. These are the Term's wee are at, and I am confident hee will keep his word w^th^ mee; soe that you have noe reason to fear him in any respect, for though hee should break his promise hee should never make mee break mine; noe let mee assure you, this Rivall nor any other shall Ever Alter mee. Therfor spare your Jelousy or turne it all into Kindenesse.

I will write Every week, and noe misse of letters shall give us any doubts of one another, Time nor accidents shall not prevaile upon our hearts, and if God Almighty please to blesse us, wee will meet the same wee are, or happyer. I will doe all you bid mee, I will pray, and wish and hope, but you must doe soe too then; and bee soe carfull of your self that I may have nothing to reproche you with when you come back. That vile wench[13] let's you see all my Scribles I beleeve, how doe you know I tooke care your haire should not bee spoyled? tis more then Ere you did I think, You are soe necgligent on't and keep it soe ill, tis pitty you should have it. may you have better luck in the Cutting it then I had with mine, I cutt it two or 3 year agon and it never grew since; Looke to it, if I keep the Lock you give mee better then you doe all the rest, I

shall not spare you, Expect to bee soundly Chidden. what doe you mean to doe with all my Letters? leave them behinde you? if you doe it must bee in safe hands. some of them concerne you, and mee, and Other People besydes, very much, and they will almost loade a horse to carry.

Dos not My Cousins at M P[14] mistrust us a little? I have a great beleife they doe, I'me sure Robin C.[15] tolde my Brother of it since I was last in Towne. of all things I admire[16] my Cousin Molle has not gott it by the End, hee that frequents that Famely[17] soe much and is at this instant at Kimbolton.[18] if hee has, and conceals it, hee is very discreet, I could never discerne by any thing that hee knew it. I shall indeavor to accustome my self to the noyse on't and make it as Easy to mee as I can, though I had much rather it were not talked of till there were an absolute nescessity of discovering it, and you can oblige mee in nothing more then in concealing it.

I take it very kindly that you promise to use all your interest in your F. to perswade him[19] to indeavor our happinesse, and hee apears soe confident of his power that it gives mee great hopes. Deare, shall wee ever bee soe happy, think you? Ah I dare not hope it, yet tis not want of love gives mee these fear's. noe, in Earnest, I think, (nay I am sure) I love you more then Ever, and tis that only gives mee these dispaireing thoughts, When I consider how small a proportion[20] of happines is allowed in this worlde, and how great mine would bee in a person for whome I have a passionate Kindenesse and whoe has the same for mee; As it is infinitly above what I can deserve, and more then God Almighty usually allotts to the best People, I can finde nothing in reason but seems to bee against mee, and mee thinks tis as vaine in mee to Expect it as twould bee to hope I might bee a Queen (if that were realy as desyrable a thing as tis thought to bee). And it is Just it should bee soe; Wee complaine of this world and the Variety of Crosses and afflictions it abound's in, and yet for all this whoe is weary on't (more then in discourse)? whoe thinks with pleasure of leaveing it, or preparing for the next? Wee see olde folkes that have ou[t]lived[21] all ye comforts of life,

desyre to continue it, and nothing can wean us from the ffolly of preffering a mortall beeing subject to great infirmity's and unavoydable decays, before an immortall one and all y^e^ Glorry's that are promised with it. Is not this very like preaching? well tis too good for you, you shall have noe more on't, I am affrayde you are not mortified[22] Enough for such discourses to worke upon, though I am not of my Brothers opinion neither (that you have noe religion in you),[23] in Earnest I never tooke any thing[24] hee ever sayd halfe soe ill, as nothing sure is soe great an injury, it must suppose one to bee a Divell in human Shape. O mee now I am speaking of Religion lett mee aske you is not his Name Bagshaw that you say railes on Love & Women?[25] because I heard one tother day speaking of him & coñending his witt but withall sayed hee was a Perfect Atheist, if soe I can allow him to hate us, and love, which sure has somthing of devine in it, since god requir's it of us; I am comeing into my preaching vaine againe, what think[26] you? were it not a good way of prefferment as the times are? if you advise mee to it ile venture. the woman at Somercett house[27] was Cryed up mightily, think on't;

Deare I am Yours

LETTER 58

T. has sent stories of Lady Newport and others. The liberties taken by young people now that there is no Court. H. O. has sent her Parthenissa. *Lord Broghill's English. She will send a new piece of* Cyrus. *T. defers his journey in order to escort his sister. He has sent D. a cabinet* [*for her old letters?*]. *Story of J. Beverley. Sir J. T. had misjudged D.'s recent attempt to break off the love affair. The lock of hair.*

[*Saturday 11 Feb. 1653/4.*]

The lady was in the right, you are a very pritty gentleman, and a modest; were there ever such story's as these you tell? the best on't is I beleeve none of them; unlesse it bee that of my Lady Newport[1] which I must confesse is soe like her, that if it bee not true twas at least Excellently fancyed.[2] But my Lord Rich[3] is not caught though hee was neer it; my Lady Devonshyre whose daughter his first wife was

has ingaged my Lord War: to put a stop to the buisnesse, Otherwise I think his present want of fortune and the litle sence of honour hee has, might have bin prevailed on to marry her. Tis strange to see the folly that possesses the young People of this Age, and the libertys they take to themselv's; I have the Charrity to beleeve they apear very much worse then they are, and that the want of a Court to govern themselv's by is in great part the cause of theire Ruine; Though that was noe perfect scoole of Vertue, yet Vice there wore her maske, and apeard soe unlike her selfe that she gave noe scandall; Such as were realy as discreet as they seem'd to bee; gave good Example, and the Eminency of theire condition made others strive to imitate them, or at least they durst not owne a contreary course; All whoe had good principles and inclinations were incouraged in them, and such as had neither were forced to putt on a handsome disguise that they might not bee out of countenance at themselves; Tis certain (what you say) that where devine or human Laws are not possitive wee may bee our owne Judges, nobody can hinder us, nor is it in it selfe to bee blamed; but sure it is not safe to take all the liberty is allowed us, there are not many that are sober enough to bee trusted with the government of themselv's, and because others Judge us with more severity then our indulgence to ourselv's will permitt, it must[4] necessarily ffollow that tis saffer being ruled by theire opinion then by our owne. I am disputeing againe though you tolde mee my fault soe Plainly, ile give it over and tell you that Parthenissa[5] is now my company, my Brother sent it downe[6] and I have almost read it. tis handsome Language, you would know it to bee writt by a person of good Quality though you were not tolde it, but in the whole I am not very much taken with it, all the Story's have too neer a resemblance with those of Other Romances, there is nothing of new or surprenant[7] in them, the Ladys are all soe kinde they make noe sport, and I meet only with one that tooke mee by doeing a handsome thing of the kinde. she was in a beseiged Towne, and perswaded all those of her Sexe to goe out with her to the Enemy (w^ch^ were a bar-

barous People) and dye by theire swords, that the provision of y^e^ Towne might last y^e^ longer for such as were able to doe service in deffending it. but how angry was I to see him spoile this againe, by bringing out a letter this woman left behinde her for the Governour of the Towne, where she discovers[8] a passion for him and makes that the reason why she did it. I confesse I have noe patience for our faiseurs de Romance, when they make women court. it will never enter into my head that tis posible any woman can Love where she is not first Loved, & much lesse that if they should doe that, they could have the face to owne it. My thinkes[9] hee that writes L'illustre Bassa[10] sayes well in his Epistle, That wee are not to imagin his Heroe to bee lesse takeing then those of Other Romances because the Ladys doe not fall in love with him whither hee will or not. twould bee an injury to the Lady's to suppose they could doe soe, and a greater to his Heroe's Civility if hee should putt him upon being Cruell to them, since hee was to love but one. Another fault I finde too in the stile, tis affected. Ambition'd is a great word with him, and ignore; my concerne, or of great concern, is it seem's properer then concernment;[11] and though hee makes his People say fine handsome things to one another, yet they are not Easy and Naïve like the french, and there is a litle harshnesse in most of the discourses that one would take to bee the fault of a Translatour rather then of an Author. but perhaps I like it the worse for haveing a peece of Cyrus by mee, that I am hugely pleased with and that I would faine have you read, i'le send it you.[12] at least read one Story that ile marke you downe, if you have time for noe more; I am glad you stay to wayte on your sister,[13] I would have my Galant Civill to all, much more where it is soe due and kindenesse too. I have the Cabinett[14] and tis in Earnest a pritty one, though you will not owne it for a present i'le keep it as one and tis like to bee yours noe more but as tis mine. i'le warrant you would ne're have thought of makeing mee a present of Charcole, as my Servant James[15] would have don,[16] to warme my heart I think hee meant it. but the truth is I had bin inquireing for some, (as tis a comodity

scarce enough in this Country) and hee hearing of it told the Bayly[17] hee would give him some if twere for mee. but this is not all, I cannot forbear telling you that tother day hee made mee a Visett, and I to prevent his makeing discourses to mee made Mrs Gouldsmith and Jane[18] sitt by all the while. but hee cam better provided then I could have imagin'd, hee brought a letter with him, and gave it mee as one that hee had mett with dirrected to mee, hee thought it came out of Northamptonshyre. I was upon my guard and suspecting all hee say'd Examined him soe Strictly where hee had it before I would open it that hee was hugely confounded and I confirmed that twas his. I layd it by and wished then they would have left us that I might have taken notice on't to him, but I had forbid it them soe strictly before, that they offerd not[19] to stirr further then to look out at window, as not thinking theire was any necessity of giveing us theire Ey's as well as theire Ear's. but hee that saw himself discoverd took that time to confesse to mee (in a whispering voyce that I could hardly hear my self) that the Letter (as my Lord Broghill says) was of great concern to him, and beggd I would read it and give him my answer. I took it up presently[20] as if I had meant it, but threw it sealed as it was into the fire and told him (as softly as hee had spoke to mee) I thought that the quickest and best way of answering it. hee satt a while in great disorder[21] without speaking a word and soe rise[22] and took his leave. now what think you? shall I ever hear of him more? You doe not thank mee for useing your Rivall soe scurvily nor are not Jealoux of him though your father thinks my intentions were not handsom[23] towards you, which my thinks is another Argument that one is not to bee on's owne Judge, for I am very confident they were, and with his favour shall never beleeve Otherwise; I am sure I had noe End's to serve of my owne in what I did, it could bee noe advantage to mee that had firmly resolved never to marry, but I thought it might bee an Injury to you to keep you in Expectation of what was never likely to bee as I aprehended[24]; why doe I enter into this wrangling discourse? Let your father think mee what hee pleases,

if hee ever com's to know mee, the rest of my Actions shall Justifie mee in this, if hee dos not, i'le begin to practise upon him[25] (what you have soe often preachd to mee) to necglect the report of the world and sattisfye my self in my owne innocency. twill bee pleasinger[26] to you I am sure, to tell you how fond I am of your Lock; well in Earnest now and setting aside all complement, I never saw finer haire[27] nor of a better Couler, but cutt noe more on't, I would not have it spoyled for the world, if you love mee bee carefull on't. I am combing and Curling and kissing this Lock all day, and dreaming ont all night

The ring[28] too is very well, only a litle of the biggest, send mee a Torto[ise] shell one to keep it on that is a little lesse then that I sent for a pat[ern].

I would not have the rule absolutly true without Exception that hard hairs are ill natured,[29] for then I should bee soe; but I can allow that all soft hairs are good, and soe are you or I am deceived, as much as you are if you think Idoe not love you enough; Tell mee my dearest am I? you will not bee if you think I am Yo[urs]

LETTER 59

Dr. Jeremy Taylor on the blessedness of resigning one's will to that of another. She agrees with T. on the advantages of contentment. 'My cell is almost finished.' His journey. Dublin little farther than London. Her hopes rest on Sir J. T. Can send a letter by Mr. Gibson to Brickhill. H. O. has made her a present of a china trunk. Has T. read Mendez Pinto? His traveller's tales not more untrue than Mrs. Pooley's. Refers to an advertisement of a crystal box lost on 15 Feb. She has drawn T. for her Valentine. Mr. Fish. H. O.'s stories of unhappy marriages due to good nature. She would not be without it. Nothing more required but a prudent caution.

[*Sunday 19 Feb. 1653/4.*]

They say you gave order for this Vaste paper, how doe you think I should ever fill it or with what? I am not alway's in the humor to wrangle and dispute.[1] for Example now; I had rather agree to what you say then tell you that D[r] Taylor[2] (whose devote you must know I am) say's there is a great advantage to bee gained in resigning up on's will to the comande of another, because the same Action which

in it selfe is wholy indifferent if done upon our owne Choice, becom's an Act of Duty and Religion if don in Obedience to the comande of any Person whome Nature, the Law's or our selv's have given a power over us; Soe that though in an Action already don wee can only bee our owne Judges because wee only know with what intentions it was don, yet in any wee intende tis safest sure to take the advice of Another; let mee practise this towards you as well as preach it to you, and i'le lay a wager you'le aprove on't. but I am cleerly of your opinion[3] that contentment (w^ch^ the spanish proverbe say's is the best paint[4]) gives the Lustre to all on's injoyments, putts a beauty upon things which without it would have none, increases it Extreamly where tis already in some degree and without it all that wee call happinesse besides looses its property. what is contentment must bee left to every perticuler person to Judge for themselv's, since they only know what is soe to them, w^ch^ differs in all according to there severall humors; only you and I agree tis to bee found by us in a True friend, a moderat fortune, and a retired life. The last I thank god I have in perfection, my cell is almost finishd[5] and when you come back you'le finde mee in it and bring mee both the rest, I hope; I finde it much Easier to talke of your comeing back then your goeing, you shall never perswade mee I send you this Journy,[6] noe, pray let it bee your fathers com̃and's or a necessity your fortune putts upon you; twas unkindly sayed to tell mee I banish you, Your heart never told it you I dare swear, nor mine ne're thought it; noe my Dear this is I hope our last misfortune lett's beare it nobly; nothing show's wee deserve a punishment soe much as our murmuring at it, and the way to lessen those wee feel and to scape those wee fear, is to suffer patiently what is imposed, makeing a Vertue of necessity.[7] Tis not that I have lesse kindenesse or more Courage then you, but that mistrusting my self more (as I have more reason) I have armed my self all that is posible against this occasion; I have thought that there is not much difference between your beeing at Dublin or at London as our affair's stand. You can write and hear from the first and I should not see

you sooner if you continued still at y^e^ last; besides I hope this Journy will bee of advantage to us; when your Father pressed your comeing over hee tolde you you needed not doubt either his power or his will; have I don any thing since that deserves hee should Alter his intentions towards us, or has any accident lessend his power? if neither, wee may hope to bee happy, and the sooner for this Journy. I dare not send my Boy to meet you at Brickill,[8] nor any other of the Servants, they are all too talkative, but I can gett M^r^ Gibson[9] if you will to bring you a letter. tis a Civill well natur'd man as can bee, of Excellent Principles, and an Exact[10] honesty, I durst make him my Confessor though hee is not Obliged by his orders to conceal[11] any thing that is told him. but you must tell mee then w^ch^ Brickill tis you stop at, litle or great, they are neither of them farr from us. if you stay there you'le write back by him, will you not? a long letter. I shall need it, besides that you owe it mee for the Last's being soe short. would you saw what Letters my Brother writes mee, you are not halfe soe kinde, well hee is alway's in the Extream's. Since our last quarrell hee has Courted mee more then ever hee did in his life and made mee more presents, w^ch^ considering his humor is as great a testimony of his kindenesse as twas of M^r^ Smiths to my Lady Sunderland[12] when hee presented M^rs^ Camilla.[13] hee sent mee one this week w^ch^ in Earnest is as pritty a thing as I have seen, a China Trunke[14] and the finest of the kinde that ere I saw.

(by the way) (this putts mee in minde ont) have you read the Story of China written by a Portuguese, Fernando Mendez Pinto[15] I think his name is? if you have not, take it with you, tis as diverting a book of the kinde as ever I read, and is as handsomly written. you must allow him the Priviledge of a Travellour[16] & hee dos not abuse it, his lyes are as pleasant harmlesse on's as lyes can bee, and in noe great number considering the scope hee has for them; there is one in Dublin now that ne're saw much further, has tolde mee twice as many (I dare swear) of Ireland. if I should ever live to see that Country and her in it, I should make Excelent Sport with them, tis a Sister of my

Lady Grey's, her name is Pooley,[17] her husband liv's there too, but I am affrayde in noe very good condition.[18] they were but Poore and shee lived heer with her Sister, when I knew her, tis not halfe a yeer since she went I think, if you hear of her send mee word how she makes a shift there. And heark you can you tell whither the Gentleman that Lost a Cristall boxe y^e^ 15 of february in S^nt^ Jameses Parke or Olde spring garden[19] has found it again or not? I have a strang Curiosity to know, tell mee, and i'le tell you somthing that you dont know, which is that I am your Valentine[20] and you are mine. I did not think of drawing any but M^rs^ Gouldsmith and Jane[21] would needs make mee write some for them and my self, soe I writt downe our three names and for Men M^r^ Fish,[22] James B.[23] and you. I cutt them all Equall and made them up my self before they saw them, and because I would owe it wholy to my good Fortune if I were pleased, I made both them Chuse first that had never seen what was in them and they left mee you, then I made them Choose again for theirs and my name was left. you cannot imagin how I was delighted with this litle accident, but by takeing notice that I cannot forbear telling you it.

I was not halfe soe pleased with my Encounter next morning, I was up Early but with noe desig[n]e[24] of getting another Valentine and goeing out to walk in my Nightcloths and Nightgowne I mett M^r^ Fish. goeing a hunting I think hee was, but hee stayed to tell mee I was his Valentine, and I should not have bin rid on him quickly if hee had not thought himself a litle too Necgligeé. his haire was not pouderd and his Cloths were but ordinary, to say truth hee looked then my thought[25] like Other Mortall People, yet hee was as handsom as your Valentine, i'le swear you wanted one when you took her, and had very ill fortune that nobody mett you before her. Oh if I had not terrified my litle Gentleman when hee brought mee his owne letter, how sure I had had him for my Valentine. on my conscience I shall follow your councell if ere hee com's againe; but I am perswaded hee will not. I writt my Brother that story for want of somthing else, and hee

say's I did very well, there was noe Other way to bee rid on him; makes a remarke[26] upon't that I can bee severe enough when I please and wishes I would practise it somwhere else as well as there. can you tell where that is? I never understand any body that dos not speak plain English and hee never uses that to mee of late, but tells mee the finest story['s] (I may apply them how I please) of People that have married where they thought there was great kindnesse and how misserably they have foun[d] themselv's deceived, how dispiseable they have made themselv's by it and how sadly they have repented it; hee reckons more inconvenienc[y's] then you doe that ffollow good natur's, say's it makes one credulous, apt to bee abused, betrays one to the cunning of People that make advantag[e] on't and a thousand such things, w^{ch} I hear half asleep and halfe awake and take litle notice of, unlesse it bee somtimes to say that with all thes[e] faults I would not bee without it. noe, in Earnest, nor I could not love any Person that I thought had it not to a good degree, twas the first thing I liked in you, and without it I should nere have lik[ed] any thing; I know tis counted simple but I cannot imagin why. tis true some People have it that have not witt but there are at leas[t] as many foolish People that have noe good Nature, and those are the person's I have ever observed to bee fullest of tricks, litle ugly plotts, and design's, unnecessary disguises, and mean Cunnings; w^{ch} are the basest quality's in the worlde, and makes one the most contempti[ble] I think, where I once discover them they loose theire Creditt wth mee for Ever. some will say they are cunning only in theire owne defence & that there is noe liveing in this world without it, but I cannot understand how any thing more is necessary to on's owne safety besides a prudent caution. that I now think is, though I can remember wh[en] noe body could have perswaded mee that any body meant ill when it did not apear by their words and actions. I remember my Mother, whoe (if it may bee allow'd mee to say it) was counted as wise a woman as most in England, when she seem'd to distrust any body and saw I took notice on't, wou[ld] aske if I did not think

her too Jelous[27] & a litle ill natur'd; come I know you doe, say's she, if you would confesse it, and I cannot blame you. when I was young as you are, I thought my Father in Law (who was a wise man) the most unreasonably suspitious person that ever was and disliked him for it huge[ly] but I have lived to see that tis almost imposible to think People worse then they are, and soe will you. I did not beleeve her, and leste that I should have more to say t[hen] this paper would holde[28] it shall never bee sayed I began another at this time of Night, though I have spe[nt t]his[29] idly, that should have told you with a litle more circumstance how perfectly I am . . Yours

LETTER 60

Jane is to return from London on Tuesday, and bring news of T. He has now started for Ireland. His dog has been sent to D. She hopes he will write back by the coach [from Chester?]. Mr. Dr.'s story. Sir John Tufton proposed to her in marriage. Has read T.'s 'wife's' letter. Dr. Smith has died [15 Feb.]. Her hopes for T.'s success in Ireland dashed by doubts.

[*Saturday 25 Feb. 1653/4*].

You bid mee write Every week and I am doeing it without considering how it will come[1] to you, let Nan[2] look to that with whome I suppose you have left the orders of conveiance. I have your last letter, but Jane to whome you refferr mee is not yet com downe,[3] on Tewsday I expect her and if she bee not ingaged I shall give her noe cause hereafter to beleeve that she is a burthen to mee, though I have noe imployment for her but that of talking to mee when I am in the humor of sayeing nothing.

Your dog is come too, and I have received him with all the Kindenesse that is due to any thinge you sende, have deffended him from the Envy and Mallice of a troupe of greyhounds[4] that used to bee in favour with mee, and hee is soe sencible of my care over him that hee is pleased with nobody else and follow's mee as if wee had bin of longe acquaintance.

Tis well you are gon past my recovery, my heart has failed mee twenty times since you went, and had you bin

within my call I had brought you back as often, though I know 30 miles distance and 300 are the same thing. You will bee soe kinde I am sure as to write back by the Coach[5] and tell mee, what the successe of your Journy soe farr has bin, after that I Expect noe more (unlesse you stay for a winde) till you arrive at Dublin. I Pitty your Sister[6] in Earnest, a Sea Voyage is welcome to noe Lady, but you are beaten[7] to it, and twill become you now you are a conducter to shew your Valour, and keep your company in heart; when doe you think of comeing back againe? I am askeing that before you are at your Journy's Ende, you will not take it ill that I desyre it should bee soone, in the mean time i'le practise all the Rules you give mee. whoe told you I goe to bed late? in Earnest they doe mee wronge. I have bin faulty in that point heretofore I confesse, but tis a good while since I gave it over with my reading a nights; but in the day time I cannot live without it,[8] tis all my diversion, and infinitly more pleasing to mee then any company but yours, and yet I am not given to it in any Excesse now, I have bin very much more. Tis Jane I know tells all these tales of mee, I shall bee Even with her some time or other, but for the present I longe for her with some impatience that she may tell mee all you have told her. Never trust mee if I had not a Suspition from the first that twas that ill looked fellow B. who made that story M^r^ D.[9] told you. that w^ch^ gave mee the first inclination to that beleife was the Circumstance you told mee of theire seeing mee at S^nt^ Gregory's,[10] for I rememberd to have seene B. there, and had occasion to looke up into the Gallery where hee sate to answer a very civill Salute given mee from thence by M^r^ Freeman,[11] and saw B. in a great whisper with another that satt next him and pointing to mee. if M^r^ D. had not bin soe nice in discovering[12] his name you would quickly have bin cured of your Jellousy, never beleeve I have a Servante that I doe not tell you of as soone as I know it my self, as for Example now My B. P.[13] has sent to mee for a Country man of his S^r^ John Tufton,[14] hee marryed one of my Lady Wottens daughters and heir's whoe is lately dead, and to invite mee to think of it. be-

sides his Person and his Fortune without Exception, hee tell's mee what an Excelent Husband hee was to this Lady thats dead whoe was but a Crooked ill favourd women [*sic*], only shee brought him 1500^{tti} a year. I tell him I beleeve S^{r} J. T. could bee content I were soe too, upon the same term's, but his loveing his first wife can bee noe Argument to perswade mee, for if hee loved her as hee ought to doe, I cannot hope hee should Love another soe well as I expect any body should that has mee, and if hee did not Love her, I have lesse[15] to Expect hee should mee. I doe not care for a devided heart, I must have all or none, at least the first place in it; Poore James[16] I have broake his, hee say's, twould pitty you to hear what sad complaints hee makes, and but that hee has not the heart to hange himself, hee could bee very well contented to bee out of the worlde.

I have read your wives letter[17] and by it finde shee has a great deal of witt though I doe not think[18] the manner of her writeing very Exact; there are many pritty things shuffled together w^{ch} would doe better spoken then in a letter, notwithstanding the received opinion that People ought to write as they speak (w^{ch} in some sence I think is true). she say's you used to say you loved long letters, w^{ch} being spoken without any limitation or qualification was in her opinion a great Error, and says shee intends your conversion by this long one of hers, and your mortification[19] too, w^{ch} is propper this lent[20]; Askes you if M^{rs} Kempston[21] and all her messengers were ever halfe soe troublesome, and whither you doe not think it fitt to com to composition w[th][22] her, but yet that you should not think she dos this meerly to torment you, You are to know that her Sister and your Cousin Jenny[23] have urged her Often to write to you, (as not thinking it soe fitt for them to doe it themselv's one being a widdow and t'otther a mayde) to reproach your necglect[24] of them; talkes somthing of the litle creditt she gives to the report of M^{rs} Brooxes and M^{rs} Mildemays reconciliation[25] to theire husband[s],[26] ask's you Earnestly whither you were at M^{rs} Mildemay's lodging or not and whither tis likely she should ever see the famous

beauty you told her of; this is all, now whither any thing of this bee of concernment you can only tell. That house of your Cousin R. is fatall to Phisitians, D^r^ Smith[27] that took it is dead already, but may bee this was before you went and soe is noe news to you ; I shall bee sending you all I heare w^ch^ though it cannot bee much, liveing as I doe, yet it may bee more then ventur's into Ireland. I would have you diverted whilest you are there as much as is posible but not enough to tempt you to stay one Minute Longer then your Father and your buisnesse Obliges you. Alasse I have already repented all my Share i[n][28] Your Journy and begin to finde I am not half soe Valiant as I somtimes take my self to bee; The Knoledge that our interest's are the same and that I shall bee happy or unfortunate in your Person as much or more then in my owne dos not give mee that confidence You speak of, it rather increases my doubts, and I durst trust your ffortune alone rather then now that mine is Joyned with it, yet I will hope yours may bee soe good as to overcome the ill of mine and shall indeavor to mend my owne all I can by striveing to deserve it may bee better; My dearest will you pardon mee that I am forced to leave you soe soone[29] ? the next shall bee longer though I can never bee more then I am,

Yours.

address of preceding letter

back of letter when folded	For your Master when your Mistress pleases	*back of letter when folded*
L.S. L.S. L.S.		L.S.
all else is but a circle	what makes that dash between us	

LETTER 61

Her father's death. Her dependence on relatives. H. O. spreads her love-story widely. T. need not conceal it longer. H. O.'s unkindness. Has had T.'s letter of the 10th from his English port. She is expecting John O.

Saturday 18 March 1653/4.
March y^e^ 18^th^ 1653.[1]

How true it is that a misfortune never com's single, wee live in Expectation of some one happinesse that wee propose to our selv's, an Age almost, and perhaps misse it at y^e^ last; but sad accidents have winges to overtake us, & come in fflocks like ill boading Raven's; You were noe sooner gon, but (as if that had not bin enough) I lost the best Father in the worlde,[2] and though as to himself it was an infinite Mercy in God Almighty to take him out of a worlde that can bee pleasing to none, and was made more uneasy to him by many infirmity's that were upon him; Yet to mee it is an affliction much greater then People Judge it; Besides all that is due to Nature, and the memory of many (more then ordinary) Kindenesses received from him, besides what hee was to all that knew him, and what hee was to mee in Particuler; I am left by his death in the condition (w^ch^ of all Others) is the most unsuportable[3] to my Nature; To depende upon Kindred that are not friends, and that though I Pay as much as I should doe to a stranger,[4] yet think they doe mee a Curtesy.

I Expect my Eldest B: to day.[5] if hee com's, I shall bee able to tell you, before I seale up this, where you are likely to finde mee; if hee offers mee to stay heer, this hole[6] will bee more agreeable to my humor, then any place that is more in the worlde. I take it kindly that you used Art's to conceale our story, and sattisfie my nice aprehensions,[7] but i'le not impose that constraint[8] upon you any longer, for I finde my kinde B. Publishes it with more Earnestnesse then ever I strove to conceale it, and with more disadvantage then any body else would; Now hee has tryed all way's to what hee desyr's and findes it is in vaine; hee resolves to revenge himself upon mee by representing this

Action in such Coulers as will amaze all People that know mee, and doe not know him enough to discerne his mallice to mee; hee is not able to forbear shewing it now, when my condition deserv's pitty from all the worlde, I think, and that hee himself has newly lost a Father, as well as I, but takes this time to Torment mee, w^ch^ apear's (at least to mee) soe barbarous a Cruelty that though I thank god I have Charrity enough perfectly to forgive all the injury's hee can doe mee, yet I am afrayde I shall never look upon him as a brother more. And now doe you Judge whither I am not very unhappy, and whither that sadnesse in my face you used to complaine off was not suted to my fortune; You must confesse it; and that my kindnesse for you is beyond Example. all these troubles and persecutions that make mee weary of the world before my time, cannot lessen the concernment I have for you and instead of being perswaded, as they would have mee, by theire malicio[us] storry's,[9] mee thinks I am Obliged to love you more, in recompence of all the injury's they have don you upon my score; I shall need nothing but my owne heart to fortifie mee in this resolution; and desire nothing in retourne of it; but that your care of your self may answer that w^ch^ I shall alway's have for your interest's.

I received your letter of y^e^ 10^th^ of this month, and I hope this will finde you at your Journy[s] Ende. In Earnest I have pittyed your Sister Extreamly and can Easily aprehende how troublesome this Voyage must needs bee to her, by knowing what Others have bin to mee; Yet pray assure her I would not scruple at undertakeing it my self to gaine such an acquaintance, and would goe much farther then where (I hope) she now is, to serve her. I am affrayde shee will not think mee a fitt Person to choose for a friend that cannot agree with my owne Brother; but I must trust you to tell my storry for mee, and will hope for a better Charracter from you, then hee gives mee; whoe least I should complaine resolves to prevent[10] mee, and possesse[11] my friends first, that hee is the injured party. I never magnified my Patience to you but I begin to have a good opinion on't since this triall, yet perhaps I have noe

reason, and it may bee as well a want of sence in mee as of Passion; however you will not bee displeased to know that I can indure all that hee or any body else can say, & that setting aside my Fathers death and your absence I make nothing an affliction to mee, though I am sorry, I confesse, to see my self forced to keep such distances w^th^ one of his relation[s][12] because Religion and Nature and the Custom of the worlde teaches Otherwise. I see I shall not bee able to sattisfie you in this[13] how I shall dispose of my self, for my Brother is not come; the next will certainly tell you. in the mean time I Expect with great impatience to heare of your safe arrivall. twas a dissapointment that you mist those faire windes,[14] I pleased my self Extreamly with a beleife that they had made your Voyage rather a diversion then a trouble either to you or your company, but I hope your passage was as happy, if not as sudden,[15] as you Expected it. let mee hear often from you, and long letters, I doe not count this soe[16], have noe aprehensions for mee but all the care of your self that you please, my melancholy has not danger int, and I beleeve the accidents of my life would worke more upon any Other then they doe upon mee whose humor is alway's more prepar'd for them then y^t^ of gayer persons. I hear nothing that is worth your knowing, when I doe you shall have it; Tell mee if theire bee any thing I can doe for you, & assure your self I am perfectly

Yours

LETTER 62

T. has written from Dublin. Her engagement now generally known. About to go to Easton Mauduit for Lady Ruthin's wedding. Lord Beauchamp's death. Lord Campden's duel.

Sunday 2 April 1654.

Aprill y^e^ 2^d^ 1654.

There was never any body more surprised then I was with your Last, I read it soe coldely and was soe troubled to finde that you were noe forwarder[1] on your Journy, but when I cam to the last, and saw dublin at y^e^ date I could scarce beleeve my Ey's, in Earnest it Transported mee soe

that I could not forbear Expressing my Joy in such a manner, as had any body bin by to have observed mee they would have suspected mee noe very sober Person. You are safe Arived you say and pleased with the place alredy only because you meet with a leter of mine[2] there, in your next I Expect some other comendation's on't, or else I shall hardly make such hast to it as People heer beleeve I will. All the servants have bin to take theire leav's on mee and say how sorry they are to heer I am goeing out of the Lande, some begger's at the dore has made soe ill a report of Irlande to them, that they Pitty mee Extreamly; but you are pleased I hope to heer I am comeing to you, the next faire winde Expect mee.

tis not to bee imagined the ridiculous storry's they have made nor how J. B.[3] cryes out on mee for refusing him and choosing his Chamber ffellow. Yet hee Pitty's mee to, and swear's I am condemned to bee the misserablest Person upon Earth, with all his quarrell to mee hee do's not wish mee soe ill as to bee marryed to the Proudest imperious insulting ilnatured man that ever was, one that before hee has had mee a week shall use mee with contempt, and beleeve that the favour was of his Side. is not this very comfortable? but pray make it noe quarrell, I make it none, I can assure you, and though hee knew you before I did I doe not think hee know's you soe well; besides that his Testimony is not of much Valew.

I am to spend this next week in Takeing leave of this Country and all the company[4] int perhaps never to see it more, from hence I must goe into Northamptonshyre to my Lady R.[5] and soe to London, where I shall finde my Aunt,[6] and my B: P.[7] betwixt whome I think to devide this Summer.

Nothing has happend since you went worth your knoledge. My Lord Marquis Hartford has lost his eldest sone[8] my Lord Beuucham, [=Beaucham] whoe has left a fine Young Widdow. in Earnest tis great Pitty, at the rate of our Young Nobillity hee was an Extreordinary Person, and remarkable for an Excelent husband. My Lord Cambden[9] has fought too, With Mr Stafford, but ther 's noe harme

don; You may discerne the hast I am in by my writeing,[10] there will come a time for Long letters againe but there will never come any wherein I shall not be Yours

Addressed.
For Mr William Temple
at Sr John Temples house
in Damask Street
Dublin

LETTER 63 (from William Temple)

On not getting a letter he had been urgent to come over, but had been dissuaded by his father. Was it time he came?

Dublin, Thursday 18 May 1654.

this is no artificiall humility, no I am past all that with you, I know well enough that I am as other people are, but at that rate that me things[1] the world goes, I can see nothing in it to putt a value upon besides you, and beleeve mee, whatever you have brought mee to and how you have done it I know not, but I was never intended for that fond thing weh people tearme a lover. I am calld upon for my letter, but must have leave first to remember you of yours, for Godsake write constantly while I am heere or I am undone past all recovery, I have livd upon them ever since I came but had thrivd much better had they been longer, unless you use to give mee better measure I shall not bee in case to undertake a journey into England. the dispaire I was in upon the not hearing from you last weeke and the beleefe that all my letters were miscarried (by some treachery among my good friends[2] who I am sorry have the name of yours) made mee press my father by all means imaginable to give mee leave to goe presently[3] if I heard not from you this post, but hee would never yeeld to that, because hee said upon your silence hee should suspect all was not likely to bee well between us and then hee was sure I should not bee in condition to bee alone, hee rememberd too well the letters I writt, upon our last unhappy differences[4] and would not trust mee from him in such another occasion; but withall hee told mee hee would

never give mee occasion of any discontents wᶜʰ hee could remedy, that if you desird my comming over, and I could not bee content without, hee would not hinder mee, though hee very much desird my company a month or two longer, and that in that time twas very likely I might have his. Well now in very good earnest doe you thinke tis time for mee to come or no? would you bee very glad to see mee there[5]? and could you doe it in less disorder and with less surprisse then you did at Ch: ?[6] I aske you theese questions very seriously, but yett how willingly would I venture all to bee with you! I know you love mee still, you promisd it mee, and thats all the security I can have for all the good I am ever like to have in this world, tis that wᶜʰ makes all things else seeme nothing to it, so high it setts mee, and so high in deed that should I ever fall twould dash mee all to pieces. methinks your very charity should make you love mee more now then ever, by seeing mee so much more unhappy then I usd, by beeing so much farther from you, for that is all the measure can bee taken of my good or ill condition. justice I am sure will oblige you to it, since you have no other means left in the world of rewarding such a passion as mine, wᶜʰ sure is of a much richer value then any thing in the world besides; should you save my life againe,[7] should you make mee absolute master of your fortune and your person too, yett if you lovd mee not, I should accept none of all this in any part of payment, but looke upon you as one behindehand with mee[8] still; tis no vanity this, but a true sense of how pure and how refind a nature my passion is, wᶜʰ none can ever know besides my owne heart unles you finde it out by beeing there.

how hard tis too thinke of ending when I am writing to you, but it must bee so, and I must ever bee subject to other peoples occasions, and so never I thinke master of my owne. this is too true both in respect of this fellows hast that is bawling at mee for my letter, and of my fathers delays, they kill mee, but patience. would any body but I bee heere? yett you may command mee over at one minutes warning. had I not heard from you by this last, in earnest I had resolvd to have gone with this[9] and given

William Temple

from the portrait by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery

my F. the slip for all his caution. hee tells mee still[10] of a little time, but alas who knows not what mischances and how great changes have oftend[11] happend in a little time? for Godsake lett mee know of all your motions,[12] when and where I may hope to see you, lett us but scape this cloude, this absence, that has overcast all my contentments and I am confident theres a cleare skye attends us. My dearest deare adieu. I am

Yours

pray where is your lodging? have a care of all the despatch and security that can bee in our intelligence. remember [me?] to my fellow servant,[13] sure by the next I shall write some learned epistle to her, I have been so long about it.

May 18

1654

LETTER 64

A letter from T. has cheered her. She is pleased that he has forgiven H. O. He had better wait till his father is ready to travel. Plot against the Protector. Lady Mary Sandys. Some intended marriages. Mr. Henningham. She cannot hear T.'s name without a blush. Is going into Suffolk and then into Kent.

London, Thursday 25 May [*1654*].

This world is composed of nothing but contrariety's and Sudden accidents, only the proportions are not at all Equall, for to a great measure of trouble it allow's soe small a quantitye of Joy that one may see tis meerly intended to keep us alive withall; this is a formall preface and looks as if there were somthing of very usefull to ffollow, but I would not wish you to Expect it. I was only considering my owne ill humor Last night, I had not heard from you in a week & more; my B had bin with mee[1] and wee had talked our selv's both out of breath and patience too, I was not very well, and rise[2] this morning only because I was weary of lyeng a bed, when I had dined I took a Coach and went to see whither there was ever a letter for mee and was this once soe lucky as to finde one[3]; I am not partiall to my self I know and am contented that the pleasure I have received with this, shall serve to

sweeten many[4] sad thoughts that has interposed since your last, and more that I may reasonably Expect before I have another, and I think I may (without vanity) say that nobody is more sencible of the least good fortune nor murmur's lesse at any ill then I doe, since I owe it meerly to custome and not to any constancy[5] in my humor or somthing that is better; noe, in Earnest any thing of good com's to mee like the sun to the inhabitants of Groenland,[6] it raises them to life when they see it, and when they misse it it is not strange they Expect a night of half a yeer long.

You cannot imagin how kindly I take it y^t^ you forgive my B.[7] and let mee assure you, shall never presse you to any thing unreasonable. I will not Oblige you to Court a person that has injured you. I only beg that whatsoever hee dos in[8] that kinde may bee Excused by his relation to mee, and that whensoever you are moved to think hee dos you wrong, you will at y^e^ same time remember his sister Loves you passionatly & nobly, that if hee Valew's nothing but fortune, shee dispises it and could Love you as much a begger as she could doe a Prince, and shall without question Love you Etternaly, but whither with any sattisfaction to her self or you is a sad[9] doubt; I am not apt to hope and whither it bee the better or the worse I know not, all sorts of diffidencys are naturall to mee, and that w^ch^ (if your Kindenesse would give you leave) you would terme a weaknesse in mee, is nothing but a reasonable distrust of my owne Judgment w^ch^ makes mee desyre the aprobation of my friends. I never had the confidence in my life to presume any thing well don that I had nobody's opinion in but my owne, and as you very well observe there are soe many that think themselv's wise when nothing Equalls theire ffolly but theire pride, that I dread nothing soe much as discovering such a thought in my self because of the consequences of it. Whensoever you come[10] you need not doubt your welcome but I can promise you nothing for the manner ont, I am affrayd my surprise and disorder will bee more then Ever. I have good reasons to think soe and none that you can take ill; but I would not have you

Attempt it till your F. is redy for the Journy too, noe realy hee deserv's that all your occasions should wayte on[11] his, and if you have not much more then an ordinary Obedience for him, I shall never beleeve you have more then an ordinary Kindnesse for mee, since (if you will pardon mee the comparison) I beleeve wee both merritt it from you upon the same score, hee as a very indulgent Father and I as a very kinde Mistres. don't laugh at mee for comending my self, you will never doe it for mee and soe I am forced to it. I am still heer in Towne but had noe hand I can assure you in y^e^ new discoverd plott[12] against y^e^ Protector. but my Lord of Dorchester[13] they say has, and soe might I have had if I were as rich as hee, and then you might have bin sure on mee at the Tower. now a worse lodging must serve my Turne, tis over against Salisbury house,[14] where I have the honnor of seeing my Lady M. Sandis[15] every day unlesse some race or other carry her out of Towne. y^e^ last week she went to one as far as Winchester, w^th^ Coll: Paunton,[16] (if you know such a one); and there her husband mett her, and because hee did soe (though it were by accident), thought himself Obliged to invite her to his house but seven miles off, and very modestly say'd noe more for it but that hee thought it better then an Inne or at least a Crouded one as all in the Towne were now because of the race. but she was soe good a Companion that she would not forsake her company, soe hee invited them too but could prevaile with neither. only my Lady grew kinde at parting[17] and sayd indeed if Tom Paunton and J. Morton[18] and the rest would have gon, she could have bin contented to have taken his offer. thus much for the marryed People, now for those that are towards it. there is M^r^ Stanley and M^rs^ Withrington,[19] S^r^ H: Littleton and M^rs^ Philadelphia Cary,[20] whoe in Earnest is a fine Woman, such a one as will make an Excelent wife; and some say my Lord Rich[21] and my Lady betty Howard, but Others that prettend to know more say that his court to her is but to countenance a more serious one to M^rs^ Howard her Sister in Law,[22] hee not haveing the courage to pretende soe openly (as some[23] doe)

to anothers wife. O but your old acquaintance poore Mr Heningham[24] has noe luck. hee was soe neer (as hee thought at least) marryeng Mrs Gerhard[25] that any body might have gott his whole Estate in Wagers upont that would have ventured but a reasonable proportion of theire owne, and now hee looks more like an Asse then ever hee did, she has cast him off most unhandsomly, that 's the truth on't and would have tyed him to such conditions as hee might have bin her slave with but could never bee her husband. is not this a great deal of news for mee that never stirr abroad? nay I had brought mee to day more then all this, that I am marryeng my self, and the pleasantnesse ont is that it should bee to my Lord Snt Johns.[26] would hee look of mee, think you, that had pritty Mrs Fretcheville? my comfort is I have not seen him since hee was a widdower and never spoke to him in my life; I found my self soe innocent that I never blushed when they told it mee, what would I give I could avoyde it when People speak of you? in Earnest I doe prepare my self all that is posible to heare it spoken of and yet for my life I cannot hear your name without discovering[27] that I am more then ordinarily concerned int. A blush is the foolishest thing that can bee and betray's one more then a red nose dos a drunkerd, and yet I would not soe wholy have lost[28] them as some women that I know has, as much injury as they doe mee.

I can assure you Now that I shall bee heer a fortnight Longer, they tell mee noe lodger upon paine of his hignesses displeasure must remove sooner,[29] but when I may have his leave I goe into Suffolk for a month and then come hither again to goe into Kent,[30] where I intend to bury my self alive again as I did in Bedfordshyre unlesse you call mee out and tell mee I may be happy. alasse how faine I would hope it, but I cannot, and should it ever happen, twould bee long before I should beleeve twas meant to mee in Earnest or that twas other then a dream; to say truth I doe not love to think ont, I finde soe many things to fear and soe few to hope. tis better telling you that I will send my letters where you dirrect that they shall bee, as long on's as posibly my time will permitt, and when at any time

you misse of one, I give you leave to imagine as many kinde things as you please and to beleeve I mean them all to you.

May y^e^ 25^th^ farwell.

LETTER 65

Sir John's illness. T. had missed a letter from her. W. Spencer and Mrs. Gerard. She is out every night.

London, Tuesday 6 June 1654.

I see you know how to punish mee in Earnest. I was soe frighted with your short letter as you cannot imagin and as much troubled at the cause ont. what is it your Father Ailes and how long has hee bin ill? if my prayers are heard, hee will not bee soe long. Why doe you say I failed you? indeed I did not, Jane[1] is my witnesse, she carryed my letter to the White-hart[2] by S^nt^ Jameses, and twas a very long one too; I carryed one thither since my self, and the woman of the house was soe very angry because I desyr'd her to have a care ont, that I made the Coachman drive away with all posible speed least she should have beaten mee; to say truth I prest her too much considering how litle the letter deserved it, twas writt in such disorder, the company prateing aboute mee and some of them soe bent on doeing mee litle mischeifs that I knew not what I did, and beleive it was y^e^ most sencelesse disjoynted thing that ever was read. I remember now that I writt Robin Spencer instead of Will,[3] tis hee that has marryed M^rs^ Gerhard, and I admire theire courages; she will have 6 hundred pound a year, tis true, after her mother, but how they will live till then I cannot imagin. I shall bee even with you for your short letter, i'le swear they will not allow mee time for any thing, and to show how absolutely I am governed, I need but tell you that I am every night in the park and at new Spring Garden,[4] where though I come with a mask I cannot scape being knowne nor my conversion being admired; are not you in some fear what will become on mee? these are dangerous Courses. I doe not finde though that they have Alter'd mee yet, I am much the same person I was, at least in being Yours

June y^e^ 6^th^ 1654[5]

LETTER 66

T. has said that happiness is what one thinks happiness. She hopes his father is well again. She is to leave town that week for six weeks in Suffolk. Will afterwards get Cooper to make a miniature of her.

London, Tuesday 13 June [1654.]

You have sattisfied mee very much w^th^ this last long letter and made some amends for the short one I received before: I am convinced too that happinesse is much such a kinde a thing as you discribe, or rather such a nothing, for there is noe one thing can properly bee called soe, but Every one is left to Create it to themselv's in somthing w^ch^ they either have or would have, and soe farr it 's well Enough; but I doe not like that ones happinesse should depende upon a perswasion that this is happinesse, because nobody know's how long they shall continue in a beleife built upon noe ground's; only to bring it to what you say and to make it absolutly of the same Nature w^th^ Faith; wee must conclude that nobody can either Create or continue such a beleife in themselv's, but where it is, there is happinesse; and for my part at this present I verely beleeve I could finde it in the Long Walk at Du:[1] You say nothing of your fathers Sicknesse, therfore I will hope hee is well againe, for though I have a quarrell to him, it dos not Extende soe farr as to wish him ill. but hee made noe good retourne, for the councell I gave you, to say that there might come a time when my kindenesse might faile. doe not beleeve him I charge you, unlesse you doubt your self that you may give mee occasion to change; and when hee tells you soe againe, ingage[2] what you please upon't and put it upon my accounte.

I shall goe out of Towne this week[3] and soe cannot posibly get a Picture drawne for you till I com up againe, w^ch^ will bee within these sixe week's but not to make any stay at all, I should bee glad to finde you heer then. I would have had one drawne since I cam, and consulted my glasse every morning when to begin, and to speak freely to you that are my friend, I could never finde my face in a condition to admitt on't, & when I was not sattisfied with it my selfe I had noe reason to hope that any body else should;

but Ime affrayde as you say that time will not mend it and therfore you shall have it as it is, as soone as M^r^ Cooper will voutch safe[4] to take the pain's to draw it for you; I have made him twenty Courtesys and promised him 15^tt^ to perswade him. I am in great trouble to think how I shall write out of Suffolk to you, or receive Yours, however doe not faile to write, though they lye a while I shall have them at last, and they will not bee the lesse welcome, and though you should misse of some of mine, let it not trouble you but if it bee by my fault, ile give you leave to demande sattisfaction for it when you come. Jane[5] kisses your hands and say's she will bee redy in all places to doe you service; but i'le prevent her, now you have put mee into a Jealous humor i'le keep her in chains before she shall quit scores with mee; doe not beleeve S^r^ I beseech you that the Young heirs are for you, content your self with your Old Mistresse, you are not soe handsome as Will Spencer nor I have not soe much courage nor wealth as his Mistresse[6] nor she has not soe much as her Aunt say's by all the mony; I should not have call'd her his Mistresse now, they have bin marryed almost this fortnight. ile write againe before I leave the Towne and should have writt more now but company is come in. Adieu my Dearest

June y^e^ 13^th^

LETTER 67

She had been out dining the day before [with H. O. and Lady Gargrave] and had been out of humour. Lady Tollemache's claim to will-power. Col. R. Hammond going to Ireland. Lady Vavasour sent to the Tower. D.'s distaste to a public wedding. Sir J. T. and Sir T. Peyton will act together in the marriage-treaty. Visit to Suffolk abandoned. Goes into Kent next week. Sends verses from Cowley's Davideis.

London, [Thursday 15 June 1654].

I promised in my last to write againe before I went out of Towne, and now i'le bee as good as my word, they are all gon this morning[1] and have left mee much more at liberty then I have bin of late, therfore I beleeve this will bee a long letter, perhaps too long; at least if my letters are as litle entertaining as my company is. I was carryed yester-

day abroade to a dinner[2] that was designed for mirth, but it seem's one ill humord person in the company is enough to put all the rest out of tune, for I never saw People performe what they intended worse and could not forbear telling them soe, but to Excuse themselv's and silence my reproaches they all agreed to say that I spoyled theire Jollity by wearing the most unseasonable look's that could bee put on for such an occasion; I tolde them I knew noe remedy[3] but leaving mee behinde next time, and could have told them that my looks were sutable to my fortune, though not to a feast. fye I am gott into my complaining humor that tyres my self as well as every body else and w^ch^ (as you observe) help's not at all. would it would leave mee and that I could beleeve I shall not alway's have occasion for it, but thats in nobody's power, and my Lady Talmach[4] that say's she can doe whatsoever she will, cannot beleive whatsoever she pleases. tis not unpleasant mee thinks to hear her talke how at such a Time she was sick and the Phisitians tolde her she would have the small Poxe and shewed her where they[5] were comeing out upon her, but she bethought her self that it was not at all convenient for her to have them at that time; some buisnesse she had that required her goeing abroade, and soe shee resolved shee would not bee sick; nor was not. twenty such storry's as these she tell's and then fall's into discourses of y^e^ strengh[6] of reason and the power of Philosophy till she confound's her self and all that hear her; You have noe such Lady's in Irlande. Oh mee but I heard to day Your Cousin Hamond is goeing thither to bee in Ludlows place,[7] is it true? you tell mee nothing what is don there, but tis noe matter, the lesse one knows of State affayr's I finde it is the better; my Poore Lady. Vavasor[8] is carryed to y^e^ Tower & her great belly could not Excuse her because she was acquainted by somebody that there was a plott[9] against y^e^ Prottector and did not discover it, she has tolde now all that was tolde her but vow's she will never say from whence she had it; wee shall see whither her resolutions are as unalterable as those of my Lady Talmach. I wonder how shee behaved[10] her self when she was marryed. I never

saw any body yet that did not look simply and out of Countenanc[e][11] nor ever knew a wedding well designed but one, and that was of two person's whoe had time enough I confesse to contrive it; and noebody to please int but themselves. hee came downe into the Country where she was upon a Visett and one morning marryed her, as soone as they cam out of the Church they took coach and cam for the Towne, dined at an Inne by the way and at night cam into Lodgings that were provided for them, where nobody knew them and where they passed for marryed People of seven years standing; the truth is I could not indure to bee M^rs^ Bride in a Publick wedding[12] to bee made y^e^ happiest person on Earth. doe not take it ill, for I would indure it if I could rather then faile, but in Earnest I doe not think it were posible for mee. You cannot aprehende y^e^ Formality's of a Treaty more then I doe, nor soe much the successe on't. Yet in Earnest your f: will not finde my B: Peyton wanting in civility (though hee is not a man of much complement unlesse it bee in his letters to mee) nor an unreasonable Person in any thing, soe hee will allowe him out of his Kindnesse to his wife to sett a higher valew upon her sister then she deserv's. I know not how hee may bee prejudiced as to the buisnesse, but hee is not deaf to reason when tis civily deliverd and is as easily gained w^th^ compliance and good usage as any body I know, but by noe other way; when hee is roughly dealt with hee is like mee ten times the worse fort. I make it a case of consciens to discover my faults to you as fast as I know them that you may consider what you have to doe, my Aunt told mee noe longer agon then Yesterday[13] that I was the most willfull woman that ever she knew and had an obstinacy of spirritt nothing could overcome. Take heed, you see I give you faire warning.

I have missed a letter this monday, what is the reason? by the next I shall bee gon into Kent and my other Journy[14] is layed aside, w^ch^ I am not displeased at because it would have broken our intercourse very much. heer are some Verses of Cowly's,[15] tell mee how you like them. tis only a peece taken out of a new thing of his, the whole is very

longe & is a discription of, or rather a paraphrase upon the friendships of David and Jonathon, tis I think y^e^ best I have seen of his, and I like y^e^ subject because tis that I would bee perfect In. Adieu Je suis vostre.

LETTER 68

About to start for Kent, going to Gravesend by water in stormy weather. Has recommended a servant to T.

London, Monday 26 June [1654].

I told you in my last that my Suffolk Journy was layed aside and that into Kent hastned, I am begining it to day[1] and have Chosen to goe as farr as Graves End by water; though it bee very stormy weather. if I drowne by the way, this will bee my Last Letter, and like a will. I bequeath all my kindenesse to you in it, with a charge never to bestow it all upon another Mistresse, least my Ghost rise againe and haunt you.

I am in such hast that I can say litle else to you now; when you are come over wee'l think where to meet, for at this distance I can designe nothing, only I should bee as litle pleased with the constraint of my B[2] house as You. Pray let mee know whither your Man leav's you and how you stand inclined to him I offer you,[3] indeed I like him Extreamly, and hee is commended to mee, by People that know him very well and are able to Judge, for a most Excelent Servant and faithfull as posible; i'le keep him uningaged till I hear from you. Adieu.

My next shall make amends for t[his][4] short one
June y^e^ 26^th^

Addressed
For M^r^ William Temple
at S^r^ John Temples
house in Damaske Street
Dublin

I received your last of June y^e^ 22^th^[5] since I seal'd up my letter, and I durst not but make an excuse for another short one, after you have chid mee soe for those you have

received alredy. indeed I could not help it, nor cannot now, but if that will sattisfye, I can assure you I shall make a much better wife then I doe a husband,[6] if I ever am one; Pardon mon Cher Coeur on m'attend. Adieu mon Ame Je vous souhait tout ce que vous desiré

LETTER 69

In a crowded house.

Knowlton, Tuesday 4 July [*1654*].

because you finde fault with my other letters, this is like to bee shorter then they, I did not intende it soe though, I can assure you. but last night my Brother[1] told mee hee did not send his till ten a clock this morning, and now hee cal's for mine at seven, before I am up, & I can only bee allowed time to tell you that I am in Kent and in a house soe strangly Crowded with Company that I am weary as a dog alredy, though I have bin heer but three or fower day's; that all theire mirth has not mended my humor, and that I am heer the same I was in other Places, that I hope meerly because you bid mee and loose that hope as often as I consider any thing but yours; would I were easy of beleife, they say one is soe to all that one desyr's, I doe not finde it, though I am told I was soe Extreamly when I beleeved you loved mee. that I would not finde and you have only Power to make mee think it. but I am call'd upon. how faine I would say more, yet tis all but the saye-ing with more Circumstance that I am Yours

June y^e^ 4^th^[2]

Addressed

For your Master[3]

LETTER 70

She is sorry that her recommendation of a servant came too late. Good nature. Complains of short letters. Would fain know her doom. Death-sentence of five Portuguese and three Conspirators against the Protector. She is to act the title-rôle in The Lost Lady.

Knowlton, Monday 10 July [*1654*].

I am very sory I spoke too late, for I am confident this was an Excelent Servant;[1] hee was in the same house where

I lay[2] and I had taken a great ffancy to him upon what was told mee of him and what I saw; the Poore ffellow too was soe pleased that I undertook to inquire out a place for him, that though mine was as I told him uncertain, yet upon the bare hopes ont hee refused two or three good condition's.[3] but I shall sett him now at Liberty; and not think at all the worse of him for his good Nature; sure you goe a litle too farr in your condemnation on't; I know it may bee abused as the best things are most subject to bee,[4] but in it self tis soe absolutly necessary that where it is wanting nothing can recompence the misse on't; the most contemptible Person in the world if hee has that cannot be Justly hated and the most considerable without it cannot deserve to bee loved; Would to god I had all that good Nature you complaine you have too much of, I could finde wayes Enough to dispose ont amongst my self and my friend's; but tis well where it is and I should sooner wish you more on't then lesse.

I wonder with what confidence you can complaine of my short Letters that are soe guilty your self in the same kinde. I have not seen a Letter this month, y^t^ has been above halfe a sheet; never trust mee if I write more then you, that live in a desolated Country where you might ffinish a Romance of ten Tomes before any body interupted you; I that live in a house the most filled of any since y^e^ Arke, and where I can assure [you?] one has hardly time for the most necessary occasion's.

Well there was never any one thing soe much desired and aprehended[5] at the same time as your retourne is by mee, it will certainly I think conclude mee a very happy or a most unfortunate Person. somtimes mee thinks I would faine know my doome, what'ever it bee, and at others I dread it soe Extreamly that I am confident the 5 Portugalls and the 3 Plotters w^ch^ were tother day condemned[6] by the high Court of Justice had not half my fears upon them. I leave you to Judge the constraint I live in, what Alaram's my thought[s] give mee, and yet how unconcern'd this company requires I should bee. they will have me Act my Part in a Play, the Lost Lady[7] it is, and I am

she, pray God it bee not an ill Omen. I shall loose my Ey's, and you this Letter, if I make it longer. Farwell I am

Yours

July the 10th

LETTER 71

T. has been alarmed by Letter 68. He has not received Letter 69. When is he coming over? A lady is urging her never to marry.

Knowlton, [*Saturday 15 July 1654*].

I see you can chide when you please and with athority; but I deserve it I confesse, and all I can say for my self is; that my fault proceeded from a very good principle in mee; I am apt to speak what I think; and to you have soe accoustumed my self to discover all my heart, that I doe not beleeve twill ever bee in my power to conceal a thought from you; therfore I am affrayed you must resolve to bee Vexed with all my sencelesse aprehensions[1] as my Brother Pe is with some of his wives,[2] who is, though a very good woman, the most troublesome one in a Coach that ever was, wee dare not let our tongues lye more on one side of our mouths then tother for fear of overturning it; You are sattisfyed I hope ere this that I scaped drowning[3]; however tis not amisse that my will is made,[4] you know now how to dispose of all my wealth whensoever I dye. but I am troubled much you should make an ill Journy to soe litle purpose, indeed I writt by the first Post after my arrivall heer, and cannot imagin how you cam to misse of my Letter. Is your f. retourned yet and doe you think of comeing over imediatly? how welcome you will bee, but alas I cannot talke on't at the rate that you doe. I am sencible that such an absence is misfortune Enough, but I dare not promise my self that it will conclude ours, and tis more my beleife that you your selfe speak it rather to incourage mee and to shew your wishes, then your hopes; my humor is soe ill at present that I dare say noe more least you should Chide againe. I finde my self fitt for nothing but to converse with a Lady below that is fallen out with all the worlde because her husband and she cannot agree, tis the pleasantest[5] thing that can bee to hear us

discourse. she takes great pain's to diswade mee from ever marryeng, and say's I am the veryest foole that ever lived if I doe not take her councell; now wee doe not absolutly agree in that point, but I promise her never to marry unlesse I can finde such a husband as I discribe to her and shee beleev's is never to bee found, soe that upon the matter[6] wee differ very litle; and whensoever she is accused of maintaining opinions very distructive of society and absolutly prejudiciall to all the young People of both sexes that live in the house, she call's out mee to bee her secconde, & by it has lost mee the favour of all our young galants whoe have gott a Custome of Expressing any thing that is noe where but in fiction by the name of M[is] O: husband. for my life I cannot beat into theire head's a passion that must bee subject to noe decay, an Even Perfect Kindnesse that must last perpetualy without the least intermission. they Laugh to hear mee say that one unkind word would distroy all the sattisfaction of my life and that I should expect our kindnesse should increase every day if it were posible, but never lessen; all this is perfect nonsence in theire opinion but I should not doubt the convincing them if I could hope I should ever bee soe happy as to bee

Yours

LETTER 72

She is suffering from late hours, in this point Sir T. Peyton submits to his wife, though he is often fault-finding. His son. Before she left London she visited Lilly the astrologer, a very simple impostor. She sends a song for T.'s sister.

Knowlton, [*Saturday 22 July 1654*].

how long this letter will bee I cannot tell; you shall have all the time that is allowed mee but upon condition that you shall not Examin the sence on't too stricktly; for you must know I want sleep extreamly. the sun was up an hower before I went to bed to day, & this is not the first time I have don this since I cam hither. twill not bee for your advantage that I should stay heer longe for in Earnest I shall bee good for nothing if I doe; wee goe abroade all day and Play all night, and say our Prayers when wee have

time; well in sober Earnest now I would not live thus a twelve month to gaine all that y^e^ K.[1] has lost, unlesse it were to give it him againe; tis a mirracle to mee how my B.[2] indures it. tis as contreary to his humor as darkenesse is to light and only shew's the Power hee lets his wife have over him; will you bee soe good natured? hee has certainly as great a kindenesse for her as can bee, and to say truth, not without reason, but of all the People that ever I saw I doe not like his Carriage towards her; hee is perpetualy wrangling and findeing fault, and to a Person that did not know him would apeare the worst husband and y^e^ most imperious in the world. hee is soe amongst his Children[3] too, though hee loves them passionatly. hee has one son,[4] and tis the finest boy that ere you saw and has a notable spirritt, but yet stands in that awe of his Father that one word from him is as much as twenty whippings; You must give mee leave to entertaine you thus with Discourses of the Famely, for I can tell you nothing else from hence: Yet now I remember I have another storry for you. You litle think I have bin with Lilly, in Earnest I was, the day before I cam out of Towne, and what doe you think I went for? not to know when you would com home I can assure you, nor for any other occasion of my owne, but with a Cousen of mine[5] that had long designed to make her self sport with him and did not misse of her aime. I confesse I alway's thought him an imposture[6] but I could never have imagin'd him soe simple a one as wee founde him; in my life I never heard soe rediculous a discou[rse] as hee made us, and noe old woman that passes for a witch could have bin more to seek what to say to reasonable People then hee was; hee asked us more questions then wee did him, and caug[ht] at every thing wee sayed without discerning that wee abused[7] him and sayed things purposly to confound him, w^ch^ wee did soe perfectly that wee made him contradict himselfe the stranglyest[8] that ever you heard; Ever since this adventure I have had soe great a beleife in all things of this nature that I could not forbeare layeing a Pescod with nine Pease in't under the doore Yesterday and was informed by it that my husbands name should bee

Thomas,[9] how doe you like that? but what Thomas I cannot imagine for all the servants I have gott since I cam hither I know none of that name.

heer is a new songe, I doe not send it to you but to your Sister, the tune is not worth y^e^ sending soe farr; if she pleases to put any to it I am sure it will bee a better then it has heer. . . . . Adieu

LETTER 73

Had received on the 1st his letter of 24 Aug. T. is on his way to England. She had given an account of her humour in a letter not extant. The only congenial people in the house are her niece Dorothy and a melancholy gentleman. They have had visitors, Col. and Mrs. Thornhill, &c.

Knowlton, [Saturday 2 Sept. 1654].

I wonder you did not come before your last letter, 'twas dated the 24^th^ of August, but I received it not till y^e^ 1^st^ of September; would to God your Journy[1] were over; Every litle storme of winde fright's mee soe that I passe heer for the greatest Coward that ever was borne, though in Earnest I think I am as litle soe as most women. Yet I may bee deceived too, for now I remember mee you have often tolde mee I was one, and sure you know what kinde of heart mine is better then any body else; I am glad you are pleased with that discription I made you of my humor,[2] for though you had disliked it, I am afrayde tis past my power to helpe. you need not make Excuses neither for yours, noe Other would please mee halfe soe well. that Gayete, w^ch^ you say is only Esteem'd, would bee unsuportable to mee, and I can as litle indure a tongue that 's alway's in motion as I could the Clack of a Mill; of all the Company this Place is stored with there is but two Person's whose conversation is at all Easy to mee, one is my Eldest Neece[3] whoe sure was sent into the world to shew tis posible for a woman to bee silent; the Other is a gentleman whose Mistresse Dyed Just when they should have maryed, and though tis many year's since, one may read it in his face still. his humor was very good I beleeve before that accident,[4] for hee will yet say things pleasant[5] enough, but tis soe seldome that hee speak's at all, and when hee dos tis

w^th^ soe sober a look, that one may see hee is not moved at all himself when hee diverts y^e^ Company most. You will not bee Jealous though I say I like him very much, if you were not secure in mee you might bee soe in him, hee would Expect his Mistresse should rise again to reproach his inconstancy if hee made court to any thing but her memory. Mee thinks wee three (that is my Neece, and hee, and I,) doe become this house the worst that can bee; unlesse I should take into the Number my Brother P. himselfe too, for to say truth, his, for another sort of Melancholy, is not lesse then ours. what can you imagin wee did this last week when to our Constant Company there was added a Coll: and his Lady, a son of his and two daughters, a mayde of honour to the Queen of Bohemia and another Coll:[6] or a Major, I know not w^ch^, besides all the trayne they brought with them, the men the greatest drinkers that ever I saw, w^ch^ did not at all agree with my Brother, whoe would not bee drawne to it to save a Kingdom, if it lay at stake and noe other way to redeem it. but in Earnest there was one more to bee pittyed besides us, and that was Coll: Thornhils Wife, as pritty a Young Woman as I have seen. she is S^r^ John Greenvils sister and has all his good Nature, w^th^ a great deal of beauty and modesty and witt enough. this innocent Creature is sacrifised to the veryest beast that ever was. the first day she cam hither hee intended it seem's to have come with her, but by the way called in to see an old acquaintaince and bid her goe on, hee would overtake her, but did not come till next night After, and then soe drunk that hee was layed imediatly to bed, whither she was to ffollow him when she had supped. I blessed my selfe at her Patience, as you may doe that I could finde any thing to fill up this paper withall.

Adieu

LETTER 74

T. has been for some days in London.

Knowlton, [*Saturday 9 Sept. 1654*].

I did soe promise my selfe a letter on fryday that I am very angry I had it not, though I know you were not come

to Towne[1] when it should have bin writt. but did not you tell mee you should not stay above a day or two?[2] what is it that has kept you longer? I am pleased though to know that you are out of the Power of soe uncertaine things as the winde and the sea, w^ch^ I never fear'd for my selfe but did Extreamly aprehende for you. You will finde a Pacquett of Letters to read, and may bee have mett with them alredy, if you have you are soe Tyred that tis but reasonable I should spare you in this. To say truth I have not time to make this longer, besydes that if I had, my pen is soe very good that [it] writes an invisible hand I think, I am sure I cannot read it my selfe. if your Ey's are better you will finde that I intended to assure you

I am Yours

LETTER 75

Was kept up till 3 last night and has been sleeping since dinner. Her love for T. is independent of his fortune, but she must not by her own folly expose herself to poverty. Sir J. T. must consent to treat with her brother Henry. T. should then dispose of her as he pleased.

Knowlton, [*Saturday 16 Sept. 1654*].

I am but newly waked out of an unquiet sleep and I finde it soe late that if I write at all it must bee now. some company that was heer last night kept us up till three a clock and then wee lay three in a bed, w^ch^ was all one to mee as if wee had not gon to bed at all. Since dinner they are all gon, and our company with them part of the way, and with much adoe I gott to bee Excused that I might recover a litle sleep, but am soe moaped[1] yet that sure this letter will bee nonsence; I would faine tell you though that your f: is mistaken and that you are not, if you beleeve that I have all the Kindenesse and Tendernesse for you my heart is capable of. Let mee assure you (what ere your f: thinks) that had you 10000^li^ a year I could love you noe more then I doe, and should bee far from showing it soe much, least it should look like a desire of your fortune, w^ch^ as to my self I valew as litle as any body breathing; I have not lived thus long in the world, and in this Age of Changes, but certainly I know what an Estate is. I have

seen my fathers reduced [from][2] better then 4000^{li} to not 400^{li} a yeare, and I thank god I never felt the change in any thing that I thought necessary; I never wanted, nor am confident I never shall; but yet I would not bee thought soe inconsiderat a person as not remember that it is Expected from all people that have sence that they should act with reason, that to all persons some proportion[3] of fortune is necessarry according to theire severall qualitys,[4] and though it is not required that one should tye on's self to just soe much, and somthing is left for on's inclination and y^{e} difference in the person's to make, yet still within such a compasse, and such as lay more upon those considerations then they will bear shall infallibly bee condemned by all sober persons. if any accidentes out of my power should bring mee to necesity, though never soe great, I should not doubt wth gods assistance but to bear it as well as any body, and I should never bee ashamed on't if hee pleased to send it mee, but if by my owne ffolly I had puld it upon my selfe the case would bee Extreamly alter'd. if ever this comes to a treaty I shall declare that in my owne choyse I prefferr you much before any Other person in the world, and all that this inclination in mee (in the Judgments of any persons of honnour and discretion) will beare I shall desyre may bee layed upon it to the utermost of what they can allow, and if your f: please to make up the rest I know nothing that is like to hinder mee from being Yours. but if your father out of humor shall refuse to treate wth such friends as I have, let them bee what they will, it must End hear; for though I was content for your sake to loose them and all the respect they had for mee, yet now I have don that, i'le never lett them see that I have soe litle interest in you and yours as not to prevaile that my Brother may bee admitted to treat for mee. Sure when a thing of Course and soe much reason, as that (unlesse I did declare to all the world hee were my Enemy) it must bee Expected, whensoever I dispose of my self, hee should bee made noe Stranger to it,—when that shall bee refused mee, I may bee justly reproached that I deceived my self when I Ex-

pected to bee at all Valewed in a famely that I am a Stranger to, or that I should bee consider'd with any respect because I had a Kindenesse for you that made mee not Valew my owne interest. I doubt much whither all this bee sence or not, I finde my head soe heavy, but that w^ch^ I would say is in short this. if I did say once that my B should have nothing to doe int, twas when his Carriage towards mee gave mee such an occasion as I could justifie the Keeping that distance w^th^ him, but now it would Look Extreamly unhandsome in mee and sure I hope your f: would not requir[e] it of mee. if hee dos, I must conclude hee has noe Valew for mee, and sure I never disobliged him to my knoledge and should with all the willingnesse imaginable serve him if it lay in my power. good god what an unhappy person am I; but all the world is soe almost. Just now they are telling mee of a gentleman neer us y^t^ is the most Wretched Creature made (by y^e^ Losse of a wife that hee passionatly Loved) that can bee. if your f: would but in some measure sattisfie my freinds, that I might but doe it in any Justifiable manner, you should dispose mee as you pleased, carry mee whither you would. all places of the world would bee alike to mee where you were, & I should not despaire of carryeng my self soe towards him as might deserve a better opinion from him.

I am Yours

LETTER 76

She never feared that Sir J. T. would refuse her request. If H. O. had been against the marriage, so had Sir J. himself. If T. comes to Knowlton, she will chide him for catching a cold. A kind message to his sister.

Knowlton, [*Saturday 23 Sept. 1654*].

My doubts and fear's were not at all Encreased by that w^ch^ gives you soe many nor did I aprehende that your f: might not have bin prevailed with to have allowed my Brothers being seen in the Treaty,[1] for as to y^e^ thing it selfe, whither hee apear int or not, twill bee y^e^ same. hee cannot but conclude[2] my B. P. would not doe any thing in it without the Others consent. I doe not prettende to any

share in Your F: kindenesse as haveing nothing in mee to merrit it, but as much a stranger as I am to him, I should have taken it very ill if I had desyred it of him and hee had refused it mee.[3] I doe not beleeve my Brother has sayed any thing to his prejudice unlesse it were in his perswasions to mee, and there it did not injure him at all. if hee takes it ill that my B. appear's soe Very averse to the match, I may doe soe too that hee was the same, and nothing lesse then my kindenesse for you could have made mee take soe patiently as I did his Sayeing to some that knew mee at York, that hee was forced to bring you thither and afterwards to send you over[4] least you should have marryed mee. this was not much to my advantage nor hardly Civill I think to any woman. Yet I never soe much as took the least notice on't, nor had not now but for this occasion. Yet sure it concern's mee to bee at least as nice[5] as hee in pointes of honour. I think tis best for mee to End hear, least my anger should make mee loose that respect I would alwayes have for your father, and twere not amisse I think that I deverted it all toward's you for being soe idle as to run out of your bed to catch such a Colde. if you come hither,[6] you must Expect to bee chidden soe much that you will wish you had stayed till wee cam up,[7] when perhap's I might have almost forgott halfe my quarrell to you. at this present I can assure you I am pleased w^th^ nobody but your Sister, and her I love Extreamly and will call her pritty, say what you will. I know she must bee soe though I never saw more of her then what her letters show. Shee shall have two spotts[8] if she please (for I had just such another given mee after you were gon[9]) or any thing Else that is in the power of Your

LETTER 77

Bids T. come and see her at Knowlton and bring word of his father's intentions.

Knowlton, Monday 2 Oct. [*1654*].

After a longe debate w^th^ my selfe how to sattisfie you and remove that rock[1] (as you call it) w^ch^ in your aprehensions is of soe great danger, I am at last resolved to let you see

that I valew your affection for mee at as high a rate as you your selfe can sett it, and that you cannot have more of Tendernesse for mee and my Interest's then I shall ever have for Yours. the particulers how I intende to make this good you shall know when I see you; w^ch^, since I finde them heer more irresolute in point of time (though not as to the Journy it selfe) then I hoped they would have bin, notwithstanding your quarrell to mee and the aprehension you would make mee beleeve you had that I doe not care to see you, pray come hither[2] and try whither you shall bee welcome or not. in sober Earnest now, I must speak w^th^ you, and to that End if your occasions will g[ive you leave,][3] as soone as you have rec[eived this, com]e downe to Canterbury,[4] send[ing word whe]n you are there, and you shall have further dirrections. You must bee contented not to stay heer above two or three howers, I shall tell you my reason when you come, & pray informe your self of all that your f: will doe in this occasion, that you may tell it mee only. therfore let it bee plainly and sincerely what hee intends and all.

I will not hinder your comming away, soe much as the making this letter a litle longer might take away from your time in reading it; tis Enough to tell you I am Ever

Yours

Monday
Octo^br^ y^e^ 2^d^

EPILOGUE

I

The series of letters ends, and we must now turn to the entries in H. O.'s Diary.

'Oct. 17, Tuesday. My Lady Peyton and my sister &c. came to London [he wrote by a slip 'from to London'] from Knolton S^r^ Thomas Peyton staying behinde, I kept my chamber that day and they stopt at my lodging at M^r^ Palins, and my sister came up and stayed supper with mee, and then declared shee would marry Temple. They lay at Honnyburns in Drury Lane, and the small pox being there they removed to M^rs^ Broadstreetes in Queenestreete.

Nov. 9. My sister being ill of the small pox removed to her lodging in Queene streete, and then my Lady Peyton and her company removed and went next day into Kent.

Dec. 13, Wednesday. S^r^ J. Temple came to S^r^ T. Hattons about a Treaty with my sister.

Dec. 22, Friday. I carried S^r^ T. Hatton S^r^ J. Temples draught for setling thinges upon mariage with the corrections of S^r^ O. Bridgeman, which he seemed to consent to all but the 1500^li^ that was to returne to the family in case her issue failed, as he said, but he, in truth, would only meddle with the businesse of the 1000^li^ and would have nothinge to doe with the other 3000^li^ whereupon S^r^ T. Hatton told him that without he did one we should (? not) doe the other, and that it was not in my sisters power to hinder it. Upon this, he quite flew of and said he would doe nothinge and so parted. The next day my sister told it mee, and wee utterly fell out about it.

Dec. 25, Munday. Being Christmasse day my sister was married, and went as she said to M^r^ Franklins.'

With these entries we may compare Lady Giffard's narrative in her life of her brother:

'In fifty three [really 1653/4] upon his Fathers desire he carried his sister to him into Ireland, w^ch upon the Conquest of that kingdome begun to settle, & his Father was sometime before return'd to his place of Master of the Rolles. He staid there six months, & in y^t time M^rs Osborne came to be at liberty by the loss of her Father, & S^r W T went imediately into England with the hopes of being soon happy in seing the end of soe long a persuit, though against the consent of most of her friends, & dissatisfaction of some of his, it haveing occasion'd his refusall of a very great fortune when his Famely was most in want of it, as she had done of many considerable offers of great Estates & Famelies. But the misfortunes of this amour were not yet ended. The week before they were to be marryed she fell soe desperately ill there was little hopes of her life and nothing, the Doctors said, but its proveing the small pox could have sav'd her. He was happy when he saw y^t [*sc.* her life] secure, his kindness haveing greater tyes then that of her beauty though that Loss was too great to leave him wholy insensible. He saw her constantly while she was ill, & married her soon after. They past y^e year at the House of one of their friends in the Country, where at the end of it she was brought to bed of a son & the beginning of the next they made a visitt to his Father and Famely, y^t were then in Ireland.'

II

Two of Dorothy's little notes were, I think, written between her arrival in London on 17 Oct. and her attack of smallpox on 9 Nov.

The first that follows implies that she was soon to be Temple's wife, and the second that he was now under special obligation to her. These notes are written in large and bold handwriting and seem on that account to belong to a late date in the story:

I

You are like to have an Excelent houswife of mee, I am

abed still and slept soe soundly, nothing but your letter could have waked mee. You shall hear from mee as soone as wee have dined. farwell, can you indure that word? noe out upont, I'le see you anon.

2

fye upon't, I shall grow too good now, I am takeing care to know how Your Worship slept to night, better I hope then you did the Last. send mee word how you doe, and dont put mee off with a bitt of a Note now, you could write mee a fine long letter when I did not deserve it halfe soe well.

Lady Giffard does not refer to the fresh quarrel between Henry Osborne and his sister and brother-in-law which broke out immediately after the marriage and resulted in proceedings at law. For this we must turn back to Henry's Diary.

'Dec. 28, Thursday. Temple and my sister writ to mee to deliver up the writings of her Portion, which I answered by the same bearer.

1654/5 Feb. 1, Thursday. I received a sub pœna by one Sutton from T and my sister to appeare in Chancery.

Feb. 16, Friday. I received my sisters bill in Chancery by Mr R. Skinner.'

I append an abstract of the bill from Chancery Proceedings, C. 10, 21, 142.

xiijth ffebruary 1654 (1654/5)

Will^{m} Temple Esq. son and heir apparent of Sir John Temple Kt Master of the Rolls in Ireland and Dorothy his wife the sole daughter of Sir Peter Osborne late of Chicksands, co. Bedford Kt deceased, [declare] that whereas said Sir P. O. did by his Indenture tripartite 21 Feb 1649 . . . grant unto Sir Thomas Payton Bart, Sir Thomas Hatton of Long Stanton co Cambs Kt and Bart, Samuel Browne, Serjeant at Law Henry Osborne the second son and Robert Osborne the youngest son of Sir P. O. the manor of Chicksand . . . of yearly value of £1000 or thereabouts for 99 years for several uses, among others for the raising and paying unto your Oratrix a sum of £4000 whereof £2000 was directed to be raised with all possible speed and another £1000 within a year and the other £1000 within two years, and that till the said £2000 were raised and paid, the

Trustees should pay her £50 a year at Lady Day and Michaelmas. By virtue whereof the said trustees took over the trust and about two years afterwards for the better securing of the payment of £2000, part of your Oratrix's said portion, assigned her for some long term of years a farm called Fawnes Grange of the yearly value of £120 by a deed which the said H. O. took into his custody on pretence that he would procure your Oratrix's brother Robert, then absent, to sign. After in 1653[1] Sir P. O. died, no part of the said portion of £4000 being paid.

And your Orator and Oratrix further shew that H. O. then professing much kindness and affection, she, reposing much trust and confidence in him and having a great opinion of his integrity, committed the management of her affairs to him and thereupon the said H. O. proposed unto your Oratrix that the best way for the doing thereof and to manage any treaty that should be had concerning your Oratrix's marriage, was that a Deed should be made to pass away the interest of her portion to some person in trust for her, and that if she would entrust him therewith, he would carefully perform the trust, and that it was necessary that the same should be done in private. Whereupon your Oratrix declared that she knew none more fitting to be trusted than the said H. O. her brother, and that she would leave the manner of it to his direction, but with this, that it should be merely in trust for your Oratrix and to be at her dispose according to her will and pleasure and to revoke the same as she should see cause. And accordingly he, H. O., undertook the said trust and promised faithfully to perform the same and that the deed or writing concerning your Oratrix's portion should be made accordingly. And within a short time after he desired your Oratrix to go with him to Sir Orlando Bridgman's chamber to seal a writing whereby her portion was to be made over to him in trust for your Oratrix. Whereupon your Oratrix repairing thither he presented unto your O. a writing ready drawn with wax affixed thereunto which was made without your Oratrix's direction or any instructions given nor did your O. give any fee . . . and affirmed that no use should be made thereof but for your Oratrix's advantage as aforesaid and that it should be delivered up whensoever your O. should demand and that it was drawn up and made according to the said trust or agreement and with power to your Oratrix to revoke and make void the same. Whereupon your O. without reading or considering thereof did sign seal and deliver the said writing and he, H. O., did seal and deliver a counterpart thereof, and both

[1] i.e. March 1653/4.

parts were left at Sir Orlando Bridgman's chamber. And your Orator having since intermarried with your Oratrix, Dorothy, whereby he is become rightfully entitled to the said portion and security, your Orator and Oratrix have in a friendly manner requested H. O. according to the said trust to deliver unto your Orators the said deed . . . or other assurance of the said farm . . . called Fawnes Grange and to give up the said Deed of trust and the Counterpart thereof and to discover unto your Orator the effect and contents thereof respectively. But he, having gotten the said Deed and counterpart into his custody and desiring to make advantage of the said portion to himself, he having to that end endeavoured to obstruct all treaties concerning the marriage of your Oratrix, utterly refused to deliver the said Deed and pretends that it is absolute, and that your Orator and Oratrix have no interest in the said portion or security, but that he hath the full interest thereof to his own use. Whereas the said Deed is made with power of revocation and if the same be absolute, the same was done by fraud, for the same was to be made merely in trust for your Oratrix and to be at her dispose and was to have been delivered up whensoever she should demand the same, there being no cause or consideration why your Oratrix should otherwise dispose of the same. Nor was it ever in her intent to pass any interest by that deed otherwise than as she might dispose of her portion at her will and H. O. did affirm at the sealing . . . and before and after that the same was so made. Upon which your Oratrix relying, did seal the same without reading or hearing it read, or further advising thereupon with any other person. And therefore his refusal to deliver up the deed or claiming any interest to himself is in breach of trust and contrary to equity . . . and to your Orators' great wrong and prejudice, who are thereby destitute of all provision of livelihood, your Orator's father refusing to settle any estate or maintenance upon your Orators, unless the portion aforesaid be paid.

To the end therefore that H. O. may discover the dates and contents of the said several deeds and who were witnesses thereunto and upon what consideration the later deed was made and by whose direction the same was drawn, and whether your Oratrix did read the same or heard the same read to her, or had any advice thereupon on her part, and whether the same be absolute or with power of revocation and whether it was not intended by your Oratrix and so proposed and affirmed by him that it was in trust for your O. and that she should have the disposition of her portion, the said deed notwithstanding, and to the end he may bring the Deed into this

Court, may it please your Lordships to grant the process of this Court to be directed to H. O. to appear and answer the premises.

On Feb. 28, Wednesday, Henry notes in his Diary:

'I putt in my Answer, which M^r Peeke drew up, and S^r O. Bridgeman and M^r Chute corrected it.'

I append, from the same Chancery bundle, Henry's answer, which is interesting as giving his own account of his relations with Dorothy before her marriage.

The answer of Henry Osborne Esquire to the bill of complaint of William Temple Esq^re and Dorothy his wife.

He believeth Sir P. O. did provide for raising a portion of £4000 for the said Dorothy (his only daughter living at the time of his death) saving that the date of the Indenture tripl. is 20 Feb 1649 [not 21].

He believeth that Sir T. Peyton etc [the Trustees], having entered on the lands &c to secure £2000, by indenture 8 Dec 1650 sold to D. O. a farm rented £35, another £35 18*s.* 10*d.*, another £30, another £80, another £20—all in the parishes of Chicksands Deane and Hawnes, Beds, part of the lands settled by the former ind. tripl. for 99 years from Michaelmas then last past, rendering a peppercorn, with a proviso to make void the same upon payment of £2240 at several days therein expressed.

Which last deed or Indenture, H. O. confesseth he took into his custody that he might procure the said Robert O. to execute it (who did so) and D. O. might at any time afterwards (till of late) have had it again if she had desired it, which she never did.

It is true that Sir P. O. in March last died when no part of the said portion was paid. After which time, as also before, he this defendant did profess and really had a great affection and kindness for her which made him (perceiving there was a possibility of marriage between her and the other complainant and having cause to think that neither W. T. or his father Sir John Temple could settle upon their posterity nor upon her for her jointure an estate answerable to such her portion (although as she informed this defendant the said W. T. had told her that his father said he would make appear such an estate as should satisfy her friends) for that after several treaties had thereabout and pretences made of a considerable estate, no satisfaction could be given by them that they, or either of them, could settle upon her any jointure or estate upon her chi'dren proportionable to what her portion deserved and to the satisfaction of her friends, and being informed by her that the

said W. T. and his father had expressed themselves to her that they did not desire her portion and would join in any act to disable them to intermeddle therewith and to make it over to the trustees of her said father's estate, and that in case she should survive the said W. T. her said portion should remain to her instead of a jointure, and remembering the strict commands left him [H. O.] by his deceased father and mother to have a special care to her, and out of his own great affection to her, he did advise her to secure her said portion and to that end to make it over to the trustees of her father's estate. Whereupon she willingly and freely consented to secure her said portion, but chose rather to have it made over to him, H. O. Yet because he, H. O., did conceive that W. T. and his father might have some prejudice against him (he having expressed some dislike of his, the said Mr Temple's, so frequent addresses to her) he was willing and did so declare to her (so as herself and Sir J. T. and his son would—as she informed H. O. they had promised—consent that it should be made over to the said Trustees as it was made over to him) that he would make over all his interest therein to them. Wherewith she seeming to be fully satisfied and being asked by H. O. what lawyer should draw the assignment, naming to her Mr Turner and Sir O. Bridgman, and she leaving the choice to him, he chose Sir O. B. And Sir O. B. did draw, according to H. O.'s instructions as received from her, a deed or Indenture, date 1 Nov. 1654, between her, D. O., spinster, and H. O. whereby after a recital of the effect of the said two Indentures, *inter alia* that she had accepted of the lease of the said lands & tenements in satisfaction of £2000, part of her said portion of £4000, and that no part of the said £2000 principal money was paid, and that she had received £240 interest till Michaelmas 1654, she for the consideration of 5*s*. paid unto her, did demise and grant to him, the said H. O., all the said farms &c for 99 years reckoned from 20 Sept. 1651, rendering a yearly rent of 5*s*. if lawfully demanded and did also assign to him H. O. all sums of money to be raised and had for the redemption of the said lease and liberty to receive the said £2000, so as until the payment thereof all the interest for the same should be paid upon trust that all the rents and profits &c should be employed by H. O., his executors &c, wholly for the separate proper maintenance of D. O. during her life, and that it should not be paid to W. T. or to any other that should be her husband, and after her death the same should be disposed of for the benefit of such her children or others whom she should appoint. And the said D. O. by the same Indenture did appoint

that the other £2000 residue of her portion should be employed for the same purpose and that the Trustees named in the Ind. tripl. should pay the same accordingly, and that he H. O. might permit this £2000 to remain in the hands of the trustees, they paying interest, which last Indenture she, D. O. (it being according to her direction ready for her to seal), did duly execute at Sir O. B's chamber.

Upon which last Indenture, about 3 weeks after the sealing and executing, it was endorsed... That hee, H. O., might either let the said £2000 not yet raised remain chargeable upon all the lands out of which it was appointed to be raised, or take such a security for the payment thereof as he should think fit by a lease of part of the lands out of which the same was to be raised to be paid to himself, his executors &c but upon such trusts as are expressed concerning the other £2000.—to which endorsement she, D. O., did subscribe her name.

Concerning the contents of the several indentures and endorsement, he, H. O., refers himself thereto. In pursuance of his [this defendant's] advice, as he conceiveth, the same Indenture was made and executed, wherein is no power of revocation, nor did D. O. direct there should be any, or that her portion of £4000 or any part thereof should be disposable at her will and pleasure or otherwise than in the trust, which H. O. acknowledgeth he hath accepted of and hopes he shall faithfully perform, wherewith W. T. and Sir J. T. were acquainted before the intermarriage, and he, H. O. doth intend, as he told D. O., no use should be made of this Indenture but to her advantage.

Which deed the def^{t} denieth he did ever promise to deliver up to her or any other person unless she and W. T. and his father would agree in the making over her said portion to the trustees of Sir P. O.'s estate, as she said they promised they would do.

He, H. O., denies that he ever told her that the deed was made with power of revocation, but told her it was made according to the trust reposed in between her and him.

When it was done, and Sir O. B. began to read it to her, she said it was long, and desired only as much of it might be read as concerned the trust, which having heard read by Sir O. B., though she did not read it herself, she declared herself to be satisfied that it was according to the directions given to H. O.

At which time he confesseth he did seal and deliver a counterpart of the Indenture to her, D. O., and both parts were left for the present till the defendant fetched them away at the chamber of Sir O. B. to whom this def^{t} did pay for her his fee.

He confesseth further that he hath, though desired, refused and

shall refuse, to deliver to the complainants or either of them any of the Indentures except the Counterpart of the deed of trust reposed in him which he sealed and delivered to her: which he is willing to deliver unto her, but was never required by her since her marriage.

The other Indentures H. O. refuseth to deliver, conceiving it would be a breach of the trust reposed in him, but denieth that he is desirous to make any advantage thereof or of the portion to his own use and hath been so far from obstructing all treaties concerning her, D. O.'s, marriage, that upon former several treaties of her marriage with other persons of great estates, he in promotion thereof hath voluntarily offered to add out of his own estate £1000 to her portion, and was instant in endeavouring very great matches for her, as is known to some persons of good quality and credit. And this def^{t} doth deny all fraud or that he did circumvent the said complainant or that the said deed was made upon any other trust then therein contained, or was to be at the dispose of her, or was to have been delivered up to her at her request.

And said defendant doth believe that when she gave him directions for the Indenture and executed it, she did really intend that the disposing of her portion should be put out of her own power and chiefly to this cause was the Indenture made. Nor did he ever affirm that she should have the disposition of her portion the said deed notwithstanding.

And he says she did commit the management of her affairs to him as being a trustee appointed by her father and being her Brother who had an especial care of her good, and he did in all things to the best of his understanding as a loving and faithfull brother unto her.

Prays that the complaint be dismissed with costs.

H. O.'s Diary shows that months still passed before an agreement was arrived at.

'Mar. 5, Munday. When I came home Temples man stayed for mee with a note from him and my sister to desire mee to send the Counterpart of the Deede shee made to mee. I told the man I had it not here, but I would take order it should be sent some time to-morrow.

Mar. 6, Tuesday night. Temple sent his man againe, I said I had now brought it home, and was just sending it, so gave it him, and my Lady Dianas picture to returne it to my sister.

Mar. 7, Wednesday morninge. My sister sent mee againe my Lady Dianas picture, and said she did not understand my sending it to her, and knew not whither it was the same, and that one of the eyes was out, so I said onely that Mr Lilly should mend it.

I heard by Evans that he had sent up the Table Linnen for my sister and the other Linnen all in one trunke.

Mar. 12, Munday. I sent my sister the trunke with Linnen and my Lady Osborne[1] told mee shee was there when my letter came, and that my sister seemed extreamely pleased with it, and said the Letter was very kinde and that it was more then shee expected from mee. Yet that night she writ to mee againe a Letter where she was unsatisfied, and very unkinde.

Mar. 15, Thursday. She writ againe and two or three Letters went betweene us.

Mar. 16, Friday. Shee went out of Towne to Battersey to the ministers house there, intending to goe from thence into Barkeshire by Redding.

This day T. came to Mr Ward to bid him if any money were returned up for him he should keepe it in his hands and my man told mee Mr Ward not well understanding what order I gave to R. Compton, mistooke and said I denied I had given him order not to pay any money to my sister, when I denied that I had given him order not to pay any money till our Lady day; for I had ordered him and he had promised to send it up ten dayes before. So I went that night to him and made him understand the businesse right, and he said if any money came to him for my sister he would send mee worde, and if T. sent to know whether any was returned up for him he would say no.

The 14 of this moneth T. sent his man over the way with a Coachman to beate Owen.

Mar. 21, Wednesday. I was with Sr T. Hatton who told mee Temple and my sister had beene with him, and that he had offered him a bill, which he refused to take.

Mar. 22, Thursday morninge. Sr T. Peyton came to mee

[1] Sir Thomas Osborne's mother.

and told mee Temple had been with him and given him a bill against the Trustees desiring up [?him] to send it to S[erjeant] Browne, and desire him to draw up an answer, which he told mee he had done, thereupon I writ this day a letter to S. Browne to desire him not to doe it.

I writ to R. Compton that he should returne up the 120li to mee, and not to my sister. Of both these last letters I have Copies. [On 27 March H. O. was at Chelmsford to defend himself in the action brought against him by his uncle Francis Osborne and obtained a verdict in his favour. He returned in a hackney coach with Dorothy's old suitor, James Beverley.]

Mar. 30, Friday. Owen received of Mr Ward 120li that R. Compton had returned to mee for my sister. Owen went to Stacys, &c, to enquire how I might send to my sister but shee knew not.

I retained Attorney Prideaux against *my brother* [i.e. Temple.]

Apr. 2, Munday. I retained Mr Chute against *my brother*.

Apr. 3, Tuesday. I retained Sergeant Maynard against *my brother*.

Apr. 5, Thursday. I sent a Letter by Owen to Mrs Grizells to be sent to my sister to acquaint her I had 120li for her, shee they say is at Battersey.

Apr. 7, Saterday. My sister writ mee a Letter by one Cornwall to pay the 120li to him, I told him on Munday at 3 a clocke in the afternoone he should receive it.

Apr. 9, Munday. Cornwall came, but he would not signe the acquittance because it was mentioned to be payd for interest to my sister due at our Lady day last. He said he had no order for it but would acquaint my sister with it, and come againe to morrow morninge.

Apr. 10, Tuesday. Cornewall came and received the 120li and said it was onely his scruple.

May 10, Thursday. I came to London.

May 11, Friday. I was served with a sub-pœna from Temple.

May 19, Saterday. I received the bill of Temple against the Trustees as well as my selfe. I sent it to S. Browne.

May 25, Friday. The Trustees mett and my brother [i.e. Temple] Sr John Temple and Mr Rant came, where wee treated concerning my sisters portion, and my brother and I consented to an agreement between us, and S. Browne was to draw the heads.

May 30, Wednesday. Temple came from Redding and desired a meeting of the Trustees to conclude concerninge my sisters portion, but I putt of the meeting, for I said I would conclude nothinge unlesse my sister were present, so shee was sent for.

June 1, Friday. Wee mett at S. Browne's chamber, my brother [i.e. Temple], Sr T. Hatton, my sister, Sr J. Temple, Mr Raworth and my selfe, where wee made an agreement, and Raworth tooke the heads of it.

June 9, Saterday. When I was abroad, somebody left a draught for mee of an Agreement about my sisters Portion.

June 18, Munday. One from Mr Raworth came to know if I had perused the Deede. I told him I had, and that there was not one thinge right putt downe, and so sent it him againe.

June 27, Wednesday. I went to [?Sr] O. Bridgeman to Kensington with Sr J. Temples booke corrected, and Sr Orl: made notes upon it, and I left it with those notes at my lodging for Mr Temple.

June 29, Friday. Wee had a meeting at S. Brownes chamber, onely Sr J. Temple, and his sonne, and Mr Raworth and my selfe, where wee agreed that a booke should be drawne up according to Sr O. B. notes, and then I would goe with it againe to Sr O. B. and if they differed in any matter of law, S. Browne should determine betweene them.

July 20, Friday. Wee sealed the Writings of agreement between mee and my sister and Sr John Temple, &c.'

The quarrels between brother and sister were now, one must hope, closed for ever.

A SOUTH PROSPECT OF THE ABBEY GATE AT READING

From an engraving 1775

III

William and Dorothy Temple had spent their honeymoon—the Christmas holiday of 1654—at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Franklin, Moor Park, Herts. Mrs. Franklin was Dorothy's cousin, the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Cheke, and Richard Franklin was a friend of Temple's. Since his return from abroad in December 1652 he had paid many visits to Moor Park, and the place was endeared to him for life. Here it was that he had scratched on a window-pane verses contrasting his own restless existence with the fixed repose of the statue of Leda outside.

When the honeymoon was over, they were in lodgings in London, perhaps at Nan Stacy's, till 16 March, when the Diary tells us that Dorothy 'went out of Towne to Battersea to the ministers house there, intending to goe from thence into Barkeshire by Redding'.

Temple's uncle, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Temple, had been instituted to the living of Battersea in 1634,[1] and apparently still held it. It was no doubt with him that Dorothy stayed. The *D. N. B.* tells us that his wife was of a Reading family, but to this statement a great deal can now be added.

Temple's maternal uncle, Robert Hammond (ob. 1623), eldest son of Dr. John Hammond of Chertsey, and his paternal uncle, Dr. Thomas Temple, had married sisters, Elizabeth and Anne, daughters of Sir Francis Knollys Kt. of Reading Abbey. A third sister, Letitia, known as Lady Vachell (her first husband, Sir Thomas Vachell of Coley Park, Reading, died in 1638), had been the second wife of the patriot John Hampden, and was stepmother of Mary Hammond, née Hampden, the young widow of Temple's cousin, Colonel Robert Hammond (ob. Oct. 1654), erewhile Governor of the Isle of Wight. By his will [90 Essex], made 6 Dec. 1646, Sir Francis Knollys left part of the Abbey House in Reading to his son's widow [?Cecilia], Lady Knollys, to his daughter the Lady Vachell, bedding, &c. 'which was her mother's work', to his daughter Temple

[1] Lysons, *Environs*, i. 38.

for life, 'the wharf called Ellis his wharfe in Reading and the house upon the said wharfe and the two meadowes next adjoyning', the residue to his daughter 'Elizabeth Hamond and her sonne Roberte Hamond my grandchild and to their heirs', Mrs. Hammond and Robert to be his executors.

The residue left to Mrs. Hammond no doubt included that part of the Abbey House not left to Lady Knollys. Apparently Mrs. Hammond had already under her roof Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Rich Kt. and widow of her elder son, John Hammond of Chertsey (ob. 1643), with her two children, Letitia and Robert (born April 1641), when in March 1655 she opened her doors to William Temple and his wife. Aunt Temple divided her time perhaps between Wharf House, Reading, and Battersea; Lady Vachell was living at Coley House,[1] and had with her probably her stepdaughter, Mary Hammond (soon to become Lady Hobart), widow of Colonel Robert Hammond, with her three little daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Letitia. Of Coley House, with its beautiful gardens, there is a striking engraving.

In this circle at Reading William and Dorothy spent at least a year or two after their marriage. It was of Mrs. Hammond and (as I think) of Reading Abbey that Lady Giffard wrote: 'They past y^e^ year at the House of one of their friends in the Country, where at the end of it she was brought to bed of a son.' The registers of St. Lawrence, Reading, as I learn from the vicar, the Rev. J. T. Mumford, contain the entry: '1655 December 18. John Temple sonn of William Temple Esquire born.'

A group of letters from Dorothy to her husband, mostly printed by Miss Julia Longe in *Martha, Lady Giffard*, pp. 25–37, and supposed by her to have been written from

[1] According to the *Victoria Hist. of Berkshire*, iii, p. 364, Coley House had remained the residence of Lady Vachell and had not passed to Tanfield Vachell, Sir Thomas's heir, the latter residing in a house on the site of the Grey Friars. A house in Hosier Lane called 'Lady Vachell's House' still remains, or did so till recently; but it is not clear that it took its name from the Lady Vachell now in question.

Sheen early in 1665, cease to present difficulty when we see that they were written from Reading *c.* 1655/7, and that 'Jack' is not the Jack born in 1663/4, but the elder Jack who was born in Dec. 1655 and who died within a few years in Ireland. Through the kindness of the Rev. John C. Longe, rector of Yelverton, Norwich, I have been allowed to copy the originals and to reprint them in what appears to me to be the order of their composition.

LETTER 1

Dorothy Temple is expecting the birth of a child. If this is her first child, the letter must have been written about Oct. 1655. Temple was away probably in London, prosecuting the business of an aunt, probably Mrs. Robert Hammond. His man, Tom, who looked after the horses, was also away. It is interesting to see that Dorothy had with her her old companions, Mrs. Goldsmith of Campton and the latter's sister, Jane Wright.

My dearest Heart,
'Twas kindly don not to forget my scrip. I wayted for it all day and would not have missed it for two such basketts of grapes as cam wth it though they were Excelent good ones. I will bee very Carefull of my selfe and my Aunt dos assure mee I cannot misse of a good midwife in the Towne whensoever I shall have occasion for her. Your horses shall bee looked to too as well as William and I and Jane and M^{rs} Gouldsmith can doe it, for wee understand it much alike mee thinks. I wish my Aunt's buisnesse a happy dispatch & my dearest home again wth his

D. Temple.

LETTER 2

This seems to follow closely on the preceding letter.

Sir Richard Franklin sold Moor Park about June 1663, so this letter must precede that date.

'My Aunt' is Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond, widow of Robert H. of Chertsey, Temple's maternal uncle.

'My Lady Vachell' is Mrs. Hammond's sister Letitia, widow of John Hampden and stepmother to Mary Hammond, Hampden's sixth daughter, who with her three daughters was probably living with Lady Vachell. Mary Hammond's husband, Col. Robert Hammond, younger son of Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond, had been living at Reading till he left for Ireland in the autumn of 1654 to die soon after his arrival, at the age of thirty-five. He had just before been elected High Steward and Burgess in Parliament for the corporation of Reading.[1] Mary Hammond married her second husband, Sir John Hobart, within a few years after Col. Hammond's death.

Dearest Heart,
Tom will give you an account of his Journy to Moor Parke and I can only tell you that wee are all well hear and that you need not presse M^rs^ Carter to come downe yet for my Aunt is of opinion as well as I that I shall not come soe soon. My Lady Vachell was hear yesterday and my Cousin Mary Hammond & both sayed you were an arrant Gadder therfore I would advise you to make what hast home you can to save your Creditt but most because you know how welcom you will bee to Your D. Temple

LETTER 3

Jack had been born on 18 Dec. 1655.

Lady Giffard writes that at the beginning of the next year Temple and his wife 'made a visitt to his Father and Famely, y^t^ were then in Ireland'.

H. O.'s Diary fixes the date more closely: '1656, May 13, Tuesday. My sister went from Campton for Ireland.' She had been staying at Campton probably with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith.

[1] See Simon Ford's Epistle Dedicatory to his funeral sermon on R. H., *A Saints Direction in an Afflicted Condition* appended to *The Spirit of Bondage and Adoption* 1655.

It is clear from this and the following letters that after the Irish visit the Temples returned for a time to Reading.

I date this letter September 1656, from its reference to the fair. The chief fair at Reading, as I am informed by the Rev. J. T. Mumford, took place on St. Matthew's Day, 21 Sept.[1]

The reference to 'M^r^ Mayor and his Brethren' applies to Reading, but would not apply to Richmond or Sheen, which had no Mayor at this time. That to 'Cousin Thorolde' is only consistent with this early date, as Mrs. Thorold by 1660 had married Sir William Trollope of Casewick, and in 1661 had died. 'My Aunt' mentioned with her is her grandmother, Lady Gargrave, who died between the date of her writing her will [213 Nabbes], 20 Oct. 1659, and that of its being proved, 23 Aug. 1660.

'My Aunt' whose garden was threatened was Mrs. Robert Hammond.

Dorothy uses 'defeate' in the sense of 'disappointment'. Cf. Letter 38 and Letter 41: 'Never anybody was soe deffeated [disappointed].'

Tis mighty well too that I have satt upon thornes these two howers for this sweet scrip full of reproaches. Pray what did you Expect I should have writt, tell me that I may know how to please you next time. But now I remember mee you would have such letters as I used to write before we were marryed, there are a great many such in y^r^ cabinett y^t^ I can send you if you please; but none in my head I can assure you. Tis not the great aboundance of diversion I finde heer though, nor want of any kindnesse (I think) that hinders mee from being Just what I was then, but a dullnesse y^t^ I can give no accounte of and that I am not displeased with but for your sake and because it is many times an occasion of the makeing good one of my Brothers prophesy's whoe used to tell mee often I had

[1] The *Victoria History*, iii, p. 353, shows that Reading had originally fairs on St. James's Day (25 July) and St. Philip and St. James (May 1), and in 1560 was granted two new fairs to be held on the eve, feast, and morrow of St. Matthew's Day and of the Purification (Feb. 2).

more kindnesse for you then became mee, and that I might assure myselfe if I ever came to bee your wife you would reproach mee w^th^ it, I might perhaps though bee som thing more dull then ordinary when I writt last for as I remember I was sleepy too and not soe much with sitting up late as with riseing Early w^ch^ I haue done ever since you went Either because I am weary of my bed or that tis good to make mee leane again; but know soe little what to doe with myselfe when I am up that I am fain to send for Jack into my chamber, see him drest there, and when I am weary of playing with him goe to worke for him, but alasse, he has a great defeate his Coate was made and I had gott him linnen redy to weare with it but M^rs^ Carter has sent him noe shoo's and stockings I beleeue twas Tom's fault that did not carry her Janes letter soone enough. You tell mee nothing of my Aunt nor of my Cousin Thorolde. I suppose tis that you have not seen any of them yett.

I shall observe your orders to morrow and write to you againe on Monday tis like to bee a great faire they say, somthing more then ordinary sure it will bee or else M^r^ Mayor and his Brethren would nere have put themselves to the trouble of comeing all to my Aunte two dayes agon to tell her that they would pull downe our freind M^r^ Harrisons[1] hedge to make roome for it. they threatend her Garden too and question her right to the ffishing and the hundred Egg's; Mighty hott words past and many more then the buisnesse was worth I thought, but that the gravity of M^r^ Mayor's Ruffe bare it out well. would I could borrow it to send with this letter for tis as litle to the purpose mee thinks as all that hee sayed. see what you get by putting mee upon long letters, if you would confesse it you are glad with all your heart to finde yourselfe soe neer the End on't. Good night to you my dearest. I am

Your

D. Temple.

[1] One Thomas Harrison was a prominent Royalist at Reading *c.* 1644–6. (*Victoria Hist. Berks*, iii. 359, 360.)

LETTER 4

The fair has taken place, so the date is soon after 21 Sept. 1656.

Little Jack, now 9 months old, if my dating of the letter is correct, has been invited to Coley, Lady Vachell's great house near Reading.

My dearest Heart,
After all Mr Mayor's preparations 'twas a very poore faire, Not a good horse in't besydes Sawyers Teame in wch was the Mare hee told you of, and hee brought her downe to the Stable to match her wth my Aunt's and they doe very well together hee says. but I did not see it, for though I sent twenty Messengers to him Sadler would not come neer mee all the faire day but sent mee word at night what hee had don wch was that on Satterday next heer would come two Mares for you to see; To day I sent for him againe and hee tels mee the Mares are both Sawyers, both 4 years old, and full as large as my Aunts and the same Couler and will both come to aboute 30tl, one of them hee has bin offerd 16tl for and hee takes her to be better then my Aunts. there was but yt one heer but Sawyer tells him the Other is full as good as my Aunts and if you like them you may have them, if not thers noe harm don, hee is not fond of selling[1] them. I have seen the Young ffellow, hee looks plain and honnest, will undertake he says to Looke to your 4 horses very well and with as much care as any man. Sadler commends him Mightily hee drove his Brother's coach the Gloucester Rode a great while, hee askes 12tl a year and cannott take under hee sayes, hee had as much of Sadlers Brother and has as good as 16tl where hee is now. Sadler and hee goe up together to morrow, there you may see him and Sattisfye your selfe. but with all this I must tell you too that they say Sadler is generally taken Notice on for a Gift hee has in Lyenge and therfor what his Mares will come to I cannot tell; Can you tell mee when you intende to come home? would you would, I should take it mighty kindly. good deare make hast, I am as weary as a

[1] 'fond of selling' = eager to sell. See *O.E.D.*

dog without you, poore Jack is all the Entertainment I have, hee mem's his litle duty and grow's and thrives Every day. When the sun shines his mayde has him abroade to use him to the Aire against his Journy and hee is shortly to goe to Coley upon a solemne invitation. My deare Hearte bee sure I haue a scrip by Tuesday's coach and noe reproaches, remember that, indeed I dont deserve them I thinke, for Ime sure I infinitly love my dearest dear hart and am his D: Temple

if you can conveniently I should bee glad you payd the Grocers bill.

LETTER 5

This letter is connected with the last by the mention of Sawyer's mares and of Sadler who had recommended their purchase.

'Your new man' is referred to later in the letter as 'John'.

If Jack at nine months is too young to be said even by his mother to 'mem his little duty', all these letters must be put a year later.

My dearest best Heart.

I saw your new man today and heard him to my cost—Ah, 'tis a sad story my deare but he says your best Mare is good for nothing. She has the glanders extremely, and a soare heel, w^{ch} the Fairier says is a surfett she has had that now breaks out there; Is not Sawyer bound to take her againe y^{t} warranted her sounde to you? Saddler that knave, knew what she was I believe, for hee will not come neer mee, though I have sent twice for him to day. I thought fitt to lett you know it, before you came downe, y^{t} you might consider what you had to doe, I am affrayde it will disorder us a little. John found it as soone as ever hee saw her I beleeve. the fellow has good skill in horses. He looks very honestly too and like to make a good servant I think. I gave Jack the kiss you sent him and he mems his little duty and gave mee another for you w^{ch} you shall have as soone as you come home, and twenty more from

Your D. T.

LETTER 6

If it is John, the new servant, mentioned in Letter 5, who is found to be a thief, this letter may be placed about Oct. 1656.

My dearest Heart, I send you heer a letter that will amaze you I beleeve as muche as it did mee, but tis most Happy that hee is thus discoverd before hee has don a worse mischeife. rid your hands of him quickly for god sake, since I knew I have broken open his boxe but founde nothing there but his owne things, his new sute and most of his linnen, unlesse it bee the Cape of your plush Cloak w^{ch} I have sent lest you might want it. Poor M^{r} Bolles brought this letter through all the rain to day. my dear dear heart make hast home, I doe soe want thee that I cannot imagin how I did to Endure your being soe long away when your buisnesse was in hand. good night my dearest, I am

Yours

D. T.

LETTER 7

This letter and the following are closely connected by Dorothy's references to the fall of the wall, and as Letter 8 is written just before Shrovetide, they must be dated about February—whether in 1657 or 1656 (if Jack was old enough to go a-shroving at two months).

The 'great Wall' probably belonged to Reading Abbey. Dorothy's moralizing on its fall reminds us of some of the best passages of her earlier letters. The reference to 'Tom' is perhaps in favour of the earlier date, as we heard nothing of him in the September letters and apparently the new man John had taken his place. 'Robin's Master' was apparently Tom, and Robin was a stable-boy.

Jane Wright is still with Dorothy, or is making another visit.

'My poor Aunt' is Mrs. Hammond, her grandson young Robert Hammond, only son of John Hammond of Chertsey

who had died in Dec. 1643 when Robert was 2 years and 8 months old (*inquisitio post mortem*). In Feb. 1656 he would be nearly 15, in Feb. 1657 a year older.

My best dear Heart,
How kindly I take this little scrip you sent mee; deed my dear you shall never want one as longe as I have fingers to write, yet never trust me if I know what to tell thee besydes y^t^ wee are all well heer and were at the fall of the great Wall to day.

I could have cryed over it mee thoughts, it fell soe solemnly and with soe good a grace after it had stood out all theire Battery's soe long; and mett with the same fate y^t^ all the great thing's of the worlde doe when they fall, The People shouted at it and were pleased ran in to trample ont because twas down and tooke a pride[1] in treading where they durst not have sett a foot whilest it was up. Well the man has a huge Bargaine ont there is I am confident five times more free stone int then any body could have imagin'd; but all this is nothing to your Mares & truth is my deare I can give you but a slender accounte of them. I hope they are well (& soe forth) but tis soe durty I cannot goe down to the stable and Tom is resolved I shall see him noe more I think for I have not don it since you went; to day indeed hee took his Phisick and soe kept his Chamber but where he bestowed himselfe all yesterday I know not; Jane is at an End of all her patience w^th^ him too, for it seem's Robins M^r^ seeing his letters open read them and Robin took y^t^ soe ill y^t^ they went together by the Ear's aboute it and great disorders it has caused, but those are common things. I thought wee should have seen a Combatt between my poor Aunt and her grandsonne to Night. they fell out soe Terribly at Cards & doe you thinke that Rude boy should have the confidence to throw up his Cards in a snuffe (after hee had disputed it with her halfe an howre) and say hee would play noe more because when hee had dealt twice shee told him ont and

[1] MS. 'a pride a pride'.

would have the cards to deal her selfe as twas her Turne. ah my deare if Ever Jack should doe such things, sure I should make bold to beat him as long as I were able, but poor childe hee looks soe honestly I know hee never will, deed my heart tis the quietest best litle boy y^{t} Ever was borne, I'me affray'd hee'l make mee grow fonde of him doe what I can. the only way to keep mee from it is for you to keep at home for then I am lesse wth him, now hee is all my Entertainment besydes what I finde in thinking of my dearest and wishing him with his

D. Temple

I think it will bee much the best not to bring downe the Coach but try to borrow my Aunts.

LETTER 8

This follows Letter 7 in Feb. 1656 or 1657.

'Tooby' may be the father and predecessor of 'Toby Hamond the coatchman' whose burial took place at St. Mary's, Reading, on 6 Aug. 1702, and who had had children baptized there between 1685 and 1692.

'My Aunt' who was staying in town was probably Lady Gargrave, to whom in her old age the journey from Cornbury in winter would be formidable. Dorothy had asked news of her in Letter 3 (Sept. 1656).

'Newgate Market' is described in Wheatley's *London Past and Present.*

'My Aunt Temple', as Dorothy thinks, is leaving Reading to join her husband, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Temple, at his living of Battersea. Mary Hammond, *née* Hampden, widow of Col. Robert Hammond, has sent the news to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Robert Hammond, at Reading. There was a close relationship between the Buckinghamshire families of Waller and Hampden. Lady Waller was the wife of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general.

'My Lady' who believes she will never see Temple at Coley is Lady Vachell. This sentence practically proves that Coley was occupied by Lady Vachell at this time.

'Creeper' is no doubt little Jack. The nickname fits a child of 14 months better than one of 2 months.

My Dearest Heart

Tooby did mee great wrong in not delivering the long scrip I sent you I know if you had seen it before you writt yours would have bin somthing longer then it is. but I am thankfull however; and indeed you sent mee very good news in't of my Aunts stay in Towne, for the thought of that Journy was not very pleasant to mee. I am glad you have found a footman too, and Tom shall bee sent up as you apoint but how will you doe to retourne your mony? I am in some paine for you; M^r^ Lamport has made up a bill of 15^ll^ od mony, 5^ll^ wee had before and 5^ll^ now and the linnen with some od things you had, Buttons & Silke, &c. I sent to our neighbour M^r^ Osgood to know if hee could not help us, but hee is not provided at present hee say's; I doe not thinke but M^r^ Warde of Newgate Markett could doe it, he has acquaintance heare for I have had letters sent mee from him by Town's men. if you have any from Irlande pray let me have them to Entertaine my selfe withall till you come; it seem's tis true that my Aunt Temple comes away, for my cousin Mary Hammond writes my Aunte word y^t^ she and my Lady Waller were at Battersey to see my uncle and where they told her they Expected her very suddenly. poore woman I am soe sorry for tis certainly the dread of us that frights her away. To morrow Jack is invited to Coly a-shroveing, but my Lady say's she beleev's shee is never to see you there, I sayed what I could to Excuse you, but you are concluded the Arrantest gadder in y^e^ Country, none matter though my deare I love you for all that soe you will make hast home againe. doe you mem to look for some lodgings and roome to lay our goods in that must be thought on, I mem'd to stand out of harm's way when the great wall fell downe. heer com's Creeper that will lett mee say noe [?more] but that wee are both Yours

if Tom goes remember M^rs^ Fountains hood.

NOTES

LETTER 1

1 *my Old Servant.* Temple himself. Dorothy writes just before Christmas, 1652, in reply to a letter in which Temple had informed her that he was returned from the Low Countries and was now in London. He had not written for nine months and he had now humorously referred to an old compact between them that she should pay him £10 when she married. Cf. Letter 35: 'never man made a worse bargain then you did when you played for the ten pounde I am to pay you when I marry.'

LETTER 2

Temple had left England in the summer of 1650 or—if Dorothy's mother died, as I think, in October 1651 and not 1650—in the summer of 1651. He had spoken at the time of a probable silence of six or eight weeks, and, as months passed, she imagined he had extended his travels. She received a letter from him from Breda about March 1652, but another long silence again made her suppose that he had gone to Italy as he had talked of doing. Lately Mr. Metcalf, who had forwarded Temple's letter in March, had written again to say that he was returning to England. She still imagined, however, that he was in Italy till his own letter came, informing her that he was in London. She learnt from it also that before his departure from England he had been as near her as Bedford. This was on his way to York to see his father who from York dispatched him to Holland. (Letter 76, n. 4.) Dorothy now wants to know how he had been occupied all this time in the Low Countries and why she had not been told what his plans were.

'M^r Metcalf' was perhaps a family solicitor of the Osbornes. H. O. writes in his Diary, 22 July 1652: 'My sister received a letter from M^r Metcalfe that he had not received the box of writings' (deeds).

1 *your letter from Breda . . . which . . . S^r Thomas never saw.* The date of the receipt of the letter from Breda is fixed as March 1652 by her statement that she had told Sir Thomas Osborne that she had had the letter. We find in Henry Osborne's Diary: '1652. March 15, Munday. My sister went to London about S^r T. Osborn. . . . Apr. 1, Thursday. I came to London about my sister and S^r Thomas Osborn . . . Apr. 8, Thursday . . . this evening my lady Osborn broke of the match.' Dorothy saw no more of Sir Thomas after this.

Sir Thomas Osborne was related to Dorothy, but curiously, not on her father's, but on her mother's side, his grandmother being a sister of Dorothy's mother. He was the son of Sir Thomas Osborne of Kiveton, Yorks., and of Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Walmisley of Dunken Halgh, Lancs., and of Eleanor Danvers, elder sister of Dorothy Danvers who married Sir Peter Osborne. Having been born in 1631, he was three or four

years younger than Dorothy. He was married a few months later than this to Lady Bridget Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey. See LL. 20 (?May 1653), n. 6, and 42, n. 3. He came to play a great part in English history as Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds.

2 *there is one not farr off that sayes hee will have mee when his wife dy's.* In Letter 9 (end of Feb. 1653), Dorothy writes: 'this colde weather . . . has undone mee . . . in Killing an Old Knight that I have bin wayteing for this seven yeare and now hee dy's and will leave mee nothing I beleeve, but leaves a Rich Widdow for somebody.' However, this must have been a false rumour, for in Letter 23 (*c.* 29 May 1653) she writes: 'Just now I have news brought mee of the death of an old rich Knight that has promised mee this seven year's to marry mee whensoever his wife dyed, etc.' There can be no doubt that the old knight was Sir William Briers of Upbury, Pulloxhill, Beds.—about seven miles south-west of Chicksands. His will proved by his widow Arabella (Crofts) shows that he left no children. His monument in Pulloxhill church, as I am kindly informed by the vicar, states that he died on 28 May 1653, 'aged four score and four'. Dorothy gives an account of a dinner, evidently at Lady Briers' house, in Letter 41.

Before his death, Sir William Briers had put Sir Peter Osborne under a heavy financial obligation. For this see the extracts from H. O.'s Diary in Appendix II.

3 *since my Mothers Death.* On the monument put up by Henry Osborne in Campton church in 1655, Lady Osborne is said to have died on 15 Oct. 1650. Dorothy's next letter makes it probable that the date should have been 1651. The Campton registers of this period are incomplete.

4 *I think to bee at London in the Next Terme.* Even people not engaged in litigation seem to have been drawn to London during the 'terms', or periods in which the law courts were open. From Cowel's *Interpreter*, 2nd ed. 1684, we learn 'Termini apud nos dicuntur certae anni portiones agendis litibus designatae' and further that at this period—

the Hilary term ran from Jan. 23 [or, if Sunday, 24] to Feb. 12.

the Easter term from the Wednesday fortnight after Easter Day to the Monday after Ascension (in 1653 this would be from April 27 to May 23, in 1654 from April 12 to May 8).

the Trinity term from the Friday after Trinity Sunday to the Wednesday fortnight after (in 1653, June 10–29; in 1654, from May 26 to June 14).

the Michaelmas term from Oct. 23 (or, if Sunday, 24) to Nov. 28.

Henry Osborne's visits to London were generally in term time, or partially so.

LETTER 3

1 *why you quarreld soe, at your last letter.* He had probably apologized for it as being all about himself.

2 *our Parteing at Goreing house.* Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, writes that Goring House, the town house of George Goring, Earl of Norwich (d. 1662), occupied the site of the Mulberry Garden, and Buckingham Palace stands exactly where it stood. In the Treasury Records (Works

Accounts, 1646–7), is an entry of a payment for fitting up Goring House for Mr. Bellieure, French Ambassador Extraordinary. The house seems then to have been in the hands of the parliamentary government. Wheatley adds: 'July 23 1646 Goring House ordered for the Speaker (B. Whitelocke's *Memoirs*, ed. 1732, p. 216). July 10 1660 Pepys's *Diary* records a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder which was kept at Goring House, with very great state cost & noble company.'

3 *an ingagement upon mee.* I know nothing of the identity of this suitor. In Letter 22 she has heard that her 'fighting servant' is married.

4 *a good proportion of time, and mony.* For this use of proportion (= amount), cf. Letter 2, 'soe small a proportion of health left him', Letter 32, 'drunk the waters . . . in a lesse proportion', Letter 57, 'how small a proportion of happines'.

5 *Presently after this was at an End, my Mother dyed.* What follows as read in the light of Henry Osborne's Diary makes it almost certain that Lady Osborne's death took place in Oct. 1651, not 1650 as stated on her monument.

6 *my Aunte.* This is Katharine, Lady Gargrave, only surviving sister of Dorothy's mother. She was the fourth daughter of Sir John Danvers of Dauntsey; she married Sir Richard Gargrave of Nostell and Kinsley or Kingsley Park, Yorks. Her brother Henry, Earl of Danby, who died 20 (or 29) Jan. 1643/4, left her his estate of Cornbury Park, Oxon., for life.

Sir Richard Gargrave, of whom it was said that 'he could once ride on his own land from Wakefield to Doncaster', squandered his estate till it was said of him in 1634 'he now lyveth in the Temple for sanctuary, having consumed his whole estate to the value of £3580 per ann. at the least'. (Hunter's *Deanery of Doncaster*, ii. 214.) He sold his Yorkshire estates for £10,500 on 11 March 1613 (Close Roll). He left only daughters. Two were born by 1612: Elizabeth, afterwards wife of Sir T. Dereham or Deerham of Dereham, Norfolk, who was granted a baronetey 27 May 1661, with limitation to his heirs male by Elizabeth Gargrave 'his present wife', and Mary, afterwards wife of Sir Robert Carr, Bart., of Sleaford. Of Lady Carr's daughter, Mrs. Thorold, we shall hear later, as also of Lady Gargrave. See LL. 10, n. 13, and 67, n. 2.

7 *a good motion.* Dorothy refers again to her aunt's phrase in Letter 21: 'I am heer [at Chicksands] much more out of Peoples way then in Towne, where my Aunte and such as prettend an Interest in mee and a power over mee doe soe persecute mee with theire good motions . . . as I would live in a hollow Tree to avoyde them.' See L. 21, n. 9.

8 *the Gentleman.* Not identified. The first entry in Henry Osborne's Diary probably marks the end of the episode: '1651, Dec. 8.—I came out of London with my sister to goe to Chicksands.'

9 *a Mother in Law*, here, as often, means 'stepmother'.

10 *a Widdower . . . that had fower daughters.* This suitor, of whom we shall hear more in subsequent letters, was Sir Justinian Isham of Lamport, Northants. He was born in 1610, and admitted Fellow Commoner of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1627. 'As nature had furnished him with

excellent parts, so the advantage of such an education, improved afterwards by that of travel into foreign countries, rendered him one of the most accomplished persons of his time, being a Gentleman not only of fine learning, but above all famed for his singular piety and exemplary life.' He suffered imprisonment for his loyalty to the King and had to compound at £1,106 for his estate at Shangton, Leicester. By his first wife, Jane, daughter of Sir John Garrard Bt. of Lamer, Herts., he had four daughters: Jane, Elizabeth and Judith twins, and Susanna. His wife died 3 March 1638/9 after giving birth to a son, who lived only a few days. Sir Justinian (who got his name from his uncle, the eminent lawyer, Sir Justinian Lewyn) succeeded to the baronetcy 8 July 1651, and then started on the search for a second wife. He died 1674/5 (Wotton's *Baronetage*).

11 *before I had quite ended with him, comeing to towne aboute that, and some other occasions of my owne, I fell in S^r^ Thomas's way, & . . . hee made very formall adresses to mee, and ingaged his mother, and my Brother to apeare in't.* From Henry Osborne's Diary we should gather that Dorothy, when she wrote to Temple, had rather forgotten the order of events.

On 6 Feb. 1652, Lady Osborne, in a letter to H. O., mentioned the desirability of her son's marriage, and on the 18th H. O. saw her in London.

We first hear of Sir Justinian's suit on 8 March when 'M^r^ Vaughan [presumably Isham's friend] sent to M^rs^ Goldsmith [Dorothy's duenna] about Isham for a plaine answer'.

On 15 March, 'my sister went to London about S^r^ T. Osborn' (this no doubt was when she saw him repeatedly and he pressed his suit) '. . . The same day came hither M^r^ Edmonds about S^r^ Isham'. On the 30th H. O., still at Chicksands, 'received a Letter from my Lady Osborn about my sister', the consequence being that on 1 April he came to London 'about my sister and S^r^ Thomas Osborn'. However, a week later 'my Lady Osborn broke of the match'. For Sir Thomas Osborne, see Letter 2, n. 1. Henry Osborne now pulled his other string. On 20 April he 'sent to M^r^ Edmonds' and on 5 May 'went up to London about S^r^ I. Isham'. Dorothy, who had returned to Chicksands on 13 April, once more came to town on May 14th and on the 17th 'S^r^ I. Isham came to Towne and came to my sister'. Dorothy left London on the 29th. There were fresh discussions with Lady Osborne and Sir Thomas, and Dorothy was in town again from 8 to 10 June. However, no settlement was reached, and overtures were made again to Sir Justinian. Mr. Gibson, vicar of Hawnes, seems to have been commissioned to write a formal letter to him (23 June) on behalf of the Osborne family. But when H. O. called on Sir Justinian in London on 4 July, after the latter had received Mr. Gibson's letter, the baronet informed him that he 'had entertained a new treaty'. So things rested for a time.

12 *'twas not for nothing hee cõmended mee.* It is clear that Temple since his arrival in London has seen his old friend Sir Thomas Osborne, and that the latter has paid Dorothy some compliment.

13 *The next thing I desyr'd to bee rid on, was a Scurvy Spleen . . . and to that purpose was advised to drink the Waters. there I spent the latter end of the sommer.* We find in H. O.'s Diary: 'Aug. 16, Munday. My sister went

to London to go to Ebsham [Epsom] to drinke the waters' and 'Sept 4, Saterday. My sister with Mr Goldsmith and his wife came home from Ebsham waters. Dr Scarborough came downe with them'. For 'Mr Goldsmith and his wife', see Appendix III.

The state of low spirits to which Dorothy gives the fashionable name of the Spleen was occasioned without doubt by Temple's absence and long silence, though she had now had the 'letter from Breda'. This is clear from a reference in Letter 6: 'I would not willingly bee at such a losse againe, as I was after your Yorkshyre Journy. if it [sc. the new journey] prove as longe a one, I shall bee soe possest with a stronge spleenatick fancy that I shall never see you more in this world, as all the water's in England will not cure.'

As to the spleen, in his Essay *Of Health and Long-Life* (*Miscellanea* 1701), Sir William Temple speaks (p. 163) of the changes he had observed in the diseases commonly complained of. 'When I was very young, nothing was so much feared or talkt of as Rickets ... and Consumptions ... After these the Spleen came in play and grew a formal disease: (p. 191) whatever the Spleen is; whether a Disease of the Part so called, or of People that ail something, but they know not what; It is certainly a very ill Ingredient into any other Disease, and very often dangerous. For as Hope is the sovereign Balsam of Life, and the best Cordial in all Distempers both of Body or Mind, so Fear and Regret and melancholy Apprehensions, which are the usual Effect of the Spleen, with the Distractions, Disquiets, or at least Intranquility they occasion, are the worst Accidents that can attend any Diseases; and make them often mortal, which would otherwise pass, and have had but a common Course. I have known the most busy Ministers of State, most fortunate Courtiers, most vigorous Youths, most beautiful Virgins in the Strength or Flower of their Age, sink under common Distempers, by the Force of such Weights, and the cruel Damps and Disturbances thereby given their Spirits and their Blood. 'Tis no matter what is made the Occasion, if well improved by Spleen and melancholy Apprehensions: A disappointed Hope, a Blot of Honour, a Strain of Conscience, an unfortunate Love, an aking Jealousy, a repining Grief, will serve the Turn and all alike.'

From about 1620 Epsom became frequented on account of the curative properties of the mineral springs found on the common between Epsom and Ashtead. Aubrey states that he experimented on this water in 1654 or 1655 and found that a gallon of water yielded a sediment of a flaky substance. Dudley, third Lord North, in 1645 claims to have made known the Tonbridge and Epsom waters 'to the citizens of London and the king's people, the journey to the Spaw being too expensive and inconvenient to sick persons, and great sums of money being thereby carried out of the Kingdom'. The springs were said to be the first of their kind found in England and to resemble those of Sedlitz in Bohemia. The 'Epsom Salts' prepared from them still preserve their fame.

14 *at my comeing home, found that a Gentlman (whoe has some Estate in this Country) had bin treating with my Brother, and it yet goes on faire and softly ... 'tis a Modest, Melancholy, reserved, man, whose head is soe taken*

up with litle Philosophicall Studdy's, that I admire how I founde a roome there . . . 'tis very posible, the next new Experiment may croude mee out againe.

H. O.'s Diary enables us to identify this suitor. We remember that it tells us that when Dorothy and the Goldsmiths returned to Campton from Epsom on 4 Sept. 1652, 'Dr Scarborough came downe with them', and from this time Henry has frequent meetings with Dr Scarborough, in which a man 'Wlde' (Wilde) is concerned. See Appendix IV. 'Dr Scarborough' was without doubt Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Scarborough, physician, mathematician, and original member of the Royal Society.

His friend was with little doubt Edmund Wyld, another of the founders of the Royal Society, known especially as the patron and friend of John Aubrey. The elder son of Sir Edmund Wyld, of Kensey, co. Worc., and Glaseley, co. Salop, who died in 1620 seised of two manors in Houghton Conquest, Beds., Edmund Wyld, as Aubrey tells us, was born at Houghton Conquest on 10 Oct. 1616. He was therefore Dorothy's senior by eleven years. As 'Edmunde Wylde esq. of the Grove, Houghton Conquest', he was sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1661. Later Aubrey describes him as of Glasely Hall, Salop. When Aubrey was in want, Wyld, as he tells us, 'tooke me into his armes, with whom I most commonly take my diet and sweet *otium's*'. He provided information for many of Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. On the other hand his friendship had its drawbacks: 'If I . . . did not sitt up till one or two with Mr Wyld I could doe a great deal of businesse.' Aubrey oddly states that he owed most of Mr. Wyld's civility to the goodness of 'that obliging body Mris Smith [Jane Smith, born 1649] that lives with Mr Wyld. They cohabite as Mary Countess of Pembroke with Sir Martin Lister.'

15 *if it doe noe good 'twill bee sure to doe noe harme.* Sir William Temple says the same of the medical advice he gives in his essay 'Of Health and Long Life': 'it may at least pass like a Derbyshire charm which is used among sick cattle, with these words: if it does thee no good, it will do thee no harm.'

LETTER 4

1 *soe easy to please.* As we see lower, T. had said he would be content if she told him what she dreamed and when she rose.

2 *I alwayes meant you one of my Daughters*, i.e. if she had married Sir Justinian.

3 *Ô*, probably = 'Oh', not 'On'.

4 *such precepts as they say My Lord of Dorchester gives his wife.* Henry Pierrepont, born 1606/7, succeeded his father in 1643 as Earl of Kingston-on-Hull, was created in 1645 Marquess of Dorchester (co. Dorset), and died in 1680. He married secondly in Sept. 1652 Catherine, third daughter of James Stanley, 7th Earl of Derby (beheaded 1651), who had married in 1626 and had a son born in 1628. So this third daughter could not have been born till *c.* 1633, and was a young bride for Lord Dorchester. In Letter 64 Lord Dorchester is mentioned again as one thought to be implicated in the Royalist plot against the Protector.

5 *a Vile house hee has in Northampton shyre*, at Lamport.

6 *they and his Learning would have bin sufficient to have made him mad.* An allusion to Acts xxvi. 24: 'Festus said... much learning doth make thee mad.'

7 *the other kinde motion.* Dorothy is thinking of her Aunt Gargrave's 'good motion', mentioned in the previous letter. The present 'kind motion' is that of marrying her to her cousin Sir Thomas Osborne.

8 *I am sorry to heare hee look's ill.* Temple's intercourse with the young Sir Thomas which enables him to send this report to Dorothy is interesting in connexion with the after-relations of the two men. From 1674 to 1679 Lord Danby had no closer ally and supporter than Sir William Temple.

9 *it spoyled his beauty, sure before I knew him.* Sir Thomas's beauty was probably not improved by the smallpox he had just after the time when Dorothy saw most of him. On 8 April 1652 'my Lady Osborn broke of the match', Henry Osborne writes: and on 10 April 'S^{r} Tho: Osborn fell sick of the small pox': 12 April: 'I went to see S^{r} Tho: Osborn sicke.'

10 *my Lady Diana Rich*, youngest daughter of Henry Rich (second son of Robert, Lord Rich, 1st Earl of Warwick, and Penelope Devereux, 'Stella'), created Earl of Holland, 22 James I, and executed in 1648/9, soon after the King, for having taken part in the second civil war (July 1648) in the King's favour. Lady Diana's mother was Isabel, daughter of Sir Walter Cope. Her four sisters: Frances, Isabella, Susanna, and Mary became the wives respectively of William Lord Paget, Sir James Thynne, James, Earl of Suffolk, and John, Earl of Breadalbane. Lady Diana died unmarried.

11 *before the end of this next Terme.* Dorothy is writing about 15 Jan. 1653. Hilary term would begin on 23 Jan. and end on 12 Feb. Dorothy was in town from 12 to 22 Feb., so she only arrived as the term ended.

12 *my Brother is soe perpetualy from home.* H. O.'s Diary shows that he had been away from Chicksands 30 July–7 Aug., 25–27 Aug., 13 Sept.–1 Oct., 22 Oct.–26 Nov., 29 Nov.–8 Dec., 27 Jan.–5 Feb.

13 *your Maskes.* I have no knowledge of masques acted about Twelfth night 1653, but that such performances during the Commonwealth and Protectorate were not as uncommon as one might suppose has been shown by Prof. Hyder E. Rollins in a most instructive paper in *Studies in Philology* (Univ. of North Carolina), xviii. See Appendix V.

14 *'tis a good while since 'twas calld for.* Dorothy is finishing her letter just before the carrier is leaving, unless her brother is taking the letter to town. The carrier seems to have started generally on Monday or Tuesday.

LETTER 5

1 *your first letter*, that of Dec. 1652 to which her Letter 1 was an answer. See Letter 2, opening note.

2 *she was dead.* Lady Temple had died in Nov. 1638 at Penshurst Rectory. See p. xix. Sir John Temple, when he made his will in 1676 desired, if he died in England, to be buried in Penshurst church.

3 *I beleeve you have bin with Lilly your self.* Temple had probably told her of some one who had consulted William Lilly, the astrologer. Dorothy gives an account of a visit which she herself paid him in Letter 72. William

Lilly was born in Leicestershire in 1602 and sent to the grammar school of Ashby-de-la-Zouch under John Brinsley, the famous author of *Ludus Literarius*. He was in domestic service in London in 1620 and in 1627 married his master's widow. In 1632 he took up astrology and taught it to many pupils. After five years retirement to Hersham, Surrey, he returned to London in 1641, 'perceiving there was money to be got' there. He published in 1644 his first Almanac, *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*, and henceforth prepared an Almanac every year till his death. He also published a long series of 'prophecies'. He claimed to have assisted the King while ostensibly serving the Parliament. In his almanac for 1653 he declared that the commonalty and soldiery would quickly combine to overthrow the parliament. He died of paralysis at Hersham, where he had lately been practising as a doctor, on 9 June 1681. (*D.N.B.*)

4 *my knights strange Name.* Temple had found out that her knight must be Sir Justinian Isham.

5 *your freind*, evidently Sir Thomas Osborne. The 'quality' Dorothy attributes to him is clearly untruthfulness. Lady Giffard speaks in her *Life of Sir W. T.* of Temple and Osborne 'having travell'd young together', or, as Courtenay has it (i. 423)—I think from another draft of the same *Life*—they had been 'young travellers and tennis-players together in France, but [in 1674] for near twenty years they had not fallen in each other's way'.

6 *Lame* substituted for 'sick', written and deleted. It means 'disabled', as in Shakespeare, Sonnet 37, l. 3: 'So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite.'

7 *as a certain King.* Dorothy is thinking of the story of Amasis, king of Egypt, and Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, told by Herodotus, iii. 43. The passage in Mr. G. C. Macaulay's translation runs:

'Then Amasis, when he had read the paper which had come from Polycrates, perceived that it was impossible for man to rescue man from the event which was to come to pass, and that Polycrates was destined not to have a good end, being prosperous in all things, seeing that he found again even that which he cast away. Therefore he sent an envoy to him in Samos and said that he broke off the guest-friendship; and this he did lest when a fearful and great mishap befell Polycrates, he might himself be grieved in his soul as for a man who was his guest.'

An English translation of Herodotus by B. R. appeared in 1585 (?). It has been republished by C. Whibley. But Dorothy may have used a French translation.

8 *what you hazard every day at Tennis.* According to his sister Lady Giffard, Temple when he was at Cambridge was devoted to tennis. In her Character of him, she writes: 'In his youth lean, but extream active; soe that nobody acquitted them selves better at all sorts of exercise . . . rideing and walking were the exercises he was most pleas'd with, after he had given over tennis.' He did not give up the game till far on in life. When he first felt the twinges of the gout in his 47th year at the Hague, he says: 'I was in pain and thought it was with some sprain at tennis' (*Essay upon the Cure of*

the Gout). In Letter 15 Dorothy complains again of his overheating himself at tennis. Cf. L. 40 (p. 93).

9 *it is that daughter of my Lord of Hollands.* Temple had asked if the lady mentioned by Dorothy in her last letter—a daughter of Lord Holland's who was suffering from sore eyes—was the beautiful daughter who made so many people's eyes sore at the sight of her.

10 *I am sorry my new Carrier makes you rise so early.* Compare the opening of Letter 6. Dorothy sent her letter to London by a carrier Harrold who left Campton on Monday or Tuesday morning and performed the journey in a day. He left the letter for Temple at Mrs. Painter's in Covent Garden, to be called for. See the direction appended to Letter 1. Harrold usually started the return journey on Thursday morning, though his times were affected by circumstances. Where Temple was living we do not know; but apparently he rose early on Thursday and took his letter himself to Mrs. Painter's, whose man then took it to the carrier. Dorothy having got his letter on Thursday night had then from Friday to Monday to write her reply.

A second carrier who journeyed between Campton and London was named Collins.

11 *Jan y^e 22^th^*, i.e. the two and twentieth.

LETTER 6

1 *My Lady Painter's footman.* See L. 5, n. 10.

2 *my comeing to Towne.* In Letter 2, written on 2 Jan., Dorothy had said: 'I think to bee at London in the Next Terme', i.e. between 23 Jan. and 12 Feb. She is now writing about 28–31 Jan.

3 *the bell's.* Temple must have complained of the annoyance caused to him in London by bells—presumably church bells, even in this time of Puritan supremacy.

4 *my fortune.* Dorothy's complaints of Fortune are contrary to Temple's philosophy. See the last sentence of the passage quoted from one of his early Essays, p. xxxii. However, he compromised with his principles by writing about the same time 'A true Romance, or the Disastrous Chances of Love and Fortune'.

5 *I intend to bee at London . . . on fryday or Satterday, come sennight.* If she was writing on 29 or 30 Jan., this agrees with the date on which she actually went to London, Saturday 12 Feb.

6 *hearing my Lord Lisle was to goe Ambassador into Sweden, I rememberd your fathers acquaintance in that Famely.* Philip, Lord Lisle, born 1619, was the eldest son of Robert Sidney, second Earl of Leicester, who was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. The connexion between the Sidneys and Temples had been a long one. Sir Philip in 1585 took with him to the Low Countries as his secretary William Temple, the grandfather of Dorothy's lover (see p. xviii).

When William lived as a boy with his uncle, Dr. H. Hammond, at Penshurst rectory, he must have been well known to Lord Leicester and his family (see p. xix).

His father, Sir John, was a lifelong friend of Lord Leicester, and it was to be near Lord Leicester and his family that William Temple and Dorothy settled at East Sheen in 1665. Lord Lisle and his brother Algernon were no doubt at this time distasteful to Dorothy owing to their republican opinions, and her dislike of the thought of Temple's going abroad again so soon would be intensified if he were to be attached to Lord Lisle's embassy.

At present Temple seems to have hinted of some fresh journey, but not to have told her that it would be with Lord Lisle.

7 *after your Yorkshyre Journy*, i.e. I think, after he had gone from London to York to see his father before being dispatched to the Low Countries in 1650 or 1651. See LL. 2, opening note, and 76, n. 4.

8 *all the water's in England.* After Temple's departure to Holland, Dorothy had taken a cure—for spleen or low spirits—at Epsom Wells. See L. 3, n. 13.

9 *your offer of your head.* Dorothy, in asking Temple to send her some seals, had said in her last letter 'any old roman head is a present for a Prince'. Temple had apparently replied that, if he were a Roman emperor, she should have *his* head.

10 *'tis to bee hoped*, i.e. expected.

11 *your old acquaintance M^r^ Smith and his Lady.* Lady Dorothy Sidney, Lord Leicester's eldest daughter, celebrated by the poet Waller as Saccharissa, had married in 1639 Robert, Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, who, soon after being created Earl of Sunderland, fell fighting for the King at the battle of Newbury in 1643. The Countess spent the early years of her widowhood in her old home at Penshurst, but her father records in his *Journal* on 24 Sept. 1650: 'My daughter Sunderland went from Penshurst to London, from thence to dwell by herself at Allthorpe [Althorpe].' This was her husband's seat near Brington, Northants. Two years later she married Robert Smith or Smyth Esq. of Bounds Park, Tonbridge (within a few miles of Penshurst). Lord Leicester apparently disapproved of the marriage, as he writes: 'Thursday, 8 July 1652. My daughter Spencer was marryed to Sir Robert Smith at Penshurst, my wife being present, with my daughters Strangford and Lucy [misprinted 'Lacy'] Pelham, Algernon and Robin Sydney &c. but I was at London.' *Sydney Papers*, ed. Blencowe, 1825, p. 104. I don't know if the slip '*Sir* Robert' for '*M* Robert' is an error of the Earl's, or of the reader of his manuscript. Mr. Smith was created a baronet after the Restoration.

William Temple may very well have known Robert Smith as well as Dorothy Sidney in his early days at Penshurst.

12 *M^r^ Howard.* See L. 7, n. 8.

13 *what a scape has hee made of my Lady Banbury.* Apparently Mr. Smith was saved in his pursuit of the Lady Isabella Blount by her marrying Nicholas, 3rd Earl of Banbury. The earl was born in 1630/1, so, when Dorothy wrote *c.* 30 Jan. 1653, the marriage had probably not taken place more than a year or so.

Lady Banbury was buried at St. Martin's in the Fields on 2 March

1654/5. She and her sister Lady Anne Blount, of whom we shall hear later, were daughters of the first Earl of Newport, who was himself an illegitimate son of Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, and Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich, Sidney's 'Stella'.

14 *to putt you out of your dumps.* Lady Giffard in her Character of Temple speaks of his liability to fits of depression: 'his humor naturally gay, but a great deal unequal, sometimes by cruel fitts of spleen and melancholy, often upon great damps in the weather; but most from the cross and surpriseing turns in his business and cruel disapointments'.

LETTER 7

1 *You have made mee soe Rich.* In Letter 5 she had asked Temple to send her some seals.

2 *Lady Diana.* See L. 4, n. 10.

3 *La belle aveugle.* Did Dorothy find the story in some romance? Philip's famous love was Agnès de Méranie.

4 *the story you mention*—clearly of the ungenerous treatment of some gentleman by Lady Diana Rich.

5 *putt her upon the discourse*, get her to tell the story.

6 *his witt*, his intelligence.

7 *Lady Sunderland.* See L. 6, n. 11.

8 *I did not mean that Howard.* In the previous letter Dorothy had written: 'M^r^ Howard presented his Mistresse but a dousen such seales as are not to bee vallewd as times now goe.' Temple supposed that she was referring to some Mr. Howard whom he mentioned, but she corrects him, and says the man she means is the son of the famous collector of antiquities, the Earl of Arundel. The seals had come from his collection and had cost him dear.

Thomas Howard, 14th Earl of Arundel, the collector of the Arundel marbles now in the Ashmolean at Oxford, lived from 1586 to 1646. Clarendon paints his character with some harshness. He left three or four unmarried sons. To his father, Philip, Earl of Arundel, who began life as a rake (he is the hero, or villain, of Gabriel Harvey's story of his sister Mercy), and ended it as a confessor of the faith, Temple's grandfather, William Temple, had dedicated his *First defence of Ramus* against Everard Digby.

9 *your councell.* Temple had clearly bid her not to rail against Fortune. See L. 6, n. 4.

10 *my resolution of being in Towne on Satterday nexte.* She reached town on Saturday, 12 Feb. So this letter was written about 6 or 7 Feb.

11 *an extreame cold.* She still had it when she returned. See L. 9.

LETTER 8

Evidently written on Tuesday 22 Feb. immediately after getting back to Chicksands, and, as she says in Letter 9, taken to London by the coachman who had brought her down.

1 *dosed*, stupefied. See *O.E.D.* 'dozed'.

LETTER 9

1 *dosed*. See L. 8, n.

2 *risse*, rose. Elsewhere written 'rise' (riz). Cf. her second note written in London, p. 19, and LL. 58, n. 22, and 64, n. 2.

3 *my thought*, methought.

4 *in soe much disorder*, so much upset at our parting. Cf. LL. 9, 43, 58, notes.

5 *your Journy holds*, i. e. you are still to accompany Lord Lisle to Sweden. See L. 6, n. 6.

6 *such a fortune offer'd*. A proposal had been made for a marriage between Temple and a rich young lady. Sir John Temple had left it to William to decide whether to accept it.

7 *my old freind your Cousen Hamond*. Dorothy here refers to Temple's cousin, Colonel Robert Hammond (son of Robert Hammond of Chertsey), who was Governor of the Isle of Wight when Dorothy and Temple first met there in 1648, and who condoned her brother's offence when she took it upon herself (see p. xxii above). He was apparently unemployed between the end of 1648 when the King was removed from his charge and 1654. He had married Mary, sixth daughter of John Hampden, and was living at this time at Reading, perhaps with his wife's stepmother, Lady Vachell of Coley Park. He had just been chosen High Steward and Burgess in Parliament for Reading (see Simon Ford's funeral sermon, 'A Saints Direction', 1655), when in Aug. 1654 he was sent to Ireland as a member of the council, only to die there of fever two months later. After their marriage Temple and Dorothy lived for some years at Reading, perhaps with Col. Hammond's mother at Reading Abbey.

7a *your Sister*. Temple's only sister, Martha, was born in 1638, and was now only 14. She was devoted to her brother and he to her. Sir John Temple was now living in London—I think in Westminster—and no doubt his children, including William, were with him. In 1653/4 William escorted his sister to join their father in Ireland. Here she was married on 21 April 1662 to Sir Thomas Giffard of Castle Jordan, co. Meath, who died a fortnight later. Lady Giffard soon after went to live with her brother William and his wife.

8 *your Reyne Marguerite*. It would seem that Temple had lent her the *Mémoires de la Reyne Marguerite*, published at Paris in 1628. Margaret of Valois, daughter of Henry II, b. 1553, was married to Henry, King of Navarre, in 1572, much against her will, as her husband was a Protestant. In 1575 she incurred reproach for her gallantries with Bussy d'Amboise. The marriage, which had been no constraint to either party, was dissolved by Henry IV in 1599. Lord Herbert of Cherbury in his *Autobiography* tells of the favour Margaret showed him when living in Paris as a divorced queen, but in his Satire 'Of Travellers' (1608) he describes her harshly as 'that swoln vitious Queen, Margaret, Who were a monster, ev'n without her sin'. She had been very beautiful in youth. The brother to whom she was so much attached was the Duc d'Alençon. She died in 1615.

Her *Mémoires*, which give the story of her life till 1582 in a style which according to the first members of the French Academy served as the model for the prose of the sixteenth century, have been said to show a rather surprising reticence: 'à peine laisse-t-elle entrevoir sa passion pour Bussy d'Amboise' (*Biographie générale*). They contain the story of a young lady of the Queen's suite, Mlle de Tournon, which recalls that of Ophelia. She died of grief at the indifference of a lover, le Marquis de Varanbon, to whom she had looked to rescue her from her mother's severity. Varanbon's old love quickly returned to him, and being ignorant of her death, he came in compunction to declare his feelings. He arrived as a funeral procession was passing, and asked whose it was. He was told it was that of Mlle de Tournon and fell in a faint from his horse.

Robert Codrington's *Memorialls*, an English translation of the *Mémoires*, appeared in 1641. But Dorothy, as she writes 'your Reyne Marguerite', read the book in French. An edition had appeared in 1649 at Gouda, and possibly Temple brought a copy back with him from Holland.

9 *Cleopatra.* Dorothy, though anglicizing the name, no doubt read La Calprenède's romance, *La Cléopâtre*, in the original French. (In Letter 13 she speaks of one of the characters as 'Delie'.) It was published in parts, the first in 1646. On its completion the whole was printed at Paris in ten volumes, 8vo., 1647, and in Holland in twelve volumes 8vo., 1648. An English translation by Robert Loveday appeared in 1668, folio. Gautier de Costes de La Calprenède died in 1663. Mme de Sévigné was an admiring reader of *La Cléopâtre*. She wrote as late as 1671: 'Cette lecture me divertit encore.' A. Le Breton writes (*Le Roman au dix-septième siècle*, p. 175): 'Le public s'intéressait à l'action fabuleuse du *Cyrus*, comme il s'était attaché à celle de l'*Astrée*, et allait s'attacher encore, en 1660, à celle des romans de La Calprenède que Mme de Sévigné lisait avec tant de plaisir. Elle s'y prenait "comme à de la glu", quoiqu'il eut "un mauvais style". On connaît sa phrase: "La beauté des sentiments, la violence des passions, la grandeur des événements et le succès miraculeux de leurs redoutables épées; tout cela m'entraîne comme une petite fille.'

10 *till you come hither.* There was no realization of this intended visit of Temple to Chicksands. Apparently it was to say good-bye before he left for Sweden. See the end of this letter.

11 *my Lady Sunderlande and Mr Smith.* See L. 6, n. 11.

12 *Sr Soloman Justinian*, a humorous perversion of the name of Sir Justinian Isham. See L. 3, n. 10. On 4 July 1652 Sir Justinian had informed Henry Osborne that 'he had entertained a new treaty', and Dorothy may have thought that he was already married again. Later, he renewed his overtures to her.

13 *Your fellow Servant.* Jane [Wright?], Dorothy's companion, whom Temple called his 'fellow Servant'. See Appendix III.

14 *an Old Knight.* Sir William Briers, of whose death she had heard a false rumour. See L. 2, n. 2, and Appendix II.

LETTER 10

1 *the other Carrier.* The carrier who usually brought Dorothy her letters was Harrold. The other carrier was Collins. See L. 5, n. 10.

2 *the widdow.* Henry Osborne writes in his Diary: 'Mar. 2, Wednesday. My Cousin Thorold came to Chicksands. Mar. 4, Friday. Shee went away, and I went with her the first night to Stilton.'

She then was the widow referred to, and Dorothy had received Temple's letter on Thursday 3 March. Later in this letter we hear 'My Brother is gon to wayte upon the widdow homeward's'. Dorothy must have been writing on Friday 4 or Saturday 5 March.

Mrs. Thorold was Elizabeth, daughter of Mary, Lady Carr (of Sleaford), and granddaughter of Dorothy's aunt, Lady Gargrave (see L. 3, n. 6). She was the very young widow of William Thorold, son and heir of Sir William Thorold of Marston, Lincs., Bt. At Stilton she would be on the great North Road to go to Sleaford. Dorothy stayed with her in London in 1654 (L. 64, n. 1), and went with her to see Lilly, the astrologer (L. 72, n. 5). See Appendix VI.

3 *one . . . that is not much your freind*, doubtless her brother Henry. Henry Osborne, who figures so largely in Dorothy's letters, was apparently her senior by eight years. He had given loyal service to the King in the Civil Wars and had held the rank of Colonel. From 1649, when Chicksands was freed from sequestration till his father's death in 1654, Henry made his home at Chicksands, and exercised much authority there, his elder brother John having gone to reside in Gloucestershire. After Sir Peter's death he perhaps divided his time between Chicksands and London. His diary shows us that he took the Engagement on 4 Feb. 1652/3 and in 1655 was keeping the Monthly Fast. The near prospect of a Restoration seems to have changed his attitude. He embarked on 13 May 1660 on the *Centurion* with the five lords sent to fetch the King, and at the Hague received Charles's promise of the Governorship of Guernsey (see the abstract of his petition, 1660 July?, in the *Cal. St. Pap. Dom.*). His appointment was made but quickly cancelled, and his application for the same office on a vacancy in 1662 was disregarded. On 30 Sept. 1669 we find him described as 'treasurer to the Commission for Sick and Wounded'. (He is also said to have been a Commissioner for the Navy.) The rise of his cousin, Sir Thomas Osborne, to power perhaps gave a favourable turn to his fortunes. On 13 Jan. 1672/3 he was knighted and about that time was appointed to stewardships in Radnorshire. He died in 1675. His translations in his own hand of the 6th and 10th Satires of Juvenal with a preface advocating 'free translation' are preserved among Mr. Longe's Temple MSS.

4 *the infusion of steell.* In Sir William Temple's essay 'Of Health and Long Life', he says: 'As diseases have changed vogue [have been in and out of fashion], so have remedies in my time and observation'. Among the remedies which he remembers to have been in fashion, he recounts the taking of tobacco, the drinking of warm beer, swallowing of pebble-stones,

drinking cold spring water, powder of sea biscuit, coffee and tea, finally 'the infusion of powder of steel'. None, he says, have established their authority.

5 *Mrs Cl.* Evidently the rich young lady who had been proposed as a match for Temple. From Letter 11 it would seem that she was a niece of Temple's aunt, 'my Lady R.' Cf. Letter 13 where 'Mrs Cl.' and 'my Lady R.' also figure. It is not likely that Dorothy wrote 'your aunt, my Lady R.' for 'your cousin, Mrs Rant'. But if Temple had such an aunt, it is hard to see who she was. His mother seems to have had no sister but Lady Dingley, Mrs. Rant's mother, and his father's sisters are known.

6 *Cleopatra.* See L. 9, n. 9.

7 *that my Lord* [*Lisle*] *makes noe more hast*,' i.e. in setting out on his embassy to Sweden. She refers again to the visit which Temple is to pay her at Chicksands before he goes abroad.

8 *my Eldest brother.* John Osborne, b. 1616, created a baronet 1662, Dorothy's eldest brother, was living at this time in Gloucestershire. He had married his second cousin, Eleanor, daughter of Charles Danvers of Baynton, and sister of Jane, married first to the Rev. George Herbert the poet and secondly to Sir Robert Cooke of Highnam, Gloc. See Danvers pedigree, p. 321. H. O. writes in his Diary [London], 8 June 1655: 'I was . . . to take my Leave of my brother John who was to goe downe with my Lady Cooke to-morrow, and he had that afternoone heard of the death of his daughter Anne.' See LL. 35, n. 10, *ad fin.*, and 44, *ad fin.*

9 *my Cousen Molle.* Henry Molle of King's College, Cambridge. See Appendix VII.

10 *the invisible Ring.* Plato tells the story of the ring by which Gyges, a Lydian shepherd, made himself invisible, seduced the wife of Candaules and made himself king (716 B. C.). (*Repub.* ii. 359, 360.)

11 *Fortunatus his Wisheing hatt.* The story of Fortunatus, derived from Straparola's *Nights*, was dramatized by Dekker in 1600 as *The Pleasant Comedie of Old Fortunatus.* The Sultan gave Fortunatus a cap which he had only to put on his head and wish, when he would find himself transported to any place he liked.

12 *wee are very great*, very intimate. See the *O.E.D.*, *great*, adj. iii. 19.

13 *my Aunt is still in Towne kept by her buisnesse . . . and my pretious Uncle do's soe visett her and is soe kinde that . . . some Mischeife will follow.* For Lady Gargrave, see L. 3, n. 6. We do not know what her business was at this moment. Her brother, the Earl of Danby (1573–1642/3), had left her Cornbury and other estates, but her other brother, Sir John Danvers, had tried to upset the will on the ground that it had deprived him of what would naturally have come to him but for his affection for Parliament. Lady Gargrave, however, had been allowed to compound for her estates (*St. Pa. Dom.* Committee for Compounding, p. 1637) in 1649: and her present business must be something different.

14 *his sonne my Cousen Harry.* Sir John Danvers had married first Magdalen Herbert, mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Herbert and Sir Henry Herbert, and friend of Donne: secondly Elizabeth, daughter

of Ambrose Dauntsey of West Lavington, who died in 1636: thirdly Grace Hewes, who lived till 1670. By his second wife he had a son, Henry, or Harry, as Dorothy calls him, who died of smallpox, 19 Nov. 1654, and was buried on his twenty-first birthday in West Lavington church: and two daughters—Elizabeth, who married Robert Wright, or Villiers, who took the name Danvers and called himself Viscount Purbeck, and Anne, who married about June 1655 Sir Henry Lee of Queendon, Berks. By his third marriage Sir John left a son, John, b. 1651.

The date of Harry Danvers' death is often given as 12 Dec. 1654, for example, by Macnamara, p. 296, though in the pedigree opp. p. 294 he gives 19 Nov. That the latter date is right is seen (1) by the entry in H. O.'s Diary under 29 Nov.—'About the middle of this moneth my C. H. Davers died': (2) by the fact that his will (188 Aylett) was made on 18 Nov. and proved on 9 Dec. 1654.

LETTER 11

1 *your opinion, that 'tis an ill kinde of Phisick.* Temple's distrust of medical prescriptions is seen in his essay 'Of Health and Long Life'.

2 *Your fellow servant.* See L. 9, n. 13.

3 *I doe not use to forget my old acquaintances, Almanzor is as fresh in my memory, as if I had visetted his Tombe but Yesterday . . . I cryed an hower together for him, and was soe angry with Alcidiana . . .* This is apparently a reply to a question, 'Do you remember Almanzor?' But apparently also Dorothy's memory was not as good as she thought. I am indebted to Dr. H. Thomas, of the British Museum, for the suggestion that Dorothy was not thinking of Almanzor at all, but of Amaran (in the English translation of A. Munday, 'Amarano'), a character in *Palmerin de Oliva* (1511). See Appendix VIII.

4 *your Aunte my Lady R. . . . her Neece.* See L. 10, n. 5.

5 *answer to interogatory's.* 'Interrogatories' is a term of law, denoting questions put to a witness which he is under oath to answer truly. Cf. *King John*, III. i. 147:

> 'What earthly name to interrogatories
> Can task the free breath of a sacred King?'

and *Merchant of Venice*, v. i. 298:

> 'Let us go in;
> And charge us there upon inter'gatories
> And we will answer all things faithfully.'

6 *scattering* = 'scattered', 'stray'. Cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 151:

> 'nor build yourself a trouble
> Out of his scattering and unsure observance.'

J. C. Atkinson in *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish* (Danby in Cleveland), p. 325, mentions the word as a Yorkshireism: 'I once asked one of our farmers if he had a fair crop of apples: "Ay", said he, "there's a canny scattering few".'

7 *All this is my freind that is not your's, and the Gentleman that cam up stayers In a baskett*, i.e. Dorothy's interrogators were her brother Henry and her eldest brother John. H. O.'s Diary reads: 'Mar. 10, Thursday. My brother John came to Chicksands, where he had his ague.' D. O., in Letter 13, says that her brother 'was come hither to try if hee can loose an ague heer that hee gott in Glocestershyre'. His ague no doubt made it necessary for him to be carried upstairs.

8 *if I cannot bee yours They may dispose mee how they please, H. C. will bee as acceptable to mee as any body else.* 'H. C.', it is clear, is Henry Cromwell, second son of the future Protector. In Letter 18, written after Oliver's *coup d'état* of 20 April 1653, she writes: 'if I had bin soe wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made mee of H. C., I might have bin in a faire way of prefferment, for sure they will be greater now then ever.' In Letter 25 (11 June), after asking Temple to get her an Irish Greyhound, she says: 'I have one that was the Generall's . . . I gott it in the time of my favour there . . . H. C. undertook to write to his Brother Fleetwood for an other for mee, but I have lost my hopes there.' However, in Letter 40 (end of September), she says: 'I must tell you what a present I had made mee to day, two the finest young Ireish Greyhounds that ere I saw, a Gentleman that serv's the Generall sent them mee; they are newly come over and sent for by H. C.'

When was it that Dorothy was thrown so much with the Cromwells, and there was talk of a marriage between her and Henry Cromwell? In Letter 3 Dorothy gave an account of her life and her various suitors between the summer of 1651 and Dec. 1652. There is no mention there of the Cromwells, unless Henry was her 'fighting servant', which is most unlikely. And H. O.'s Diary for 1652 makes no mention of the Cromwells.

In my account of her early life I have surmised that her mother, Lady Osborne, and she, were living in Sir John Danvers' house at Chelsea up to the time when Dorothy, escorted by her brother, in 1648 journeyed via the Isle of Wight to join Sir Peter at St. Malo. I should put the intercourse with the Cromwells therefore in the years 1645–8, or possibly in 1649, if Sir Peter and his family made their home at Chelsea for a period after their return from France. In Feb. 1649/50 Henry Cromwell was in Ireland, but perhaps only for a few months. See LL. 25, n. 11, and 40, n. 16. He was by one year Dorothy's junior.

The sentence which is here our text has been interpreted by Courtenay, i. 11 (for I cannot think he had anything else to go on), in a way which I do not think is necessary. 'It is a curious circumstance,' he says, 'almost certainly proved that of all her suitors, the one to whom (excepting Temple) she was most inclined was Henry Cromwell.' When Dorothy writes: 'H. C. will bee as acceptable to mee as any body else,' she surely may mean, '*even* H. C.', '*any* man—even one whom you know I am averse to—will be as good as another.' It is true, however, that she speaks of him without ridicule or dislike. Henry Cromwell was married on 10 May following. See L. 22, n. 8.

7 *Standish.* A dish or stand for pen and ink.

8 *at.* Written 'as'.

9 *I mett with Polexandre and L'Illustre Bassa, both soe disguised that I who am theire old acquaintance hardly knew them.*

Polexandre by Marin le Roy de Gomberville was published in 1632. The action of the romance took place in Mexico. An English translation, *The History of Polexander*, by W. Browne, appeared in 1647.

Ibrahim ou l'illustre Bassa appeared in 1641 as by M. de Scudéry, and perhaps in this he had not the assistance of his sister as in *Le Grand Cyrus*. The story is that of a certain Justinian of the age of Charles V who falls into the hands of the Turks, becomes the favourite of the Sultan while remaining secretly a Christian, and, after winning a hundred victories and detecting a hundred plots, wins the hand of the noble Italian, Isabella, whom he had loved throughout (A. Le Breton). It appeared 'Englished by H. Cogan' as *Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa* in 1652. Dorothy had seen these translations.

10 *Prazimene . . . I never saw but 4 Tomes of her.* The British Museum has *La Prazimène* and its sequel *Suitte de la Prazimène*, nouvelle édition, 2 pt. Paris 1643. Each part is in two volumes. The author is given as Le Maire, without a Christian name.

The Museum has no translation of Dorothy's time, but it has one of 1707, '*Prazimene: a romance* Translated into English by R. B.' Perhaps this translation had appeared earlier. It was reissued with a new title: *Two delightful Novels: or, The Unlucky Fair One. Being the Amours of Milistrate and Prazimene*, &c. Trans. from the French by a Person of Quality.

'R. B.' alias 'A Person of Quality', perhaps was meant to suggest Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, see note 12 below.

11 *my Good Lord of Monmouth*, Henry Carey, 2nd Earl of Monmouth (1596–1661). He had begun to publish translations in 1637, when he was Lord Leppington. He was the father-in-law of the Lady Leppington, to whom 'young Compton' left his estate, and who married Lord St. John, afterwards Duke of Bolton. (See LL. 23, n. 2, and 35, n. 3.) Her first husband, Henry, Lord Leppington, heir to the earldom, died in 1649, and her only son in May 1653. So Lord Monmouth had now no heir left.

12 *My Lord Broghill*, Roger Boyle, third son of the 'great' Earl of Cork. From Dorothy's postscript to this letter we see that Temple had told her of some literary work which Lord Broghill was publishing. This was no doubt the first part of the romance *Parthenissa*, which appeared in six volumes in 1654. (See L. 58, n. 5.) Roger Boyle, in recognition of his father's services, was created Baron Broghill at the age of six in Feb. 1627. Though a valiant Royalist, Cromwell enlisted him in his service, and sent him to Ireland, where he served him loyally. It was only after Richard Cromwell's failure that Broghill turned his hand to the restoration of the monarchy. He was known after the Restoration, under his new title, Earl of Orrery, as a poet and dramatist and friend of Davenant, Cowley, and Dryden.

13 *My Lord Saye.* William Fiennes, 1st Viscount Saye and Sele (1582–1662), though for a short time a follower of Buckingham, was for many years

a determined opponent of the arbitrary government of Charles I. He took the engagement in 1647, but next year tried to bring about a peace between Charles and the Parliament. After the King's death he seems to have retired to the Isle of Lundy. Nothing is known of the supposed romance.

14 *M^r Waller.* Edmund Waller, the poet and politician. Nothing is known of a romance by him on the subject of the Civil War.

15 *my comeing to Towne.* Dorothy had hitherto hoped to come at Michaelmas, but Sir Thomas Peyton's letter, announcing that both he and Lady Peyton were coming to fetch his daughter, defers the visit.

16 *two . . . Ireish Greyhounds . . . sent for by H. C.* In Letter 25 (?11 June) we heard that 'H. C. [Henry Cromwell] undertook to write to his Brother Fleetwood for an other (Ireish Greyhound) for mee' He has kept his promise, and two dogs have arrived.

I have shown in note 8 to Letter 11 that the time when Dorothy was specially in favour with the Cromwells, when she was given the greyhound bitch 'that was the Generall's', and when she might have had Henry as her husband, was probably either in the years 1645–7, or after Sir Peter's return from France in 1649. But Henry's promise to get the dog could not have been of such long standing (see L. 25, n. 11). It looks as though Dorothy had met Henry Cromwell on her visit to London in February.

17 *a very unfitt imployment that your father . . . was content to take upon him.* Temple had asked his father to send her a dog from Ireland. See L. 32.

18 *Good Sister.* Dorothy encloses Sir Thomas Peyton's letter on which she has commented.

19 *our good Brother.* Robin Osborne, who had died on 26 Aug. at the age of 27.

20 *since I came from London.* H. O.'s Diary shows that Sir Thomas Peyton was in London 16 Feb.–9 April 1652.

21 *S^r Edw. Hales.* Sir Edward Hales (created baronet 1611) of Woodchurch, Kent, had taken part in the Civil War against the King, and seems to have incurred the ill-will of both sides. He died in Sept. 1654 and was buried at Tunstall, to which place he had removed. Tunstall is just south of Sittingbourn, while Knowlton, Sir T. Peyton's house, was seven miles from Deal, on the road to Canterbury. It is to this old man that Sir Thomas refers. His grandson and successor, Sir Edw. Hales of Tunstall, was a devoted Royalist, and with Lord Goring headed the Kentish rising of 1648; his great-grandson, Sir Edw. Hales of Hackington, was a Roman Catholic, much trusted by James II, who in 1692 conferred on him the title of Earl of Tenterden.

22 *what Jane requir's.* In Letter 38 we heard that Jane had sent Temple a box.

23 *when you are at y^e Tennis Court.* See L. 5, n. 8.

24 *Because you mention my Lord Broghill.* See note 12 above.

The verses of Lord Broghill and of Lord Byron which Dorothy enclosed were not preserved, nor the love-letter.

1641. She married Edward Watson, second Lord Rockingham, and became the ancestress of a famous line. Letter 34 speaks of her merry disposition.

8 *one alway's excepted.* Probably Lady Diana Rich.

LETTER 15

1 *Your fellow servant is a sweet Juell to tell tales of mee.* Jane has seen Temple in town, and given a report of her mistress. Jane probably made only a flying visit to London before taking her passage to Guernsey (see Letter 12), so this letter is probably of about the date suggested.

2 *and.* Repeated at the top of the next page.

3 *she thinks noebody in good humor unlesse they Laugh perpetualy as Nan and she do's.* Who is 'Nan'?

In Letter 21 (?14 May) Dorothy writes that her brother John is going to London, but she cannot direct Temple where to find him; 'only 'tis likely Nan may tell you when hee is there'. In Letter 30 (?16 July) she says: 'Nan tels mee' the carrier, when in London, 'had the curiosity to aske your Boy questions.' (We infer that Nan was herself in London and sent this information by letter.) In Letter 33 (?12 Aug.), Jane has been in London and Dorothy writes: 'she tels mee she left my letter with Nan Stacy for you.' In Letter 47 the carrier has changed his place of call in London and assures Dorothy he gave notice to Nan. In Letter 56 Temple (in London) is asked to let Nan cut off a lock of his hair. In Letter 60 (?25 Feb. 1654) Temple has gone to Ireland, and D. O. writes: 'You bid mee write Every week and I am doeing it without considering how it will come to you, let Nan look to that with whome I suppose you have left the orders of conveiance.' Accordingly Letter 60 and Letter 69, being addressed 'For your Master', were sent, as I suppose, first to Nan.

After Dorothy's marriage, H. O. writes in his Diary for 30 March 1655: 'Owen received of M^r^ Ward 120^li^ that R. Compton had returned to mee for my sister. Owen went to Stacys, &c. to enquire how I might send to my sister but shee knew not.'

It would appear that Nan Stacy was a young woman of Jane's age, who had perhaps been at one time in Dorothy's service, was at any rate in close connexion with her and with Jane, and who was confidentially employed by Temple in London. If Temple was not living with his father, perhaps he lodged with Nan Stacy or her mother, and possibly he and his bride stayed there in March 1654/5.

4 *over heating your self at Tennis.* See L. 5, n. 8.

LETTER 16

There is little to date this letter. But it probably comes somewhere before Letter 23 in which we see that Temple has protested against her signing 'servant'. Letters 1–11 all have 'servant' or 'humble'. Apart from Letter 14, this letter, and Letter 22, which drew forth his remonstrance, there is nothing of the sort till Letter 50, when Dorothy recurs to the formal style by way of showing that the love-affair is over. This letter, however, is of too affectionate a kind to belong to that dark period.

1 *yet heer's another letter for you though I know not whither tis such a one as you desyr'd.* Does Dorothy mean the actual letter she is writing? Or has Temple asked her to write him a letter, perhaps one purporting to be from some one else, and such a letter she sends with this? I think something of the sort is implied.

LETTER 17

1 *my fathers sicknesse.* The sickness which ended with Sir Peter's death a year later began on 10 April.

H. O.'s Diary has these entries:

'Apr. 10, Easterday, Sunday.—My father fell ill in the chappell which was the beginning of his sicknesse.

'Apr. 12, Tuesday.—He fell ill againe of a fitt, and I sent for Dr Spencer.

'Apr. 14, Thursday.—My Cousin Molle came in the coach from Cambridge sicke of quartan ague. [The 'coach' is probably Sir Peter Osborne's coach, by which we are told in Letter 21 he returned to Cambridge.]

'Apr. 24, Sunday.—Placatt (?) came to tend my father at night.'

I think a letter of Dorothy's giving the news of her father's seizure in the chapel is missing. We might then have known how it was that she was nearly the occasion of making Temple's boy lose his place.

2 *let mee aske you if you did not send my letter & Cleopatra.* See Letter 14, where she asked that these should be sent to Lady Diana Rich.

3 *when you are gon your Journy.* These words date the Letter as prior to the coming of the news of the *coup d'état* of 20 April, which Dorothy felt would defer the embassy to Sweden.

4 *the turning of my paper.* She turns the paper round to write in the margin.

5 *a book of Poems newly come out, made by my Lady New Castle.* Lady Newcastle published in 1653 not only *Poems and Fancies*, but a supplementary volume, written in three weeks, called *Philosophical Fancies*, part prose, part verse. From Dorothy's expression in Letter 57 (5 Feb. 1654), 'noe not my Lady New Castle with all her Philosophy', one would think that she then had the later volume in mind. The British Museum copy is dated, however, by Thomasson '21 May' (1653), and I date the present letter 17 April.

Margaret, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, Earl of Colchester, maid of honour to the Queen 1643–5, was married in 1645 to William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, then in exile as a delinquent. After the Restoration he was made Duke of Newcastle, 16 March 1665. In 1667 the Duchess published the famous life of her husband so much beloved of Charles Lamb. She also wrote of her own 'birth, breeding and life'. She died three years before the duke and was buried in Westminster Abbey on 7 Jan. 1673/4.

To Dorothy she seemed 'a litle distracted': to Lamb she was 'the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle'.

LETTER 18

1 *it was a dreame that I writ that part of my letter in.* In the last letter she had said: 'all this while I was in a dream.'

2 *his confidence in you.* The gallant had confided to Temple his hopes of winning the 'Pritty young Lady', and Dorothy hopes he is one of the Spencers, Robert or William, sons of the late Lord Spencer of Wormleighton and Penelope Wriothesley, daughter of Shakespeare's Lord Southampton, and next brothers in age to Henry, Earl of Sunderland, who had fallen at Newbury, the husband of Dorothy Sidney or 'Saccharissa', now wife of Robert Smith. Robert Spencer appears again in Letter 25 (see n. 15), and William's marriage to Miss Gerard in Letter 65, n. 3. From Letter 25 we learn that the young lady's fortune was £2,500.

3 *a strange turne.* Dorothy has heard of Cromwell's famous dissolution of Parliament of 20 April 1653. She mentions Algernon Sidney in connexion with the scene, and I cannot do better than follow Judge Parry in quoting the account given of it by Algernon's father, Lord Leicester, in his diary for 20 April 1653 (*Sydney Papers*, ed. Blencowe, p. 139):

'The Parliament sitting as usuall, and being on debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have bin passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, and sate down as he used to do in an ordinary place. After a while he rose up, putt off his hat, and spake; at the first and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parlement for theyr paines and care of the publick good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of theyr injustice, delays of justice, self-interest and other faults; then he sayd, Perhaps you thinke this is not Parlementary language, I confesse it is not, neither are you to expect any such from me, then he putt on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floore in the middest of the House, with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes, and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. [?B.] Whitlock, one of the Commissioners for the Greate Seale, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharpe Language, though he named them not but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he sayd to Corronell Harrison, (who was a Member of the House) "Call them in", then Harrison went out, and presently brought in Lieutenant Collonell Wortley, (who commanded the Generall's own regiment of foote,) with five or six files of musqueteers, about 20 or 30, with theyr musquets, then the Generall, pointing to the Speaker in his chayre, sayd to Harrison, "Fetch him downe"; Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down, but the Speaker sate still, and sayd nothing. "Take him down," sayd the Generall; then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gowne, and he came downe. It happened that day, that Algernon Sydney sate next to the Speaker on the right hand; the Generall sayd to Harrison, "Put him out," Harrison spake to Sydney to go out, but he sayd he would not go out, and sate still. The Generall sayd again, "Put him out," then Harrison and Wortley putt theyr hands

upon Sydney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out, then he rose and went towards the doore. Then the Generall went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carryed before the Speaker, and sayd, "Take away these baubles"; so the soldiers tooke away the mace, and all the House went out; and at the going out, they say, the Generall sayd to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a Juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. All being gon out, the doore of the House was locked, and the key with the mace was carryed away, as I heard, by Corronell Otley.'

4 *my Lord L.* Lord Lisle, who was about to leave for Sweden, accompanied by Temple. See L. 6, n. 6.

5 *H. C.* Henry Cromwell. See L. 11, n. 8.

6 *Al: S.* Algernon Sidney.

7 *Mr Pim.* John Pym (1584–1643), the most influential man in the early proceedings of the Long Parliament. On 2 Jan. 1641/2 he was impeached with Hampden, Hollis, Hesibrige and Strode, and on the 4th the King came to the House to arrest the five members, but found that 'the birds were flown'. On the 11th they were escorted in triumph from the City, where they had taken refuge, to Westminster, and Pym was for the moment the greatest power in England. He died on 8 Dec. 1643.

8 *the Oringe flower water.* Dorothy had asked him to send this, in Letter 13.

LETTER 19

1 *I am sory my last letter frighted you soe.* She had said at the end of Letter 18: 'to another humor then mine [my life] would bee unsuportable.'

2 *your first Chapter*, evidently Temple's diary, of which she had said in Letter 18: 'I shall expect your Diary next week.'

3 *heer is my Eldest Brother and my Cousen Molle.* We have seen that John had arrived at Chicksands on 10 March and Henry Molle on 14 April. See L. 10, nn. 8, 9.

4 *to make good your last offer.* He had offered to release her from her quasi-engagement to him. This is referred to in L. 47, n. 2, and 48, n. 14.

5 *since this Journy is broake.* Lord Lisle had resigned his embassy to Sweden, and Temple found himself with nothing particular to do.

6 *all changes are for the worse.* This is Temple's answer to her question in Letter 18: 'tell mee what I must think on't, whither it bee better or worse.'

7 *your fathers Journy.* Sir John Temple was appointed five months later, on 21 Nov. 1653, a commissioner to advise on the titles of the Irish to estates in Ireland after the rebellion, and was in Ireland till the summer of 1654 when he and William returned. Perhaps the question of sending him to Ireland had been already broached. Cf. Letter 25 (?11 June), where Dorothy says: 'When your father goe's into Ireland,' and Letter 32 (?5 Aug.), where he has been asked to send an Irish dog for Dorothy. In Letter 36, see n. 6, he had left London, and in 37, see n. 8, he was on his way. This was early in September. Temple joined him at Dublin in Feb. 1653/4.

LETTER 20

1 *yesterday I missed my fitt.* In Letter 19 she had told of her ague and that she had had two fits of it.

2 *My Father has lost his too.* In Letter 18 she had said that her father had an ague.

3 *my Lady Newcastles book.* See L. 17, n. 5.

4 *my Lady*, Lady Diana Rich. See L. 4, n. 10.

5 *my brother. . . hee went up but last tuesday. I heard from him on Thursday.* H. O. writes in his diary: 'May 2 [?3] Tuesday. I went up to London to the Terme.' (The term ran from 27 Apr. to 23 May; see L. 2, n. 4.)

6 *telling mee my Cousen O. was marryed.* This is Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds, of whose advances to Dorothy we heard in Letter 3, see n. 11.

The date of his wedding is not given in the *D.N.B.* The present reference shows that it was about April 1653. He married Lady Bridget Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey.

7 *Why did not you send mee . . . a Garland?* i. e. a willow-garland. Cf. LL. 37, n. 14, and 44, n. 20.

8 *I have a squire now that is as good as a knight.* The new suitor, called in the next letter 'Mr B', does not appear in H. O.'s Diary, perhaps because he was brought into the field by Cousin Molle (see next letter). He has been identified by Judge Parry, no doubt rightly, as Levinus Bennet, sheriff of Cambridgeshire in this year, a son of Alderman Thomas Bennet, who purchased Babram or Babraham from the Palavicenes.

Babraham is five miles south of Cambridge, on the road to Linton, Haverhill, and Colchester. Sir Horatio Palavicene, who established himself at Babraham, was appointed under Queen Mary Papal collector. Having abjured Popery after the accession of Elizabeth, he is supposed to have laid the foundation of an immense fortune by retaining the money he had gathered for the Pope. He proceeded to lend money on a great scale to private individuals and to the State, and was knighted in 1587. He is best remembered by the epitaph composed for him:

> Here lies Horatio Palavazene
> Who robb'd the Pope to lend the Queen.
> He was a theefe! A theefe? Thou lyest,
> For whie? He robb'd but Antichrist.
> Him death with besom swept from Babram
> Into the bosom of old Abram,
> But then came Hercules with his club
> And struck him down to Belzebub.

9 *the Lady of the Lobster*, a popular expression for 'the calcareous structure in the stomach of a lobster, fancifully supposed to resemble a seated female figure'.

The *O.E.D.* has no earlier example of the phrase than the *Battle of the Books* (1704), where Swift, describing Dryden in his encounter with Virgil, says: 'The helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared

situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster.' But Herrick, as Judge Parry has noticed, has the same expression in the *Hesperides* (1648). There, in *The Fairy Temple; or, Oberon's Chapel*, he says:

> The saint, to which the most he prays
> And offers incense nights and days,
> The Lady of the Lobster is—

The whole poem is a burlesque of Romanism.

10 *the first Tome of Cyrus*. Temple has now finished reading *Cléopâtre* and Dorothy sends him by instalments a new romance, *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, written nominally by Georges de Scudéry, but really in the main by his sister, Madeleine. It appeared in 10 'tomes' or parts, each divided into three books. The 1st and 2nd 'tomes' appeared in 1649, the 3rd and 4th in 1650; the 5th, 6th, and 7th in 1651; the 8th in 1652; the 9th and 10th in 1653. It ran in all to 15,000 pages, contained the impossible adventures of hundreds of characters and their disquisitions on their love, a love of the most exquisite and refined order. Many of these characters personated the men and women of Mlle de Scudéry's world, e. g. Artamène was Condé, Mandane, Mme de Longueville, and Cléobuline, queen of Corinth, Christina, queen of Sweden, though probably this meant nothing to Dorothy, who delighted only in the exquisite sentiments expressed. See an account of the book in A. Le Breton's *Le Roman au dix-septième siècle* (1890).

11 *at M^r Hollingsworths*, i.e. for Lady Diana Rich. See the repeated direction in LL. 26 and 47.

LETTER 21

1 *you know them presently* (i.e. instantly). Temple had discovered that her suitor from Babram was Levinus Bennet. See L. 20, n. 8.

2 *a most Romance squire*. See L. 56, n. 13.

3 *the Power of the County*, the 'Posse Comitatus', which was at his disposal as sheriff.

4 *I dreampt it that you had mett my Brother*. See L. 20.

5 *Resverys* [in Dorothy's spelling 'Resuerys']=Reveries. She uses the verb 'resve' in Letter 30 (see n. 6).

6 *I have misst 4 fitts, and had but 5*. This shows that this letter follows L. 20, in which she wrote: 'yesterday I missed my fitt.'

7 *to meet your letter on Wedensday*. The carrier did not always return on the same day: often it was Thursday.

8 *famely*, as generally, means 'household'.

9 *my Aunte*. Lady Gargrave. One of her 'good motions' is mentioned in Letter 3. In *The Pilgrim's Progress*, when Christian and Hopeful ask Ignorance about the state of his soul, he replies: 'I hope well, for I am always full of good motions.'

10 *I have noe body but my Brother to Torment mee*, i.e. Henry. Molle, as we shall see, had left, and John was about to leave. H. O. was away at the moment, but would be back soon.

11 *M^r B.* Mr. Bennet, the sheriff. See above.

12 *my Eldest Brother goes up to Towne on Monday.* H. O., who had been in London since 3 May, writes in his Diary: 'May 16 [Monday]—My brother John came up.' This letter of Dorothy's was not written later than Saturday 14th.

13 *Nan.* See L. 15, n. 3.

14 *my Cousin H: Davers.* Dorothy has previously expressed the wish that Harry Danvers should marry his early love, Lady Diana. See the end of L. 10 and the note.

15 *the Justinians,* people like Sir Justinian Isham. See L. 3, n. 10.

16 *being out,* losing myself.

17 *Oh mee shee 's Cruell.* Cf. the similar outburst against Fortune in L. 6 (n. 4).

LETTER 22

1 *M^r Arbry's Prophesy.* Judge Parry has, no doubt rightly, identified 'M^r Arbry' with the Anabaptist preacher and writer, the Rev. William Erbury (1604–54). According to the *D.N.B.*, being compelled to leave Oxford about 1646 on account of his Socinian views, he preached for some time at Christ Church, Newgate Street. The Committee for Plundered Ministers summoned him to give an account of his tenets in 1652 and perhaps sent him to prison. In 1653 he and John Webster had a disputation with two ministers in a church in Lombard Street. He died early in 1654. He was apparently given to making wild predictions, and he had perhaps made one which seemed to be fulfilled when the form fell down.

2 *when I went with you thither.* Perhaps Temple had taken her to the same church on Sunday 20 Feb. See p. 19 above.

3 *Change of our fortunes.* Temple had probably commented on her denunciation of Fortune in Letter 21.

4 *wormes in my head,* crotchets.

5 *M^r Luke.* Presumably one of the three sons of Sir Samuel Luke of Cople Hoo, famous as the prototype of Samuel Butler's 'Sir Hudibras'. The *D.N.B.* throws doubt on the story that Butler was for some time Sir Samuel's secretary, but it admits that for some time, probably about 1628, he was living at Wrest, in the service of the Countess of Kent, and would thus probably come in contact with Sir Samuel, though not in the days when he was 'a-colonelling'. However, it is still possible that he did enter Sir Samuel's service.

Sir Samuel (he was knighted in 1624), like his father Sir Oliver, was an ardent Presbyterian, and, though a little man, was an active and capable soldier in the cause of the Parliament. He sat as member for Bedford in the Short Parliament of 1640 and the Long Parliament of 1641. On the outbreak of war he commanded a troop of horse at Edgehill. He fought by Hampden at Chalgrove Field on 18 June 1643 and was thanked by Parliament for his services both in July and September of that year. He became Scoutmaster general of the army of the Earl of Essex, assisted in recovering Newport Pagnell and became its Governor. The Self-Denying Ordinance of 26 June 1645 put an end to his command, and 'Pride's Purge'

of Dec. 1648 relieved him of his parliamentary duties. He had shown himself a strong opponent of the Independents.

By his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Freeman, he had four sons (Samuel, d. 1639/40; Oliver, b. 1626; John, b. 1632; Nathaniel, b. 1636) and several daughters. At this time he was taking no active part in affairs, but perhaps Sir Peter Osborne had found that when his estate was in danger of sequestration he could not look to Sir Samuel to stand his friend.

6 *at Heamses.* In the previous letter Dorothy has received 'oringe flower water'. Temple had no doubt gone to Heams's to get it. See L. 13, n. 8.

7 *my Sheriff.* See preceding letters.

8 *my fighting Servant.* The duellist mentioned in Letter 3. It is I think merely a coincidence that Henry Cromwell was married on 10 May 1653 at Kensington church to Elizabeth Russel.

9 *this Ballad . . . 'tis much older then that of my Lord of Lorne.* Dorothy's copy of the ballad has not been preserved.

Two versions of the ballad of 'the Lord of Lorn and the Fals Steward' are printed in Child's *Popular Ballads,* vol. 5. Both are from broadsides of the second half of the seventeenth century. The ballad was entered on the Stationers' Register 6 Oct. 1580, and it is referred to by E. Guilpin in *Skialethia* (1598):

> 'like th' olde ballad of the Lord of Lorne
> Whose last line in King Harries days was borne.'

10 *my B.* ='my brother Henry'. He had written in cipher in his Diary on 28 July 1652: 'I vowed a vow to God to say a prayer everie day for my sister and when shee was married to give God thanks that day every yeere so long as I lived.'

11 *Next week . . . hee com's downe.* H. O.'s Diary shows that he returned from London on 3 June.

LETTER 23

1 *the Lady's at Heamses.* See L. 22.

2 *'Tis strange that you tell mee of my Lord Shanday's & Arrundell, but what becom's of young Comptons estate? sure my Lady Carey, cannot neither in honnor nor Conscience keep it, besydes that she needs it lesse now then Ever, her son (being as I heare) dead.* George Brydges, sixth Lord Chandos, who had fought with distinction for the King, in May 1652 killed in a duel on Putney Marsh Colonel Henry Compton, grandson of Lord Compton. In consequence he and Colonel Compton's second, his brother-in-law, Lord Arundel of Wardour, were imprisoned and eventually tried before the Upper Bench in Westminster Hall. On 17 May 1653 they were convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to be burnt in the hand. On which Lord Leicester, a half-hearted Royalist whose greatest misfortunes, in Clarendon's view, 'proceeded from the staggering and irresolution in his nature', commented as follows in his Journal: 'It is observable—

1st that these Lords, having bin of the King's party, submitted to be tried by the present government:

2ndly That they waved the privilege of Peerage . . . and

3rdly That the sayd two Lords were burnt in the hand, they being the first Peers in England that had bin so.' (*Sydney Papers*, ed. Blencowe, p. 142, already used by Judge Parry.) Lord Chandos and his victim Compton are said to have been great friends and to have quarrelled over a lady whose name is unknown.

In her next letter Dorothy tells us that Compton had left his estate to Lady Leppington (whom she here calls Lady Carey).

Henry Carey, previously known as Lord Leppington, became Earl of Monmouth in 1639. Dorothy, in Letter 40, attributes to him without reason the translation of Le Maire's *Prazimène*, and his translations of Melvezzi's *Romulus* and *Tarquin* are celebrated in verse by Suckling. The Lady Carey here mentioned, a natural daughter of Emanuel Scrope, Earl of Sunderland, was the widow of Lord Monmouth's heir, Lord Leppington (d. 1649). Her son, also called Lord Leppington, whose death Dorothy mentions, was buried in Westminster Abbey on 24 May 1653, a few days before this letter was written. On 12 Feb. 1654/5 at S[t] Dionis Backchurch she married Charles Powlett, Lord St. John, afterwards Duke of Bolton. See LL. 35, n. 3, and 40, n. 11.

3 *S[r] T.*, Sir Thomas Osborne. See L. 3, n. 11.

4 *humble thanks . . . you shall have noe more of them . . . nor noe more Servant's.* In Letter 22, Dorothy speaks of giving him 'humble thanks' for the orange flower water, and she signs herself 'Your most faithfull freind & servant'. Temple has asked her to drop such formalities. See L. 16, n.

5 *Just now I have news brought mee of the death of an old rich Knight.* Sir William Briers of Pulloxhill, a few miles away, died on 28 May, and H. O. writes in his Diary on 7 June: 'I went to the buriall of S[r] William Briars.' See L. 2, n. 2, and Appendix II.

6 *My Lady . . . intends . . . to sitt at Lilly's for her Picture for mee.* In Letter 44, *c.* 16 Oct. 1653, we hear that Lely is to draw the picture of Lady Diana for Dorothy at Lord Paget's. Peter Lely, a Dutchman, had been in England since early in 1641, and when Vandyck died in December of that year Lely stepped into his place as the fashionable portrait-painter. He painted Charles I at Hampton Court in 1647, and later Cromwell, but his great vogue came after the Restoration, when all the Court beauties were his sitters. He was knighted 11 Jan. 1678/9 and died in 1680.

7 *I cannot agree with you that my Brothers kindnesse to mee has any thing of trouble int.* Dorothy's attitude to her brother Henry is very variable. Temple seems to have commented on what she had written about H. O. in Letter 22: 'hee is of opinion that all passions have more of trouble then sattisfaction in them' and to have replied that Henry's own affection for his sister had that character. Dorothy takes exception to Temple's criticism, though she had herself written immediately after the former sentence: 'You think him kinde from a letter that you mett with of his, Sure there was very litle of any thing in that.'

LETTER 24

1 *my Lord L.* No doubt here as elsewhere, Lord Lisle. See L. 6, n. 6.

2 *redy*, dressed.

3 *my Cousin Molle*. See Appendix VII. She wrote in Letter 22 (about 22 May) that Molle had recovered from his dropsy and meant to return to Chicksands to meet her brother. The latter returned on 3 June.

4 *M^r B.* Mr. Bennet, the sheriff, who was Molle's candidate for Dorothy's hand. See Letters 20, 21, 22.

5 *they want nothing to make them the happiest People in the world, but the knoledge that they are soe.* Is Dorothy consciously echoing Virgil's: 'O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint Agricolas'? (*Georg.* ii. 458). If she knew Virgil, it was probably in translation. Some of her spellings (e. g. 'apear', 'exelently', 'aply', 'aprobation') suggest that the Latin forms were not familiar to her.

6 *Since I writt this my Company is increased by two, My Brother Harry, and a faire Neece, the Eldest of my Brother Peytons Daughter's.* It is clear that a letter of Dorothy's was not always written all on one day.

This letter had been begun before her brother and niece arrived at Chicksands, and was continued later.

H. O.'s Diary has the entry: 'June 3, Friday—I came to Chicksands in a coach with my neisse D. Peyton.' (If it had not been that he had his niece with him, he would have ridden down as usual with his groom.)

Dorothy Peyton, who was to be her aunt's companion for the next few months, was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Peyton of Knowlton, Kent, second Baronet (born *c.* 1613). He had been an active Royalist during the Civil Wars, even to the Kentish rising of 1648, had been eight years in prison for that cause and had had to compound for his estates by a payment of £1,000 on 6 March 1645. (*S.P.D. Committee for Compounding*, p. 864, *Com. for Adv. of Money*, pp. 459, 1405). He had been M.P. for Sandwich in the Short and Long Parliaments till disabled 5 Feb. 1643/4.

He married Dorothy's eldest sister, Elizabeth (not Anne, as often stated. See the codicil to the will of D.'s grandmother, Lady Osborne, 1637), on 21 May 1636 at St. Bride's, London, and had by her three daughters: Dorothy, Catharine, and Elizabeth. His wife having died on 10 Sept. 1642, he married secondly in Jan. 1647/8 Cecilia (then aged 33), widow of Sir William Swan, Lord Mayor of London. By her he had a son, Thomas (b. about 1649), who lived to be 11 or 12, when he died of smallpox, and Esther, 18 months younger.

Dorothy Peyton, who must have been born about 1638, married 15 Mar. 1659/60 Sir Basil Dixwell, Bart., of Bromehouse, Kent. H. O. writes in his Diary: 'Mar. 15 Thursday. I went to Chelsey where my Neice Dixwell was married by D^r Warmistry from thence wee went to Twicknam to S^r T. Peytons where the mariage was celebrated for a weeke.' Sir Basil died 7 May 1668, leaving a son, Basil (who eventually married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Temple, Temple's brother), another son, and two daughters.

For further references to Sir Thomas Peyton and his family see Letter 40 and Letters 69–73. Also *Genealogist N.S.* viii. 103, and Miss Longe's book, *Martha Lady Giffard.*

7 *into Gloucestershyr to my Sister.* See L. 10, n. 8.

8 *Walker,* who set her seals. See L. 13, n. 8.

9 *my Lady Lepington.* Perhaps Dorothy took a hint from Temple's reply in now using the designation Lady Leppington instead of Lady Carey of her previous letter. But in the case of Lady Grey de Ruthin she varies between Lady Grey and Lady Ruthin.

10 *aprehende,* fear.

LETTER 25

1 *to know I wish you with mee.* In Letter 24 she had said: 'I sitt downe and wish you with mee.'

2 *amongst my Shepherdesses.* See L. 24.

3 *our Hide Park.* Hyde Park had been opened to the public in 1632.

4 *Lady Ruthin.* Lady Grey de Ruthin, who was probably living at Meppershall or Wrest. See L. 14, n. 6.

5 *an heire,* an heiress.

6 *since hee came downe,* since 3 June.

7 *one Talbott.* Not identified.

8 *I think I shall not goe* [*to Epsum*]. Temple thought of going himself and hoped to meet her there. In this letter and the next she gives her reasons for not going and for being his prisoner at home instead, although he protests that it is but reasonable he should see her.

9 *When your father goe's into Ireland.* Sir John Temple eventually went there in September. See L. 19, n. 7.

10 *the Generalls,* i.e. Oliver Cromwell's. See L. 11, n. 8.

11 *H. C.* [*Henry Cromwell*] *undertook to write to his Brother Fleetwood for an other* [*Irish Greyhound*] *for mee.* In my note L. 11, n. 8, I have concluded that the time of Dorothy's intimacy with the Cromwells was before her mother's death. But H. C.'s promise to get her a greyhound cannot be put back so early. They must have met on one of Dorothy's later visits to London.

Charles Fleetwood married Bridget Cromwell sometime in 1652, her first husband, Ireton, having died 26 Nov. 1651. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland on 10 July 1652, and probably proceeded there in September. His mother was a Luke of Woodend, close to Chicksands, probably a cousin of Sir Samuel Luke's. In Letter 40, D. announces that thanks to H. C. two dogs have arrived.

12 *a Masty,* a mastiff.

13 *exact,* perfect. See L. 43, n. 4.

14 *comeing to Towne.* He came, I suppose, to Mrs. Painter's in Covent Garden, but where he was living we don't know, not even if he was living with his father.

15 *R: Spencer.* See LL. 18, n. 2, and 65, n. 3.

16 *a Daughter of my Lady Lexingtons.* It is to be noted that Dorothy

does not say 'of my Lord Lexington's'. Robert Sutton of Aram or Averham, Notts., was created, 21 Nov. 1645, Baron Lexington of Aram, 'Lexington' being Lexinton, Notts., now called 'Laxton'. He was three times married, but we have here to do with his second wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Guy Palmer, and widow of Sir Thomas Browne of Walcot, Northants, Bart., who had died 16 April 1635, leaving no son, but two daughters as his coheirs. (Lord Lexington did not marry his third wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Anthony St. Leger, till 1660/1). The daughter of Lady Lexington here in question was probably a Browne. Anne Browne, the second daughter and coheir, born posthumously on 10 July 1635, married about 1660 John Poulett, second Baron Poulett. (G.E.C.)

17 *the Emperour Justinian.* Sir Justinian Isham (see L. 3, n. 10), having failed to find the wife he was seeking, turns again to Dorothy.

LETTER 26

1 *wee*, H. O. and she.

2 *the Emperour and his proposall's.* We heard in the last letter that Sir Justinian Isham had entered the lists again.

3 *like Richard the 3ds Ghosts.* This very happy illustration (*Rich. III*, v. iii) is one of very few references to Shakespeare in Dorothy's letters. See L. 56, n. 21.

4 *Courtesey's and Legg's*, the former on Dorothy's part, the latter on her brother's. 'To make a leg' was to scrape one foot on the ground while bowing. Cf. LL. 43, n. 8, and 57, n. 8.

5 *Complementall*, abounding in compliment or formal politeness.

6 *one reason more then I told you.* She had given her reasons for not going to Epsom that summer in Letter 25.

7 *in noe danger to loose your Prisoner.* In Letter 25 she had said: 'I am contented to bee your Prisoner this summer.'

8 *Walker.* See LL. 13 and 24.

9 *Mr Freeman.* A member of a family of position in Dorothy's neighbourhood. Sir Samuel Luke's wife was Elizabeth, daughter of William Freeman. For other references to Mr. Freeman, see Letters 27, 39, 55, 60 (where we find him in London). Thirty years later, Dorothy, then Lady Temple, had a friend 'Mr Freeman', who was perhaps the same. She had been invited between 1676 and 1684 to visit Lord and Lady Hatton (only daughter of Sir Henry Yelverton, Bart., and Lady Grey de Ruthin) at Kirby. She writes to Lord Hatton on 'Sept. ye 14th': 'Mr Freeman, whom I desired to secure a coach for me is so kind as to take the same occasion of visiting your Lordship and my Lady Hatton and we design, if it please God, to be at Northampton, on Monday night ye 18th'. (Add. MSS. Br. Museum, 29559.)

10 *Mr Fish.* We hear also of him again. See L. 59, n. 22. Humphrey Fyshe esq. of Ickwell Green, about 6 miles north-east of Campton, was sheriff of Beds. in 1644.

11 *another Tome of Cyrus.* The first tome had been sent about 7 May. See L. 20.

12 *Mr B.* The sheriff of Cambridgeshire, Levinus Bennet, whose suit had been pressed by Molle. See L. 20, n. 8.

13 *My Brother will bee shortly for the Terme.* H. O.'s Diary of Friday 24 June states: 'I went to London.' Trinity term ended on 29 June. He returned to Chicksands on Monday 4 July, but alone.

14 *my Youngest Brother.* This is the first mention of Dorothy's third surviving brother, Robert or Robin, of whose death on 26 Aug. we shall hear later. H. O.'s Diary shows that Henry frequently met Robin in London, generally in association with 'Phil. Frowd'. Col. Philip Frowd had served Charles I devotedly in the wars and was rewarded after the Restoration with a knighthood (1664/5) and the post of governor of the Post Office.

LETTER 27

1 *your Story of Tom Cheek.* Temple, on hearing that Cheke had been talking of a quasi-engagement between Temple and Dorothy, had disowned the impeachment. The 'cousinship' between the Osbornes and Chekes was rather shadowy. Sir Thomas Cheke of Pyrgo, Essex, was a second cousin of Dorothy's grandfather, Sir John Osborne, but he had married Sir John's sister Catherine, and so become an uncle by marriage to Sir Peter Osborne, and a great-uncle to Sir Peter's children. He had no children by his first marriage, but by his second wife, Essex Rich, daughter of the first Earl of Warwick, he had children, whom the Osbornes counted as cousins, including Robin Cheke, the eldest son, Thomas Cheke, here mentioned, Essex, Countess of Manchester, and Elizabeth, Mrs. Richard Franklin. Henry Molle was first cousin to all these, his mother, Elizabeth, having been Sir Thomas Cheke's sister. See Pedigree, in Appendix VII.

2 *Kimolten*, Kimbolton, Hunts., the seat of the Earl of Manchester. See L. 57, n. 18.

3 *Moore Parke* (Moor Park), Herts, recently acquired by Richard Franklin. See L. 44, n. 12; and H. Ellis, *Orig. Letters*, 1 ser., i. 277 n.

4 *any other Necessity upon mee*, such as a definite engagement.

5 *Cooper or Hoskins.* Dorothy would have a miniature made by one of these famous painters from the large picture by Lely she had of herself, and which she lent to Temple for a time. (See LL. 45, 46.) She afterwards intended Cooper to make a new miniature portrait of her from sittings. (See LL. 55, 66). John Hoskins's miniatures are still considered fine work, but he was surpassed by his nephew and pupil, Samuel Cooper (1609–72), who is called by Pepys 'the great limner in little', and by his biographer in the *D.N.B.* 'the most eminent miniaturist that England has produced'. He lived for many years in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and painted all the notabilities of the age.

6 *he know's the utmost.* Henry Osborne knows the worst about Temple's financial circumstances.

7 *upon his goeing up to Towne.* H. O., as we saw, went to London on Friday, 24 June.

8 *the first Part of Cyrus.* She repeats a request made in her last letter.

9 *the*, first written 'that'.

10 *S^r Emperour*, another playful soubriquet for Sir Justinian Isham.

11 *M^r Freeman*. See L. 26, n. 9. He had apparently met Temple and told him that he had been deterred from paying his addresses to Dorothy by her stately bearing. A later suitor, James Beverley, wrote on her 'stately and majestic brow'. See L. 55.

LETTER 28

1 *wee must both comande & both obay alike*. Temple had referred to her saying in her last letter: 'lay your commands on mee to forbeare fruite', and had protested that it was for her to command and for him to obey. However, he had taken her at her word. Judge Parry has pointed out that Dorothy is perhaps thinking of some lines in Sandys' translation of *Ovid. Met.* viii. See L. 54, n. 16.

2 *you lay noe fault to my charge but indiscretion*. In Letter 27, D. says: 'I never heard him (H. O.) accuse any thing but your fortune, and my indiscretion.'

3 *because I did once . . . deny you somthing*. She had made difficulties about his coming to Chicksands (L. 26).

4 *I desyre to see you*. The previous letter had referred to Temple's complaining of not seeing her.

5 *dispence with them*, put up with them. This meaning of the phrase is rare, but the *O.E.D.* gives an example from Sidney's *Arcadia*: 'I would and could dispence with these difficulties.'

6 *our Emperour*, Sir Justinian Isham. (L. 3, n. 10.)

7 *constancy*, courage.

8 *lesse scrupulous then your father*, who had put no pressure on T. to accept the wife he had offered him.

9 *a walking missery*. Dorothy uses the same expression in Letter 52. Macbeth exclaims that 'Life is a walking shadow'.

10 *whither I am too stately*. In Letter 27 (see n. 11), Dorothy had asked: 'doe I look soe stately as People aprehende?' See L. 55, n. 5.

LETTER 29

1 *I sayed I had not y^e Vanity to beleeve I deserved* [*your kindenesse*]. In her last letter, she had said: 'I confesse it is a fault to beleeve too easily, but tis not out of vanity that I doe it, as thinking I deserve you should love mee and therfor beleeving it.'

2 *the inconveniency's of your comeing*. The topic taken up from Letter 28.

3 *my Cousin Petters*. Evidently she had known Temple when he was at St. Malo with Dorothy in 1648 after their meeting in the Isle of Wight. Temple had now, as he thought, met her in company, and found that she had forgotten him. Dorothy refers again to her having met her in town in Letter 42.

4 *she Laughs . . . too much and that will bring wrinkles they say*. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.* I. i. 80: With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

5 *now I talk of Laughing it makes mee think of Poore Jane.* Jane had left Chicksands on 18 March (see L. 12) on her way to Guernsey. Cf. Letter 15 where she says Jane 'thinks noebody in good humor unlesse they Laugh perpetualy as Nan and she do's.'

6 *Shee tells mee she shall stay long enough there to heare from mee once more and then she is resolved to come away.* We hear in Letter 33, which I date 12 Aug., that Jane has returned.

7 *Walker*, to whom she has sent her seals before. See LL. 13, 24, 26.

8 *My Eldest Brother is now heer.* H. O.'s Diary, Friday, 1 July, when he was in London, has the entry: 'Came up my horses, but I stayed till munday [4 July] because my brother John was come to towne.' John, no doubt, came down to Chicksands from London, on or soon after 4 July.

9 *wee expect my Youngest shortly.* In Letter 26 she had expected that Robin would arrive with Henry.

10 *My Neece.* Dorothy Peyton had been with her since 3 June.

11 *my Aunt.* Lady Gargrave, of Cornbury, Oxon.

12 *the Widdow.* Mrs. Thorold, Lady Gargrave's granddaughter. See L. 10, n. 2, and Appendix VI.

13 *since my Brother Hary found his Tongue againe.* She had written in Letter 26: 'wee sayed soe much then that wee have hardly spoken a word together since.'

14 *Patience is my Pennance, is sombody's Motto.* Not traced.

LETTER 30

1 *Nan tels mee.* 'Nan' is generally heard of in London (see L. 15, n. 3), and the news she gives here is of something that happened in London. She either sent it by letter, or she was visiting Chicksands or Campton, where probably she belonged.

2 *my B. comeing from London.* H. O.'s Diary shows that this was on Monday 4 July. This was the natural day for the carrier to be going up.

3 *my Lady D. R.*, Lady Diana Rich. See L. 4, n. 10.

4 *hee goes noe more till after harvest.* 16 July in old style would be 26 July in our present reckoning, a likely time for the commencement of the harvest in Bedfordshire. Dorothy's carrier was Harrold: the other, Collins. See L. 5, n. 10.

5 *directed to Mr Ed: Gibson at Ch:* The Rev. Edward Gibson, vicar of Hawnes, was perhaps unmarried at this time and living at Chicksands. This would account for the long evening talks between him and Henry Osborne of which we hear in Letters 45 and 57. He was born in Rutland about 1618, admitted from Uppingham School, aet. 14, sizar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, 11 Apr. 1633, he became B.A. in 1636/7, M.A. 1640. In the same year he was elected Fellow, but was ejected by the Earl of Manchester in 1644. He was ordained priest in 1643. (Venn's *Alumni Cantab.*) He died 22 Apr. 1690, aged 73.

Mr. Gibson seems to have been in the confidence of Henry Osborne, who

employed him in the negotiations with Sir Justinian Isham, as the following entries in his Diary show:

'1652. June 23, Wednesday. Tuesday M^rs Goldsmith writ to M^r Vaughan of the epistle from M^r Gibson.

'Sunday the 4^th of July I went to S^r I. Isham who [upon?] the [receipt?] of M^r Gibsons letter said he had entertained a new treaty.'

He was again employed in the dealings with Dr. Scarborough about Edmund Wyld:

'1652 Oct. 11, Monday. Mr. Gibson went to [London?] to Doctor Scarborough.

'Nov. 2, Tuesday. I received a letter from my sister where shee was not of opinion that Mr. Gibson should come aboute Doctor Scarborough.'

Dorothy says in Letter 59 (?19 Feb. 1654) she will get Mr. Gibson to take a letter from her to Temple at Brickhill on his way to Ireland: "tis a Civill well natur'd man as can bee, of Excellent Principles, and an Exact honesty, I durst make him my Confessor.'

Mr. Gibson must have married soon after this time as the Hawnes (or Haynes) Register records the baptism on 10 Nov. 1658 of a daughter, and on 14 Aug. 1661 of a son, of 'Edward Gibson and Margarett his wife'.

6 *to resve in*, to rêve, or dream, in. See L. 21, n. 5.

7 *the litle Marquise*. She was identified by Courtenay (ii. 325) as Elizabeth (daughter of the famous physician Sir Theodore de Mayerne), who was married to Pierre de Caumont, Marquis de Cugnac, and died in 1653.

This information is based on a monument to her on the south wall of the chancel of Chelsea church, the inscription of which is given in Bowack's *Antiquities of Middlesex, Pt. 1* (1705). It states that she died at Chelsea on 10 July 1653, in the sixteenth month after her marriage, at the age of twenty years, six months and three days. Her husband was a Huguenot refugee of very distinguished family.

The *D.N.B.* (1894) stated that she survived her father (ob. 1655) and died at the Hague in 1661. In 1909 it kept the former statement, but now said that she died at the Hague in 1653. If my dating of this letter is correct, Temple sent Dorothy the sad news at once.

Dorothy's letter proves that it was Elizabeth de Mayerne who was the betrothed of Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest son of Ferdinando, sixth earl of Huntingdon, who died (24 June 1649) at the age of 19, on the very eve of his marriage, and was bemoaned in ninety-eight elegies published under the title *Lachrymæ Musarum*, 'collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome]' in 1650. The best known of these laments is Herrick's 'The New Charon', of which the musical part was set by Henry Lawes. It takes the form of a dialogue between Eucosmia and Charon. The former (clearly now Elizabeth de Mayerne) begs Charon to take her in his boat, and tells her sad tale.

Sir Theodore Turquet de Mayerne was one of the most famous physicians of his time. He was born near Geneva in 1573, studied at Montpellier, practised for some years in Paris, and settled in London 1611. He was appointed physician to Charles I and his Queen in 1625. He died

1655. According to the *D.N.B.*, after the King's execution he retired from his house in St. Martin's Lane to Chelsea. But Dorothy's letter seems to show that he lived at Chelsea earlier. She knew him and his family there before she was first in France, and she was already in France when Sir Theodore's son died in March 1643. The burial register of St. Martin's in the Fields has the entry under 28 March 1643, 'Ludovicus Mehearne.'

I suppose that Lady Osborne and Dorothy were living with Sir John Danvers at Chelsea for a time before crossing to St. Malo, about the end of 1642.

8 *Buffle headed.* May mean merely 'stupid'. See *O.E.D.*

9 *faith*[*full*]. Written at the corner of the page.

LETTER 31

1 *your dirrection for the adresse of this.* In Letter 30, she had asked him to 'think of a new addresse'.

2 *soe severe a search.* See the account of H. O.'s interrogating the carrier about letters in Letter 30.

3 *our discourses*, those of my brother and myself. After 'discourses' the word 'sometimes' has been written and deleted.

4 *franchise*, freedom of speech, openness. Dorothy is perhaps consciously using a French word both here and in Letter 43. See L. 58, n. 7.

5 *resolved of*, informed of.

6 *My E. B.*, my Eldest Brother. (See L. 10, n. 8.) Letter 29 told us of his arrival. He went up to London on 25 July, but apparently returned to Chicksands till 1 Sept. (H. O.'s Diary.)

7 *hee gives himself another reason*, he suspects that Dorothy's attachment to Temple is the hidden cause.

8 *maliciously . . . seem'd*, slily . . . pretended.

9 *doe you doubt I would? I say.* D. has written 'doe you doubt it would I say', but I think the change is necessary.

10 *to let mee loose him.* Not very clear. Perhaps, 'to make my intended marriage a cause of estrangement from him'.

11 *I was kinder to him.* I made no quarrel out of his marriage, though I was hurt that he had not taken me into his confidence.

12 *if you are come back from Epsum.* Temple must have told her he was going to Epsom to take the waters, as she had done a year before. In Letters 25 and 26, she had told him she could not go to Epsom herself this year.

13 *I am forbid complaint's or to expresse my fear's*, no doubt by Temple, who was always stoical. Referring in his will to his bereavements, he adds: 'God's holy name be praised, his will be done.' Lady Giffard in her Character of him written in 1690 refers to his use of the same words in his times of bereavement (Courtenay, ii. 147).

14 *Jane.* Temple's question: 'Have you missed Jane?' would naturally rise from the mention of Jane in Letter 29.

15 *prevented her*, anticipated her.

16 *Althrop*, Althorpe, near Brington, Northants, the seat of the Spencers, to which Lady Sunderland had taken her new husband, Mr. Robert Smith. See L. 6, n. 11.

17 *I should have bin sadder then you.* Temple must have said that it had made him sad to see the endearments that passed between Lady Sunderland and her husband.

18 *if I had bin theire Neighbour . . . as I must have bin if I had marryed the Emperour.* As the wife of Sir Justinian Isham (see L. 3, n. 10) she would have been living at Lamport, within six or seven miles of Althorpe.

19 *as if hee would have had mee beleev'd hee might*, &c. This is a syncopated expression for 'have had mee have beleev'd'. Cf. Letter 44: 'I would faine have had her Excepted such as,' &c. Temple himself, in one of his unpublished early essays (Courtenay, ii. 343), writes: 'I would not have had my suspicion *lasted* . . . but I would not have it prove a truth.'

20 *Your faithfull friend.* Dorothy had first written 'freind', hitherto her usual spelling of the word. I don't know if Temple ever commented on her spellings, or if she corrected herself merely from his example, but one sees her often discarding spellings that were getting to be old-fashioned. In Letter 32 she corrects 'freindship', 'freind', to 'friendship, friend', and 'sexe' to 'sex'. In Letter 33 she alters 'infalible' (used as an adverb) to 'infallibly', in Letter 44 'enterlarded' to 'interlarded', in Letter 57 'think' (sb.) to 'thing', in Letter 59 'conceale' to conceal', and 'remarque' to 'remark', in Letter 60 'thing' (vb.) to 'think', in Letter 64 'wayte of' to 'wayte on'.

LETTER 32

1 *I did not lay it as a fault to your charge that you were not good at disguise.* As nothing in Letter 31 could bear this interpretation, I believe a letter has here been lost, and date this 5 Aug. He may of course have referred to something she had once said to him orally.

2 *my Irish dog.* In Letter 25 (?June 11) Dorothy had said: 'When your father goe's into Ireland, Lay your Commands upon some of his Servant's to gett you an Ireish Greyhound.' Sir John was now within a month of starting. See L. 19, n. 7.

3 *when I say'd maliciously.* See L. 31, n. 8.

4 *I . . . wish you had stay'd longer at Epsum.* In Letter 31 she was uncertain if he was still there.

5 *to doubt*, to fear.

6 *I made a Visett t'other day to welcom a Lady into this Country.* This is probably the visit mentioned in H. O.'s Diary under 'July 11, Munday': 'Wee went to see Mr Hilsden and his wife who were newly come into the country.' The visit had been paid three weeks, but it had been recalled to Dorothy's mind by Temple's story.

The *Visitation of Beds.* 1634 (*Harl. Soc. Publ.* 19) gives a pedigree of the family of Hillesden of Elstow (afterwards of Ampthill). Elstow is only five or six miles (north-west) from Chicksands, and Ampthill five miles. Among the Bedfordshire royalists in the list of decimations (a tax of 10

per cent. on rents or 7½ per cent. on personalty) in 1655 is Hilsden of Hockley (Hockliffe), twelve miles away (*Victoria History of Beds.*, ii. 44).

7 *friendship, Sex.* Altered from 'freindship', 'sexe'. So 'freind' below. See L. 31, n. 20.

8 *Walker.* In Letter 29 she has asked Temple to take another seal to Walker to be set. The latter apparently broke his promise to do it by a certain day.

9 *wellnes . . . unwellnes . . . to some Extream.* It is interesting to find Dorothy criticizing new words and phrases. 'Wellnes' and 'unwellnes' may be looked upon as solecisms. The *O.E.D.* has earlier examples than this of similar phrases with 'extreme'. Cf. L. 58, n. 11.

10 *the Seven Sleepers.* The Seven Sleepers were commemorated by the Church on 27 July, under which date Chambers's *Book of Days* gives the legend. The Emperor Decius set up a statue at Ephesus and commanded the inhabitants to worship it. Seven young men, to avoid compliance, fled to Mount Cœlius and hid in a cavern (A. D. 250). Decius caused all the caverns on the mountain to be closed. In the year 479 some one broke into the cavern, and the young men, who had been sleeping, awoke. Feeling hungry, and supposing they had only slept one night, they sent one of the party into Ephesus to buy food, when the antiquity of the coin excited attention. After investigation, it was declared that the young men had been preserved by a miracle. The legend is found in the Koran. There the sleepers had with them a dog, Kratim.

11 *soe.* Altered from 'if'.

LETTER 33

1 *Jane.* Jane has now returned to Chicksands from Guernsey, and has spent some days, presumably in London, on her way, Temple being out of town at the time.

2 *Nan Stacy.* See L. 15, n. 3.

3 *infallibly*, first written 'infalible'. See L. 31, n. 20.

4 *my B. Peyton . . . his daughter.* Dorothy Peyton had been at Chicksands since 3 June. See L. 24, n. 6.

5 *to provide for.* After 'for', 'them' has been written and deleted, but it seems to be demanded by the sense.

6 *my Cousin Osborn's Lady.* In Letter 20 (see n. 6) Dorothy had heard of Sir Thomas Osborne's marriage to Lady Bridget Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey. Temple, who was a friend of Sir Thomas, has no doubt said something about Lady Bridget.

7 *Traverses*, crosses, obstacles.

8 *le*[*t*]. Hole in paper.

9 *last night.* As the carrier generally brought letters on a Thursday, this letter would seem to have been written on Friday.

10 *Your Servant*, i.e. Jane Wright.

11 *Let the answer bee sent by Harrold.* Harrold had ceased to run 'till after harvest' (Letter 30), but this is an intimation that next week he will be running again.

LETTER 34

1 *Deare Brother.* Temple's letter was no doubt addressed to John Temple, his next brother, who, on Sir William's death, became head of that branch of the family, and was the ancestor of Lord Palmerston; his other brother, Henry Temple, was only fifteen at this time.

2 *to make good*, to justify.

3 *assure mee that I shall finde you . . . merry.* In Letter 33 she had said: 'I must finde you . . . merry.'

4 *my Lady A. W.* No doubt, Lady Anne Wentworth, of whom Dorothy had spoken so highly in Letter 14. See n. 7 to that letter.

5 *constancy*, courage, endurance.

6 *You confesse 'tis such an Age since our Story began, . . is it not likely . . that . . my face . . might be alterd.* In Letter 33 she had written: 'but what an Age tis since wee first mett, and how great a Change it has wrought in both of us! if theire had bin as great a one in my face . . .'

7 *a new's book*, a common term in 1650–1700 for a small newspaper. In 1652 Heylyn has 'the weekly Newsbooks' (*O.E.D.*).

8 *it mentions my L. L[d]'s Embassage againe.* Lord Lisle, as we heard, was going as Ambassador to Sweden with Temple accompanying him till the arrangement was upset by Cromwell's dismissal of the Rump on 20 April. See L. 6, n. 6.

9 *a new forme* [*of marriage*]. Cromwell, thinking it requisite to establish some semblance of a commonwealth, having dismissed the Rump, by the advice of his officers, summoned 128 persons from different towns and counties of England, 5 from Scotland, and 6 from Ireland, who were to legislate for fifteen months and then choose the same number to succeed them. This assembly voted itself a Parliament on 4 July. The only piece of legislation it effected was one which made marriages legal only when performed before Justices of the Peace. The Act was passed on 24 August. The Assembly on 13 Dec. resigned its powers into Cromwell's hands, and by the 'Instrument of Government', approved by his officers, he became shortly 'His Highness the Lord Protector'.

10 *your father.* Sir John Temple was still in London probably. See L. 32, n. 2.

11 *M[rs] Cle* [or *Cli*]. See L. 10, n. 5.

LETTER 35

1 *that which is an Effect*, &c., i.e. her letters.

2 *Lady Udall.* Judge Parry points out that 'Udall' is a form of 'Uvedale', and refers us to Mr. G. Leveson-Gower's *Notices of the Family of Uvedale* (*Surrey Archaeological Collections*, iii. 63). Victoria, daughter of Sir Henry Carey, 1st Viscount Falkland, and sister of Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, who fell at Newbury, was married at the age of 22 in 1642 to Sir William Udall or Uvedale (b. 1586) of Wickham, Hants. Sir William had married first Anne, daughter of Sir Edmund Carey, by whom he had a son, William, who had died, as Dorothy's letter implies, shortly before

Sir William's second marriage in 1642. He is referred to as 'deceased' in Sir William's will (56 Reeve) proved by his widow 24 Aug. 1654, and is perhaps the same as the 'William, son of Sir W^m^ Udall', baptized in Westminster Abbey 30 Nov. 1614.

By his second wife, Victoria, Sir William Uvedale had a son, William, now the heir, and two daughters. He was buried at Wickham 3 Dec. 1652. His widow married 14 Aug. 1653 'Bartholomew Price Esq. of Linlithgow and of Wickham, Hants'. This helps to date this letter, as when Dorothy writes, the marriage has apparently taken place. The fact that Mr. Price is described as 'of Wickham, Hants', agrees with Dorothy's statement that he 'lived in the house' with his mistress. Dorothy adds the item that he was blind.

3 *they say my Lady S^t^ John is dead in Childbed, . . . Poore M^rs^ Fretcheville . . . to Loose such a daughter.* John Frescheville or Frecheville, b. 1607, had a warrant 25 March 1644/5 for his creation as a peer, with the title Lord Frecheville of Staveley Musard and Fitzralph. This, however, did not pass the Great Seal, and he was not made a peer till after the Restoration. The warrant passed 16 March 1664/5. It granted remainder, for want of heirs male, to his elder surviving daughter, Elizabeth, and her heirs, or for want of such, to his younger daughter, Frances, and her heirs. His first wife had died in 1629 without issue; his second wife, Dorothy's 'M^rs^ Fretcheville', was Sarah, daughter and heir of Sir John Harington of Bagworth and maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria. By her, who died in 1665, Lord Frecheville had three daughters: Christian, Elizabeth, and Frances.

Christian, born 13 Dec. 1633, was married on 28 Feb. 1651/2 to Charles Powlett, Lord St. John, and died on 22 July 1653. (G.E.C.'s *Peerage*, from which I have quoted most of the above, gives the date as '22 May'. But the date '22 July' has been confirmed by the Vicar of Staveley.) Dorothy had heard the news two or three weeks when she wrote this letter.

We find in Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*: 'In Staveley Church in Derbyshire at the east end of the South Ile against the Chancel wall is erected a fair Monument, whereon is the portraiture of a Woman lying sideways, covered with thin Drapery, leaning on her left Arm, and holding her Child (lying on a Cushion) before her Breast, and under this Inscription:

"Heere lyes the mortall part of Christian Lady S^t^ John, late Wife of Charles Lord S^t^ John, Baron of Basing, and daughter of John Frecheville Esquier, who in memory of his dearest Childe caused these Stones to be layd together.

" She dyed in Childbed the 22th of July 1653. Her infant John Pawlet surviving his Mother seaven days lyes here interred w^th^ her."'

Lord St. John married secondly 12 Feb. 1654/5 a lady whom Dorothy has already mentioned (see L. 23, n. 2), Mary, widow of Henry Carey, styled Lord Leppington, son and heir of the Earl of Monmouth. Lord St. John succeeded his father as Marquess of Winchester in 1674/5, and was created Duke of Bolton in 1689.

4 *the younger M^rs^ Bishop.* Temple has quoted a speech made by this

lady to, or about, Mr. Henningham, a gentleman of whose matrimonial aspirations we shall hear more.

These two Miss Bishop's were perhaps daughters of Sir Edward Bishopp, 2nd baronet of Parham, Sussex, who married about 1626 Mary, 4th daughter of Nicholas, Earl of Thanet. Three of his daughters grew up, viz. Frances who, according to Betham, married Sir George Warburton of Arley, Cheshire, Diana, wife of Sir Henry Goring of Highden, Sussex, Bart., and Christian, wife of Sir Thomas Cobb of Adderbury, Oxon.

5 *M^r Henningham.* In Letter 44 he is mentioned as having aspired to the hand of Lady Grey de Ruthin, and as having been suggested as a husband for Dorothy herself. In Letter 64 he has been jilted by a Miss Gerard.

6 *S^r Justinian.* Dorothy gave an account of Sir Justinian Isham's matrimonial efforts in Letter 25.

7 *my Lady.* Lady Diana Holland.

8 *Barnett waters.* Judge Parry writes: 'At Barnet there was a calcareous spring with a small portion of sea salt in it, which had been but recently discovered. This spring was afterwards, in the year 1677 endowed by one John Owen who left the sum of £1 to keep the wel lin repair "so long as it should be of service to the parish". Towards the end of [the 18th] century, Lysons mentions that the well was in decay and little used. One wonders what has become of John Owen's legacy.' *Paterson's Roads*, 18th ed. 1829, ed. by E. Mogg, in its account of Barnet, says: 'near the ground on which the races were formerly held is a mineral spring of a cathartic quality,' and *The Survey Gazetteer* (1904) says: 'on Barnet Common there is a chalybeate spring.'

9 *Tunbridge.* The chalybeate wells, at what is now called Tunbridge Wells, five miles from Tonbridge, were discovered, Judge Parry tells us, in 1606, and visited by Queen Henrietta Maria in 1630 and were thenceforth greatly resorted to.

10 *I have noe more heart to goe to Epsum since S^r Robert Cook dyed.* Sir Robert Coke or Cooke, born *c.* 1586, was the eldest son of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice. He married Lady Theophila (born *c.* 1596), only sister of George, 8th Lord Berkeley (1601–58). They lived a great part of their lives at Epsom, probably at an old house of the Berkeleys there. They had no children, but their marriage appears to have been otherwise singularly happy. Lady Theophila was distinguished by her learning, virtues, and graces. A monument in Epsom church states that she died on 22 April 1643, and her husband on 19 July 1653, a month or so before Dorothy's letter was written. Various books by Anthony Stafford and others were dedicated to Lady Theophila, and an elegy on her by C. Mason (Rawl. MS. Poet 246, fo. 20), describes her as 'late wife to S^r Robert Cooke now Prisoner in y^e Tower'. A poem, possibly by T. Randolph, who was a friend of Anthony Stafford, preserved in Sir Charles Firth's Harflett MS., was written to be recited to Sir Robert and Lady Theophila at the solemnization of their Annual Nuptials, i. e. on their wedding-day.

This Sir Robert Cooke must not be confused with Sir Robert Cooke of Highnam, Gloucester, who married George Herbert's widow, Jane Danvers, elder sister of Eleanor, the wife of Dorothy's brother John. The will of this Sir Robert was proved 17 Nov. 1645. He seems to have been a Parliamentarian, as he complains that enemies of the King and Parliament [i.e. I suppose, Royalists] had held his house for four weeks and asks recompense from Parliament. His Puritanism is referred to sarcastically in a Royalist letter of 24 March 1639/40 (*S.P.D.* Charles I, ccccxlviii, art. 79).

11 *they had tolde mee*, i.e. her brothers. John went up to London on 25 July, but apparently returned quickly to Chicksands and stayed there till 1 Sept. (H. O.'s Diary.)

12 *the ten pounde I am to pay you when I marry*. See the reference to this old promise in Letter 1.

13 *my paper has not dealt soe well with mee*. Dorothy has had to turn and write the close of her letter in the margin of her first page.

LETTER 36

1 *reading your letter to your Brother*. See L. 34.

2 *Your kinde Sister ought to chide you . . . for not writeing to her . . . make her one Visett from mee*. Martha Temple is not now living with her father Sir John, as he seems from what follows to have left London. But she is near enough for her brother to pay her a visit.

3 *I doe not think I shall see the Towne before Michaelmas, . . make what sally's you please. I am tyed heer to Expect my Brother P.* In Letter 29 (? 9 July) she had written: 'My Neece is still with mee but her father threatens to fetch her away. if I can keep her till Michelmas I may . . . bring her up to Towne my selfe.' In Letter 33 (? 12 Aug.) she says that Sir Thomas is coming to fetch his daughter, but she will find cause to go to London all the same. Temple had apparently expressed his wish to take some 'litle Journy's' (see below) out of town, unless he would thereby miss Dorothy, and she repeats her statement that she cannot leave Chicksands before Michaelmas.

4 *before the Terme*. Michaelmas term began on 23 Oct. As it turned out Dorothy did not go to London till 28 Oct.

5 *you ne're saw mee in mourning yet*. She was now in mourning for her brother Robin.

H. O. writes in his Diary: 'Aug. 31, Wednesday. Came the news of my brother Robins death, who died the 28 of this moneth being Sunday between 11 and 12 a clocke at night. Sept. 1, Thursday. My brother John went from Chicksands into Gloucestershire with my lady Cookes man upon the death of my brother. This day came a Letter from P. Froude of my brother Robin's death with one inclosed from Mr Dowdeswell who writes he died upon friday night about 12 a clocke being the 26 day of August.' ['My Lady Cooke' was John's sister-in-law, see LL. 10, n. 8, and 35, n. 10. For 'P. Froude', see L. 26, n. 14.]

6 *writeing to your father*. Sir John seems to have left town, whether already for Ireland or not. See LL. 32, n. 2, and 34, n. 10.

7 *is it posible that hee saw mee ? . . 'tis a place I looke upon nobody in.* Sir John seems to have told Temple that he had once seen Dorothy in a shop.

8 *beleife.* Perhaps altered from 'beleefe'.

9 *I am sory for Gen: Monk's misfortune because you say hee is your friend, but Otherwise shee will suit well enough with the rest of the great Lady's of the tim's and become Greenwich as well as some Others doe the rest of the Kings houses.* Timbs, in his account of the New Exchange (see L. 13, n. 8), says (*Curiosities of London*, p. 331): 'It is a favourite scene with the dramatists of the reign of Charles II, and was the great resort of the gallants of that day. At the 'Three Spanish Gipsies' in the New Exchange lived Anne Clarges, married to Thomas Rutford, who there sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, &c., while she taught girls plain work. Anne [according to Aubrey], became sempstress to General Monk, and used to carry him linen: 'she was a woman', says Lord Clarendon, 'of the lowest extraction, without either wit or beauty; but who contrived to captivate Monk, "old George," and was married to him at St. George's Church, Southwark [23 Jan, 1652/3], it is believed while her first husband was living. "She became the laughing-stock of the court, and gave general disgust" (Pepys). She died Duchess of Albemarle.'

Monk's secret marriage became known about Sept. 1653. The *D.N.B.* refers to an anonymous letter of 19 Sept. New Style (i. e. 9 Sept. Old Style) given in Thurloe, i. 470, in which it is mentioned.

Monk and Deane had been joined with Blake in the command of the fleet 26 Nov. 1652. By April Blake had retired and Monk was now in sole command, and as such seems to have had Greenwich Palace assigned him as his official residence.

10 *Monke has a brother lives in Cornwell.* Nicholas Monk was appointed rector of Kilkhampton, Cornwall, in 1653. But from 1640 to 1652 he was rector of Langtree, near Torrington, Devon, close to where he and his famous brother were born. It was near Torrington that on 16 Feb. 1646 Fairfax defeated Hopton and his Cornish army, and so established the power of the Parliament in the West. After the Restoration Nicholas naturally received promotion. He was made Provost of Eton in 1660 and was Bishop of Hereford from Jan. 1660/1 till his death in the following December.

11 *a Brother of mine whoe was kill'd there during the Warr.* Charles Osborne, sixth son of Sir Peter Osborne, is said to have been born in 1620. In 1643 he was with his mother at St. Malo, and we hear from Sir Peter's letter to Sir R. Browne of 18 June 1645 (Parry, p. 301), that when Lady Osborne had sent a supply of food to Jersey for the relief of the garrison in Castle Cornet, Charles was sent to Jersey to hasten its dispatch, but had to return to St. Malo without having succeeded. Lady Osborne's troubles brought on a desperate sickness which, with her want of money, obliged her to return to England with her son, 'whom she also sent to the king'. About May 1646 in a note to Sir Thomas Fanshawe (Parry, p. 309), Sir Peter refers to one of his sons (John ?), and adds: 'I having lost his brother

so lately in the King's service.' This was Charles. He no doubt fell about Feb. 1646 in the fighting between Fairfax and Hopton (see previous note). H. O. writes in his Diary (I have lost the reference): 'My brother Charles was killed at Hartland in Devonshire and buried at Hartland, but Mr Carey of Clovelly neere Hartland said he would remove his body to Clovelly where he was then quartered at Mr Carey's house, to whom he had been much obliged.' Hartland is about a dozen miles from Langtree and Torrington. All these places are in Devon, though near the Cornish border.

12 *my letters shall bee left with Jones, and yours call'd for there.* The earlier letters had gone to Mrs. Painter.

13 *My Lady . . . has received those parts of Cyrus . . . heer is another for you.* In Letter 26 D. O. had sent Temple 'another tome of Cyrus' and asked him to 'send the first to Mr Hollingsworth for my Lady [Diana Rich]'. In Letter 27 she had repeated her request and said that she had a third tome waiting for him. The third tome is now sent. The stories she mentions will be found in *Le Grand Cyrus*, Part III, Book I.

14 *as soone as posible I can.* The words 'I can' are inserted above the line.

LETTER 37

1 *when I chide.* In Letter 36: 'I have another fault to chide you for.'

2 *the fower Lovers* (in *Cyrus*). See L. 36. Temple has commented on the titles of the stories, but has not yet read them.

3 *under favour* = 'I speak under correction.'

4 *if you have mett with the begining of the story of Amestris & Aglatides You will finde the rest of it in this part.* The story had begun in Part I, Book III, the tome sent with Letter 20. It is continued in Part IV, Book II (Tome IV), which she is now sending.

5 *the Gentleman . . . has a Sister.* This is what Dorothy has heard about M. and Mlle de Scudéry. See L. 20, n. 10.

6 *a conceite.* A pun (on the word 'grave').

7 *for Sr*, i.e. for Sir John Temple.

8 *hee has all my Prayers and wishes for his safety.* It is clear that Sir John Temple has left London, but possibly he has not yet crossed to Ireland.

9 *My Lady Ormonde.* (D. seems, by a slip of the pen, to have first written 'My Lady Cooke'). James Butler, 12th Earl of Ormonde (created Marquess 1642 and Duke 1661), married in 1629 Elizabeth, daughter and heir of the Earl of Desmond. As Lord-Lieutenant he had maintained the cause of the King in Ireland till all hope was gone, when refusing all the temptations offered him he crossed in a small boat to France to rejoin his family, then living at Caen. Prince Charles soon arriving at Paris after the battle of Worcester, Ormond joined him and never left him till the Restoration. He was reduced to such poverty that, as the *D.N.B.* informs us, in Aug. 1652 Lady Ormonde went over from Caen to England to endeavour to claim Cromwell's promise of reserving to her that portion of their estate which had been her inheritance. After many delays she succeeded in getting £500 in hand and an allowance of £2,000 a year from estates around

Dunmore House (co. Galway). Judge Parry states that she had obtained her pass to go over to Ireland on 24 Aug. 1653.

10 *one of my Lord of Valentia's daughters.* Sir Francis Annesley (d. 1660) was first Viscount Valentia of his family. He married first in 1608 Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Philips, Bart., and secondly, before 1628, Jane, daughter of Sir John Stanhope. I have not found any account of his daughters. When not in Ireland he lived near Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

11 *I should have chosen a handsome Chaine to Leade my Apes in,* I should have chosen single life with some amenities. It was a current saying that an old maid would lead apes in hell. There has been much dispute about the meaning of the phrase. Some say that to lead apes in hell would be a fitting punishment to one who had avoided the care of children, others that it would befit one who had been a coquette and kept her lovers dangling. It is noticeable, however, that in Elizabethan times the phrase was sometimes applied to a man, perhaps in the sense 'waste time', 'effect nothing'. See E. Kuhl in *Studies in Philology,* Oct. 1925.

12 *marryeng and hanging goe by destiny.* The saying is found in Shakespeare: *Merchant of Venice,* II. ix. 83: 'hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'

13 *the spitefull man . . . has . . . Marryed my Country Woman my Lord Lee's daughter.* Sir Justinian Isham married in 1653 Vere, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, whose mother Ursula Hoddesdon was of Leighton Buzzard, Beds. Judge Parry says that Lord Leigh had at one time lived there himself.

14 *Willow garlands,* given to forsaken lovers. Cf. LL. 20, n. 7, and 44, n. 20. Cf. Shakespeare, *3 Henry VI,* III. iii. 228: 'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

15 *persecuted with Vissetts,* perhaps visits of condolence on the death of her brother Robin.

LETTER 38

1 *if want of kindenesse were the only Crime I exempted from pardon.* See L. 37: 'I can Easily forgive you any thing but want of kindenesse.'

2 *Telesile . . . Amestris.* Characters in *Cyrus,* Tomes III and IV, which are now in his hands. See LL. 36 and 37.

3 *Mr Marshall,* no doubt the famous divine, Stephen Marshall. He went up to Emmanuel, the Puritan college of Cambridge, in 1615; his initials helped to form the famous name 'Smectymnuus', 1641; he was town preacher at Ipswich in 1651 and died 19 Nov. 1655. The Royalist Henry Tubbe tells a story against him: 'St. M. once a Grave Divine of the illiterate Mixt Assembly . . . at a Wedding Feast having eaten a little more than his Share of a Jole of Salmon, and afterwards taken in a full Quart of Sack for disgestion [see L. 43, n. 13] most devoutly cried out, Blessed be God! how good the Creatures are, being us'd with moderation!' (H. Tubbe, *Oxford Hist. and Lit. Studies V,* p. 96.)

4 *never any body was soe defeated* (disappointed). The phrase occurs again in Letter 41. In one of her letters from Reading (p. 200) she writes: 'he has a great defeate' (disappointment).

5 *Paul*, corrected from 'Paule'.

6 *I cannot beleeve his Sermon's will doe much toward's the bringing any body to heaven, more then by Exerciseing there Patience.* Dorothy perhaps remembers George Herbert's poem, *The Church Porch*, stanzas 72, 73: 'Judge not the preacher . . . The worst speak something good: if all want sense, God takes a text and preaches patience . . . He that gets patience, and the blessing which Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.' (The quotation was kindly traced for me by Prof. E. Bensly.)

7 *hee stood stoutly for Tyth's.* The question of the abolition of tithes was at this time before the 'Nominated Parliament'. Gardiner writes (*History of the Commonwealth*, ii. 291): 'Even the moderate party . . . were ready to put an end to the tithe system, provided that lay impropriators were compensated for the loss of their property and that some other provision should be made for ministers before tithe ceased to be paid.' They were opposed, as probably Cromwell himself was, to the payment of a clergy by the voluntary offerings of their congregations. A report in favour of abolishing lay patronage, modifying the tithe system, but preserving legal property in tithes, was presented on 2 Dec. (p. 323).

8 *you are not Convinced . . . that to bee miserable is the way to bee good.* Dorothy had said in the preceding letter: 'those that have fortunes have nothing else, and those that want it deserve to have it.'

9 *you could fancy a perfect happinesse heer you say.* She had said: 'there is noe such thing as perfect happynesse in this world.' (L. 37.)

10 *what carryed you out of Towne in such hast.* We saw from Letter 36 that Temple had meditated some 'litle Journy's' and Dorothy had replied: 'make what sally's you will.'

11 *change the place of dirrection for my letters . . . that Jones know's my Name.* In Letter 36 she had promised to send her letters to Jones, whereas they had gone before to Mrs. Painter.

12 *whither hee do's not use the shop*, whether my brother does not go there.

13 *Jane . . . has sent you somthing in a boxe.* We hear afterwards that this was quince marmalade.

14 *you call her ffellow Servant.* See L. 9, n. 13.

15 *Is it true that my Lord Whitlock goes Ambassador where my Lord L. should have gon?* Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605–75) was appointed with Lord Lisle and Lord Keble one of three commissioners for the custody of the new Great Seal, 8 Feb. 1648/9. He was opposed to Cromwell's high-handed dismissal of the Rump, 20 April 1653, and Cromwell, while rating the House, pointed particularly to Whitelocke and Sir Harry Vane. In August 1653 he heard he was to be nominated by the Council of State for the post of Ambassador to Sweden, resigned by Lord Lisle. After being pressed by Cromwell he accepted the office and sailed with a large retinue on 6 Nov. (*D.N.B.*). The anonymous letter, referred to under Letter 36, note 9, of date 19 Sept. New Style, says: 'here is much bustling to send away one Whitelocke, one third of a Lord Keeper, in my Lord Lisle's place, ambassador to Sweden.'

16 *go's*. Perhaps altered to 'go'.

17 *talke as if the Chancery were goeing downe*. The Nominated Parliament on 5 Aug. voted the abolition of the Court of Chancery without a division, and referred it to the Committee of Law to bring in a bill to this effect. Various bills were introduced in connexion with the question in October and November.

18 *my Lord Keebles son*. Richard Keble or Keeble, a judge, was appointed with Whitelocke and Lord Lisle, one of three Commissioners for the custody of the Great Seal in 1649. He was removed in April 1654. His son, Joseph Keble (1632–1710), from the year 1661 reported cases in the Court of King's Bench. His Reports, however, were so bad and confused, that it was at one time forbidden to quote them in the courts. What Dorothy says of him is what Sir John Harington said of 'Don Pedro' (*Epigrams* II. 10):

A Slave thou wert by birth, of this I gather
For ever more thou sai'st, my Lord, my Father.

LETTER 39

1 *I did write*. That letter was lost, and yet I have to assume that in this week and in some of those that follow two letters were sent. From the present letter it would seem that Temple at least was sending a letter by each carrier. When D. found that Harrold brought her no letter, she had already had one brought by Collins. I am not satisfied, however, that this explanation removes all difficulties.

2 *M^r Copyn in Fleetstreet, 'twas y^e first time I made use of that dirrection*. In Letter 38 she had said: 'I could wish you would change the place of dirrection . . . Jones know's my Name.'

3 *I would complain a litle*. Both Temple and Dorothy were depressed at their long separation and deferred hopes, and both seem to be getting a little querulous. This letter is a foretaste of those which Dorothy wrote two months later.

4 *the memory of my poore Brother*. For the death of Robin Osborne on 26 Aug. see L. 36, n. 5.

5 *M^r Freeman*. See LL. 26, n. 9, 27, n. 11, and 60, n. 11.

6 *my Neece*. Dorothy Peyton remained at Chicksands till 28 October.

LETTER 40

1 *the aprehension that other's say finer things to mee*. Temple had commented on what Dorothy had written in Letter 39: 'M^r Freeman . . . sayed soe many fine things to mee that I was confounded.'

2 *My Brother P*. For Sir Thomas Peyton and his family, see L. 24, n. 6.

3 [*deale*]. D. probably omitted the word unintentionally.

4 [*is*]. Hidden by a blot.

5 *my Cousen M: letters*. It is a pity that Henry Molle's letters are not preserved. See Appendix VII.

6 *S^r Jus:* Sir Justinian Isham. See L. 3, n. 10. She referred to a Latin letter of Isham's in Letter 6.

7 *Standish.* A dish or stand for pen and ink.

8 *at.* Written 'as'.

9 *I mett with Polexandre and L'Illustre Bassa, both soe disguised that I who am theire old acquaintance hardly knew them.*

Polexandre by Marin le Roy de Gomberville was published in 1632. The action of the romance took place in Mexico. An English translation, *The History of Polexander*, by W. Browne, appeared in 1647.

Ibrahim ou l'illustre Bassa appeared in 1641 as by M. de Scudéry, and perhaps in this he had not the assistance of his sister as in *Le Grand Cyrus*. The story is that of a certain Justinian of the age of Charles V who falls into the hands of the Turks, becomes the favourite of the Sultan while remaining secretly a Christian, and, after winning a hundred victories and detecting a hundred plots, wins the hand of the noble Italian, Isabella, whom he had loved throughout (A. Le Breton). It appeared 'Englished by H. Cogan' as *Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa* in 1652. Dorothy had seen these translations.

10 *Prazimene . . . I never saw but 4 Tomes of her.* The British Museum has *La Prazimène* and its sequel *Suitte de la Prazimène*, nouvelle édition, 2 pt. Paris 1643. Each part is in two volumes. The author is given as Le Maire, without a Christian name.

The Museum has no translation of Dorothy's time, but it has one of 1707, '*Prazimene: a romance* Translated into English by R. B.' Perhaps this translation had appeared earlier. It was reissued with a new title: *Two delightful Novels: or, The Unlucky Fair One. Being the Amours of Milistrate and Prazimene*, &c. Trans. from the French by a Person of Quality.

'R. B.' alias 'A Person of Quality', perhaps was meant to suggest Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, see note 12 below.

11 *my Good Lord of Monmouth*, Henry Carey, 2nd Earl of Monmouth (1596–1661). He had begun to publish translations in 1637, when he was Lord Leppington. He was the father-in-law of the Lady Leppington, to whom 'young Compton' left his estate, and who married Lord St. John, afterwards Duke of Bolton. (See LL. 23, n. 2, and 35, n. 3.) Her first husband, Henry, Lord Leppington, heir to the earldom, died in 1649, and her only son in May 1653. So Lord Monmouth had now no heir left.

12 *My Lord Broghill*, Roger Boyle, third son of the 'great' Earl of Cork. From Dorothy's postscript to this letter we see that Temple had told her of some literary work which Lord Broghill was publishing. This was no doubt the first part of the romance *Parthenissa*, which appeared in six volumes in 1654. (See L. 58, n. 5.) Roger Boyle, in recognition of his father's services, was created Baron Broghill at the age of six in Feb. 1627. Though a valiant Royalist, Cromwell enlisted him in his service, and sent him to Ireland, where he served him loyally. It was only after Richard Cromwell's failure that Broghill turned his hand to the restoration of the monarchy. He was known after the Restoration, under his new title, Earl of Orrery, as a poet and dramatist and friend of Davenant, Cowley, and Dryden.

13 *My Lord Saye.* William Fiennes, 1st Viscount Saye and Sele (1582–1662), though for a short time a follower of Buckingham, was for many years

a determined opponent of the arbitrary government of Charles I. He took the engagement in 1647, but next year tried to bring about a peace between Charles and the Parliament. After the King's death he seems to have retired to the Isle of Lundy. Nothing is known of the supposed romance.

14 *Mr Waller.* Edmund Waller, the poet and politician. Nothing is known of a romance by him on the subject of the Civil War.

15 *my comeing to Towne.* Dorothy had hitherto hoped to come at Michaelmas, but Sir Thomas Peyton's letter, announcing that both he and Lady Peyton were coming to fetch his daughter, defers the visit.

16 *two . . . Ireish Greyhounds . . . sent for by H. C.* In Letter 25 (?11 June) we heard that 'H. C. [Henry Cromwell] undertook to write to his Brother Fleetwood for an other (Ireish Greyhound) for mee' He has kept his promise, and two dogs have arrived.

I have shown in note 8 to Letter 11 that the time when Dorothy was specially in favour with the Cromwells, when she was given the greyhound bitch 'that was the Generall's', and when she might have had Henry as her husband, was probably either in the years 1645–7, or after Sir Peter's return from France in 1649. But Henry's promise to get the dog could not have been of such long standing (see L. 25, n. 11). It looks as though Dorothy had met Henry Cromwell on her visit to London in February.

17 *a very unfitt imployment that your father . . . was content to take upon him.* Temple had asked his father to send her a dog from Ireland. See L. 32.

18 *Good Sister.* Dorothy encloses Sir Thomas Peyton's letter on which she has commented.

19 *our good Brother.* Robin Osborne, who had died on 26 Aug. at the age of 27.

20 *since I came from London.* H. O.'s Diary shows that Sir Thomas Peyton was in London 16 Feb.–9 April 1652.

21 *Sr Edw. Hales.* Sir Edward Hales (created baronet 1611) of Woodchurch, Kent, had taken part in the Civil War against the King, and seems to have incurred the ill-will of both sides. He died in Sept. 1654 and was buried at Tunstall, to which place he had removed. Tunstall is just south of Sittingbourn, while Knowlton, Sir T. Peyton's house, was seven miles from Deal, on the road to Canterbury. It is to this old man that Sir Thomas refers. His grandson and successor, Sir Edw. Hales of Tunstall, was a devoted Royalist, and with Lord Goring headed the Kentish rising of 1648; his great-grandson, Sir Edw. Hales of Hackington, was a Roman Catholic, much trusted by James II, who in 1692 conferred on him the title of Earl of Tenterden.

22 *what Jane requir's.* In Letter 38 we heard that Jane had sent Temple a box.

23 *when you are at y^e Tennis Court.* See L. 5, n. 8.

24 *Because you mention my Lord Broghill.* See note 12 above.

The verses of Lord Broghill and of Lord Byron which Dorothy enclosed were not preserved, nor the love-letter.

25 *Lord Biron.* John, Lord Byron, died in 1652, and was succeeded by his brother Richard, who lived till 1679. Neither seems to be known as a poet.

26 *aproved.* This corresponds to 'Probatum est', often added to a medical prescription, meaning 'I have tried it'.

LETTER 41

1 *invited to dine at a rich widdow's.* This is evidently Lady Briers of Upbury, Pulloxhill. (See L. 2, n. 2.) H. O.'s Diary shows that he and Dorothy and Lady Grey de Ruthin had dined with Lady Briers on Saturday, 16 July. But this letter is so linked to those that follow that it cannot be thought to have been written in July, and Saturday would not be a day on which letters would be expected.

2 *deffeated,* disappointed. See L. 38, n. 4.

3 *hee instanced in the widdow.* For the construction 'instance in' (= 'instance'), the *O.E.D.* quotes Butler's *Analogy* (1736): 'The fallacy instanced in by the ancients.'

4 *my cousin Fr:* Elizabeth, wife of Richard Franklin of Moor Park, Herts., sister of Tom Cheke, and youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Cheke, by his second wife, Essex, daughter of 1st Earl of Warwick. Richard Franklin, son and heir of Sir John Franklin of Willesden, Middlesex, was baptized 20 July 1630, admitted to Gray's Inn 23 June 1648, matriculated from Balliol College, Oxford, 1648/9, purchased Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, May 1652. (He sold it in June 1663.) He was knighted 14 July, and created a baronet 16 Oct. 1660. His wife died a month later.

5 *of all the sisters.* Sir Thomas Cheke's elder daughters, all by his second marriage, were Essex, Countess of Manchester, Frances, Anne, and Isabella. Anne married Lord Rich, afterwards 3rd Earl of Warwick, Frances, Sir Lancelot Lake, Isabella, — Gerrard. Anne was dead at this time, see L. 64, n. 21.

6 *since she speaks soe Obligingly of mee.* Temple had met Mrs. Franklin either in London or at Moor Park. Dorothy had apparently not seen her since her marriage, and was unaware that Temple was acquainted with her or her husband. The friendship must have ripened, as Temple and Dorothy spent their honeymoon at Moor Park.

7 *T. C. . . . his news.* In Letter 27 we heard that Tom Cheke had been spreading the story of Dorothy's attachment to Temple.

8 *My Cousin Molle . . . means to End the Summer there.* We find him at Moor Park in Letter 44.

9 *S^r Thomas Ch:* Dorothy must have met Sir Thomas since Mr. Franklin acquired Moor Park.

10 *this Goldsmith.* Walker, to whom she had sent her seal to be set. See L. 29.

11 *flower de luce,* fleur de lys.

12 *heer will be nobody to receive it but—.* She means apparently that neither of her brothers would be at Chicksands.

LETTER 42

1 *Argument's to convince my B: if hee should ever enter upon the dispute againe.* Temple seems to have given Dorothy some statement of his means and prospects, in reference to Henry Osborne's having dilated on the advantage of riches (Letter 41). Dorothy is herself much against an improvident marriage.

2 *somthing an ignorant*, a somewhat ignorant.

3 *my Cousin O.* Sir Thomas Osborne, who had married Lady Bridget Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Lindsey. See LL. 2, n. 1, 3, n. 11, and 20, n. 6.

4 *Mrs F:* Dorothy recurs to the subject of Mrs. Franklin's conversation with Temple discussed in Letter 41. She had asked Temple if he thought Mrs. F. spoke 'altogether without designe'. Temple has taken up a word Dorothy had used before with regard to her brother John (LL. 31, n. 8, and 32, n. 3), and says he thinks she spoke it 'Malicieusement'. She explains that Richard Franklin had once been proposed as a husband for herself (Dorothy) by a neighbour and friend.

5 *Malicieusement*, slily.

6 *Tom C. . . . his intelligence.* Mentioned in Letter 41 (see n. 7).

7 *my Cousin Peetres.* See L. 29, n. 3.

8 *the last time I saw her.* Dorothy refers to this meeting in Letter 29.

9 *though . . . I had rather nobody knew it, yet tis that I shall never bee ashamed to owne.* She had said the same when she first heard that Tom Cheke was spreading the report: 'if any body should tell mee that I had a greater Kindenesse and Esteem for you, then for any one besydes, I doe not think I should deny it' (L. 27).

10 *acquaintanc[e]*. At the end of a line.

11 *You shall Excuse mee for giveing*, &c. = 'You shall excuse me from giving,' 'You must not expect me to give.' See *O.E.D. Excuse, vb.*, ii. 7.

12 *Is not your Cousin Rante left a Rich Widdow?* William Rant, a distinguished physician who came from Norwich, married Jane, daughter of Sir John Dingley of Wolverton, Isle of Wight, by Jane, daughter of Dr. John Hammond of Chertsey, Temple's maternal grandfather. Mrs. Rant was therefore Temple's first cousin.

Dr. William Rant died on 15 Sept. 1653. The article on him in Munk's *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians* quotes a contemporary account of him which says: 'Nemo duxit tam bellulam uxorem.' Dorothy has heard also 'that shee is very hansome', and that she has a fine house which 'was my Lord Pagetts'. A few months later, in Letter 60 (?26 Feb. 1654), she mentions the house again: 'That house of your Cousin R. is fatall to Phisitians. Dr Smith that took it is dead already.' Edmund Smith, M.D., died of pleurisy at his house in Shoe Lane about 15 Feb. 1654. Dr. Rant's fine house was therefore in Shoe Lane.

The monument to William Rant, M.D. and F.R.C.P., at Thorpe Market, Norfolk, states that with him is buried 'his dear wife Jane 3rd daughter of Sir John Dingley Knt. of Wolverton in Hampshire. She ended her life on 11 June 1656.'

In Richard Smyth's *Obituary* (Camden Soc. XLIV), it is stated that 'Dr. Rant physician', died on 9 Sept. 1653, and that by an act of immorality he had 'lost his credit'.

13 *my Lord Pagetts. that name makes mee remember to tell you that I had a letter t'otherday from my Lady* [*Diana Rich*]. William, 5th Lord Paget (1609–78), had married Lady Diana's sister Frances, eldest daughter of Henry Rich, Lord Holland. He raised a regiment for the King and had his estate sequestered. For a few months in 1642 he was Lord Lieutenant of Bucks. In Letter 44 Dorothy says that the painter Lely is at Lord Paget's at Marlow.

14 *her sister Izabella's being come over.* Lady Isabella Rich was married to Sir James Thynne. Dorothy says in Letter 43 that she had made H. O. confess, no doubt in their dispute mentioned in Letter 41, that Lady Isabella 'had better have marryed a begger, then that beast with all his Estate'.

15 *the Oxford letter you sent mee.* Temple had obviously sent her a letter from some Oxford scholar in illustration of her opinion given in Letter 40 that 'these great Schollers are not the best writer's (of Letters I mean)'.

16 *your Marmelade of Quince.* This was what was in the box Jane sent. See L. 38.

17 *a strange Caprice as you say of Mrs Harrison.* Temple had perhaps been led to touch on the story of Mrs. Harrison by the references to Lord Broghill in Letter 40. Judge Parry has earned our gratitude by referring us to the *Autobiography of Mary, Countess of Warwick*, ed. T. C. Croker, 1848. The Countess was born 8 Nov. 1625, and was a daughter of the Earl of Cork and sister of Lord Broghill. She relates that after her brother Francis had married Mrs. Elizabeth Killegrew, maid of honour, he was sent abroad and his bride received into Lord Cork's house in the Savoy. Another maid of honour [Frances Harrison, daughter of Sir Richard Harrison of Hurst, Berks.] had been chamberfellow to Mrs. Killegrew whilst she lived at Court, and so Mrs. Killegrew had become acquainted with Mr. Charles Rich, second son of Robert, Earl of Warwick, who was in love with Mrs. Harrison. Accordingly Rich was introduced to Lord Cork's house, and being 'a very cheerful, and handsome, well-bred and fashioned person and being good company, was very acceptable to us all . . . visiting us almost every day . . . He continued to be much with us, for about five or six months, till my brother Broghil . . . grew also to be passionately in love with the same Mrs Hareson. My brother then having a quarrel with Mr Thomas Howarde, seconde son to the Earl of Berkshire, about Mrs Hareson (with whom he also was in love) Mr Rich brought my brother a challenge from Mr Howard, and was second to him against my brother when they fought, which they did without any great hurt of any side, being parted.' (Judge Parry writes that a letter of Lord Cork's fixes the date as 1639/40.) The Countess goes on to say that Rich 'forbore for some time to come to our house', but on Mrs Harrison throwing over Lord Broghill for Howard, whom she eventually married, Rich, ceasing to visit Mrs. Harrison, 'began to think of me'.

Rich married Lady Mary Boyle on 21 July 1641 and succeeded his elder brother as 4th Earl of Warwick in 1657/8. Mr. Howard in 1679 succeeded as 3rd Earl of Berkshire.

18 *Mr Nevill.* Not traced.

19 *Eternaly.* The word seems written ingeniously so as to go with either 'last' or 'I am Yours'.

LETTER 43

1 *that letter I sent you.* Peyton's letter of 22 Sept. enclosed in Letter 40.

2 *I could not Cry for a husband that were indifferent to mee* (*like your Cousen*). In reference apparently to something that Temple had written of Mrs. Rant. See L. 42, n. 12.

3 *franchise.* See L. 31, n. 4.

4 *Exactly*, perfectly. See L. 25, n. 13.

5 *Lady Carlisle.* Temple had told Dorothy that she wrote better than Lady Carlisle. Lucy, Countess of Carlisle (1599–1660), was a daughter of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and sister of Dorothy, Countess of Leicester (1598–1659), mentioned later in this letter, the mother of 'Saccharissa', Lady Sunderland, Lord Lisle, and Algernon Sidney. She married James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, against her father's will in 1617. Her beauty and wit drew poems from Cartwright and Carew: Davenant and Waller condoled with her in verse on the death of her husband in 1636. She was in the special favour of the Queen and a close friend of Strafford, who said before his death: 'A nobler nor more intelligent friendship did I never meet with in my life.' Yet no sooner was Strafford dead, that she allied herself with the Earl of Holland, then a malcontent, and withdrew from the society of the Queen. It was she who gave warning to Hesilrige of the King's intention to arrest the five members. In the latter years of the war her house was the meeting-place of a cabal of aristocratic Presbyterians, and she intrigued with Prince Charles, Lauderdale, &c. On 15 March 1648/9 she was arrested and sent to the Tower, where she remained till March 1651/2.

6 *my Lady Izabella.* The return to England of Lady Isabella Thynne was mentioned in Letter 42. See n. 14.

7 *My B. did not bring them for an Example*, i.e. in the dispute on the value of riches, mentioned in Letter 41.

8 *they made mee a leg.* See L. 26, n. 4.

9 *my Lord Pembrok and my Lady.* Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery (1619–69), had married about 1649, as his second wife, Catharine, youngest daughter of Sir William Villiers, Bt., of Brooksby, Leicester, and had succeeded his father in the two earldoms in 1650. Like his father he sided with the Parliament. From 3 June to 13 July 1652 he was President of the Council. His eldest son and successor was born in this year 1653.

10 *my Lord Liec: and my Lady*, Lord and Lady Leicester. See L. 6, n. 6.

11 *in great disorder.* See LL. 9, n. 4, 12, and 58, and lower in this letter.

12 *Penshurst*, the beautiful castellated mansion, five miles west of Tonbridge, the early home of Sir Philip Sidney. After the death of his father

Sir Henry Sidney, it passed to the younger son, Robert, created Lord Sidney 1603, Viscount Lisle 1605, and Earl of Leicester 1618. He and his daughter, Lady Mary Wroth, were friends of Ben Jonson, who celebrates Penshurst in *The Forest*. He married as his second wife Sarah, widow of Sir Thomas Smith of Bounds; so there was a connexion with the Smiths before his granddaughter, Dorothy Sidney, married Mr. Robert Smith. The first Earl was succeeded in 1626 by his son Robert, the Earl of whom Dorothy is here writing. It will be remembered that William Temple had spent some years of his early boyhood at Penshurst rectory under the care of his uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, and that his mother, Lady Temple, had died there in Nov. 1638.

13 *disgest*. A very common form of 'digest' in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Shakespeare uses it in *Jul. Caes.* I. ii. 305, *Ant. and Cleop.*, II. ii. 179, and *Coriol.*, I. i. 154.

14 *famely's*, households.

15 *bedstaves*. Stout sticks laid loosely from the head to the foot of a wooden bedstead to support the bedding.

16 *tabour*, drum.

17 *that Sister of yours*, Martha Temple.

18 *the boxe*. Jane had sent one box of quince marmalade (Letter 38) and more was offered in Letter 42.

19 *My Neece*, Dorothy Peyton.

20 *haunte*, pester. See L. 55, n. 12.

LETTER 44

1 *can you beleeve that I doe willingly deffer my Journy*? Cf. the opening of Letter 43: 'You would have mee say somthing of my comeing.'

2 *a care of your Selfe . . . you say tis not melancholy makes you doe these things . . . good God how are you Alter'd!* In Letter 43 she had said: 'your humor is . . . Alterd . . . Melancholy must needs doe you . . . hurt . . . can you beleeve . . . and yet necglect yourself?'

3 *a discontent*, a discontented person, as in Shakespeare, *1 Henry IV*, v. i. 76: 'fickle changelings and poor discontents.'

4 *your wife*. Dorothy evidently means some particular lady, but who she is and why she is thus styled, is not clear. Cf. 'your wives letter, &c.' in Letter 60, a still more puzzling passage.

5 *has it*. She has written by a slip of the pen 'has is'.

6 *as my Cousin Fr: say's, our humors must agree*. In Letter 42 Dorothy writes: 'when she [my Cousin Fr:] say'd she was confident our humors would agree.'

7 *of them*. D. had first written 'of Country Gentlemen'.

8 *interlarded*. Substituted for 'enterlarded'. See L. 31, n. 20.

9 *his forme*. His class at school, at college, or at the Inns of Court. D. had first written, 'his standing'.

10 *the Revells*. Especially at his Inn.

11 *Courage Enough to were slashes*, his only courage is shown in his following a fashion, even when it means discomfort.

12 *my Cousin Molle in his* [*discription*] *of Moore Park, but that you know the place soe well I would send it you.* Though unfortunately we have not Henry Molle's description, we have the description that in later years Temple himself, a lifelong lover of gardens, gave of it as he had known it at this time. It is clear that his acquaintance with the Franklins had ripened rapidly. (See L. 41, n. 6.) In his Essay 'Upon the Gardens of Epicurus' (1685) Sir William writes: 'The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford . . . celebrated by Dr. Donne.' After giving his description of it ' as a model', he concludes: 'This was Moor Park when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad; what it is now, I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget.' The manor had once been Wolsey's.

Lady Giffard tells us that, on one of his visits to Moor Park, Temple wrote on a window opposite a statue of Leda the lines:

> Tell me Leda, which is best,
> Ne'er to move or ne'er to rest?
> Speak, that I may know thereby
> Who is happier, you or I.

13 *your fathers letter.* Sir John Temple was probably now in Ireland. See L. 37, n. 8.

14 *somthing of my Lady Carlisles writeing.* Temple had said (Letter 43) that Dorothy wrote better than Lady Carlisle. See note 5 to that letter.

15 *my Picture.* She had referred to it in Letter 27, but we now hear that it had been painted by Lely. There are two pictures of Dorothy by Lely. The Broadlands portrait is reproduced in Miss Longe's *Martha, Lady Giffard*; the one here in question is at Chicksands Priory.

16 *Mr Lilly* (*Lely*). See L. 23, n. 6.

17 *my Lord Pagetts at Marloe.* (See L. 42, n. 13.) Lady Diana must now have been staying with her brother-in-law.

18 *I would faine have had her Excepted such as*, &c. See L. 31, n. 19.

19 *Mr Heningham.* See L. 35, n. 5.

20 *a Willow Garland.* See LL. 20, n. 7, and 37, n. 14.

21 *my La: Ru:* Lady Grey de Ruthin.

22 *shee has bin my wife this Seven year.* Had D. O. known her from the time she came into her title and property?

The phrase, 'bin my wife', reminds us of Queen Mary II, who in her letters to her friend Frances Apsley published by the Hon. B. Bathurst in *Letters of two Queens* (1925), from the age of nine to that of nineteen (after Mary's marriage to Prince William of Orange), speaks constantly of Frances as her 'husband', and of herself as Frances' 'wife'.

23 *Sr Chr: Yelverton's Son.* Henry Yelverton, the future husband of Lady Grey de Ruthin, baptized 1633, succeeded his father, Sir Christopher, 1st Baronet of Easton Mauduit, 4 Dec. 1654, having been married on

13 April preceding. Sir Henry died in 1670 and the baroness in 1676. Their only daughter married Lord Hatton. See L. 26, n. 9. Pepys on 1 March 1659/60 refers to Sir H. Yelverton as 'my old school-fellow at St. Paul's School'.

24 *my Lady her Mother.* Frances, daughter of Edward Nevill, of Keymer, Sussex, widow of Charles Longueville, who succeeded to the barony of Grey de Ruthin in 1639 on the death of his uncle, Henry, Earl of Kent, and died 1643. She died 22 May 1668. For her sister, Mrs. Pooley, see L. 59, n. 17.

25 *Hen:* Henningham. See L. 35, n. 5.

26 *by relation,* by hearing of him from Temple.

27 *I Expect my Eldest brother heer shortly.* He did not arrive, apparently, before Dorothy went to London on 28 Oct.

28 *what hee has don.* Marrying, I suppose, a lady without much fortune.

29 *my Sister.* John's wife, Eleanor, younger daughter of Charles Danvers of Baynton. See L. 10, n. 8.

LETTER 45

1 *abuse,* cheat, deceive.

2 *you say you are not melancholy.* This was in answer to the beginning of Letter 44.

3 *My B.,* my brother Henry.

4 *hee goes on Monday or Tuesday at farthest.* Eventually he went up with Dorothy and the Peytons. He writes in his Diary: 'Oct. 25 [?27], Thursday. S^r^ Th. Peyton and my Lady came to Chicksands. Oct. 28, Friday. They went to S^t^ Albons toward London and carried mee and my sister with them, who lay at M^r^ Cales a plommer at the Catt a mountaine in Fleete streete.'

Dorothy was writing perhaps on Sunday 23 Oct. before she had heard when the Peytons were coming.

5 *you have promised mee to bee carefull of your self.* In Letter 44 she had urged him to a care of himself.

6 *my Br: and M^r^ Gibson were talking by the fyre.* See L. 30, n. 5.

7 *ffiyeing.* The problem had occupied Leonardo da Vinci.

8 *disorder,* mental disturbance. See L. 9, n. 4.

9 *I sent you a part of Cyrus last week.* The story of Abradate and Panthée forms Book I of Part V. Part IV had been sent with Letter 37.

10 *my Lady Car: letter.* Temple had now sent her a letter of Lady Carlisle's. Dorothy had said in Letter 44: 'I should bee pleased . . . to see somthing of my Lady Carlisles writeing.' See L. 43, n. 5.

11 *my thinks,* methinks.

12 *I have sent you my Picture.* Cf. Letter 44: 'I have bin thinking of sending you my Picture.' It was by Lely, as we saw.

13 *let it not presume to disturbe my Lady Sunderlands.* Temple, as we have seen (L. 6, n. 11), must have known Lady Sunderland from the time she was Lady Dorothy Sidney when he was a boy at Penshurst rectory.

14 *as my Lady say's my time for Pictur's is past.* Dorothy says of Lady Diana Rich in Letter 44: 'by her owne rule she is past the time of haveing

Pictur's taken of her, After Eighteen shee say's there is noe face but decay's.'

15 *but then I must borrow it.* We see afterwards (Letter 46) that the picture had to be returned to Chicksands.

16 *what qualitys I would not have.* Temple has commented on her list of men whom she would *not* have as husbands. See L. 44.

17 *Sr Jus:* Sir Justinian Isham. See L. 3, n. 10.

18 *hee and all his Generation.* A common phrase. Cf. *Club Law* (written 1599), l. 520: 'as for theise gentle Athenians, I will rout out the whole generacion of them.'

19 *Eliz: or Dor:* Elizabeth or Dorothy.

20 *generall confession . . . absolution.* In the Book of Common Prayer, 'A general Confession' is followed by 'The Absolution'.

21 *by your owne relation*, according to your own account.

LETTER 46

1 *the bitt of paper I sent you from St Albon's.* H. O. writes under 'Nov. 25, Friday': 'This day my sister went to St Albons where our Coach mett her.' The note she sent Temple from there has not been kept.

2 *heer I am.* Back at Chicksands.

3 *till all our Company that we expect is come.* In Letter 44 she had said: 'I Expect my Eldest brother heer shortly.' John arrived at Chicksands on Saturday, 3 Dec. (H. O.'s Diary). It is not clear if he brought his wife with him, though H. O. had written on 25 Nov.: 'The Trustees mett and it was determined that my brother and his wife should come to Chicksands the day before he and I agreed.'

4 *a Collop*, a quantity of flesh.

5 *I have not brought downe the same face I carryed up.* It is clear that the visit to London had not been a time of unmixed happiness. The long delay had worked on the nerves of both lovers, and when they were once more together the apparent hopelessness of their situation had been more than ever brought home to them. Dorothy was not a free agent and could not always keep her engagements to her lover, and he had fits of irritation and jealousy in which he accused her of being false to him. She had threatened to bid him an eternal farewell, knowing that she would thus lose the only happiness left her. Quarrels had been followed by reconciliations, but they had told on Dorothy's health, and when she returned people noticed the change in her and would not believe but that she had been desperately sick.

6 *You will send the Picture.* This is Lely's portrait of her which she had sent him (L. 45, n. 12) just before she left for London.

7 *walke noe more in the Cloisters.* Are these the cloisters of Westminster abbey? And was Temple living at Westminster?

LETTER 47

1 *the unquiet thoughts you have given mee.* H. O.'s Diary here runs as follows:

'Nov. 28, Munday. Sr T. Peyton and I [?tell S. Br. Wh.] of my sister.

I went to Chicksands to speak with her. I went post and lay at S^t^ Albons that night.

'Nov. 29. My sister resolved not to marry Temple.

'Dec. 9, Friday. I came to London.'

Dorothy says nothing of the new suitor whom Henry had pressed upon her. The annoyance had, however, made her more depressed, and as she turned over in her mind speeches of dejection or reproach that Temple had made to her orally or in a letter received after her return, she determined to set him free. She told her brother on the 29th, and in this letter she told Temple that she had resolved not to marry him.

It will be seen that we have no letter written to Temple by the carrier who went up to London on Monday 5 Dec.

2 *that w^ch^ you would have don then out of kindenesse to mee, and point of honnor*, i.e. release her from her promises. She refers to his having made such an offer in Letter 19.

3 *Vanity and Vexation of Spirritt.* Ecclesiastes i. 14, ii. 11, 17.

4 *The Shepheard that bragged . . . that it should bee what weather pleased him.* Not traced.

5 *inffallibly.* Altered from 'infalibly'.

6 *This was writt when I expected a letter from you.* A postscript on the fourth page of the sheet. That the letter was expected on Thursday 8 Dec. is shown by Letter 49, in which she says that her brother and his grooms were to go up to London the day after the letter should have arrived. He went up on Friday 9th, and the postscript was written on the day his groom returned, no doubt Saturday.

7 *Nan.* See L. 15, n. 3.

8 *the noise my Lady Anne Blunt has made with her marryeng.* Lady Anne Blunt or Blount was daughter of Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport (illegitimate son of Charles Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire, and Penelope, Lady Rich), and younger sister of Isabella, Lady Banbury. (See L. 6, n. 13.) She herself, in a petition to the Protector of 18 April 1654 (*State Papers Dom.* 1654, vol. lxix, No. 71), denies that she had contracted marriage with William Blount, she could not do it without her father's consent, being under his tuition. Blount, however, pretends that he is contracted to her and that he will marry her, whether she will or no. She asks for a commission of discreet and able men to report on her case, as these false scandals prejudice her. Her petition was referred by the Council to a commission, and we have a proposed order by the Protector that as Wm. Blount, a recusant Papist who has been in arms, falsely published that Lady Anne Blount, who is not yet seventeen, and lives with her father, is contracted to him in marriage, from which calumny she requests to be cleared and to be free to marry elsewhere; a commission should be granted to summon Blount and his accomplices before them, examine him on oath if he appears, and, if not, proceed to judgement for freeing her from further pretences of contract and from all molestation of Wm. Blount. If Dorothy is right in crediting Lady Anne with a 'fond love' for her calumniator, this petition, though in her name, may represent her father's views more than

her own. Four months earlier, on 8 Dec. 1653, the Council had referred a petition of the Earl of Newport to two commissioners who were to examine all parties and proceed according to the powers given them by the late Act for marriage. This no doubt refers to the same affair.

Dorothy seems to have thought that Lady Anne Blount had married William Blount; but this does not appear to have been the case, nor was he charged with abducting or seducing her.

However, the *State Papers Domestic* a year later show that the young lady was again in the public eye. A warrant was issued by the Protector and Council on 27 Feb. 1654/5: 'To apprehend Thomas Porter and bring him before Council for taking Lady Anne Blount out of the house of her father, the Earl of Newport.' This had been done on 24 Feb. Thomas Porter, the fourth son of Endymion Porter, diplomatist, courtier, friend and patron of poets, became himself known as a dramatist after the Restoration. At this time he was only eighteen or nineteen. 'He was for a short time imprisoned, and the contract of marriage between him and the lady was declared null and void by the Middlesex quarter sessions. Nevertheless, a valid marriage subsequently took place, and Porter had a son, George, by her.' (Sir Charles Firth in *D.N.B.*)

9 *my Lord of Strafford.* William Wentworth, b. 1626, was son of the great Earl attainted and executed in 1641. There was a new creation of the peerage in the son's favour in 1641, though with a loss of precedency till his father's attainder was reversed in 1662. He married 27 Feb. 1654/5 the second daughter of the 7th Earl of Derby.

10 *wr*[*itt*]. The paper torn.

11 *did you send the last part of Cyrus to M*[*r*] *Hollingsworth*, i.e. for Lady Diana Rich (see LL. 20 and 26). In Letter 45 she says that the 5th part of *Cyrus* had been sent to him a week before.

LETTER 48

1 *I am confident my B: has it not.* Temple has tried to account for the loss of his letter which should have reached Dorothy on 8 Dec. (See L. 47, n. 6) by suggesting that Henry Osborne has abstracted it.

2 *The note you writt to Jane.* See L. 47, postscript.

3 *in one of Nans.* In a letter which Nan had written to Jane from London. See L. 15, n. 3.

4 *it*, your letter.

5 *an inconsiderat passion.* D. takes up again the theme of Letter 47, the evil results of a thoughtless passion.

6 *more innocent persons*, our future children.

7 *Entertaine it*, give it harbour.

8 *Lady Anne Blunt.* See L. 47, n. 8.

9 *her preferment*, her winning a high position in society.

10 *My Cousin Fr:* Mrs. Franklin had apparently urged Temple to ignore prudence and marry for love. Her mother was Lady Cheke. See L. 41, n. 4.

11 *you would know what I would bee at.* Temple has asked her what her intentions in life are, if their quasi-engagement is to be terminated.

12 *it must bee heer.* If we meet, it must be at Chicksands.

13 *Censors,* censures.

14 *what you offer'd mee,* a release from her promises. See L. 47, n. 2.

15 *proba[bly].* The word faded.

16 *come to take.* She had first written merely 'takes'.

17 *The Carrier shall bring your letters to Suffolk house to Jones.* Letters have been left with Jones the saddler before. See LL. 36, n. 12, 38, n. 11. Perhaps his shop was attached to the great house of the Earl of Suffolk at Charing Cross, mentioned in Suckling's *Ballad of the Wedding,* afterwards known as Northumberland House.

18 *till Christmasse day.* This helps to fix the date of the letter.

LETTER 49

1 *a falce and an inconstant person.* She repeats the charges that Temple had brought against her in reply to her last two letters.

2 *I aime at . . . noe Princes.* Temple must have referred to the chance she had had of marrying Henry Cromwell (now married to some one else), and wished her some similarly illustrious lover in place of himself. The word 'Princes' is perhaps in reference to Cromwell's having become Protector on 15 Dec.

3 *You will not complaine . . . of the shortnesse of my last, whatsoever else you dislike in it.* The short letter which Temple had complained of is probably Letter 46 or the missing letter that followed it.

4 *since I am soe wearisom to my self.* In her dreadful state of depression, it must have been terribly irksome to her to go through the social festivities of Christmas detailed in H. O.'s Diary:

'Dec 24, Saturday. I came home to Chicksands.
'Dec 27, Tuesday. Mr Yelverton came to Campton.
'Dec 28, Wednesday. My sister and I dined there.
'Dec. 29, Thursday. Wee all dined at my Lady Oxfords, but my Ly Grey that was sicke.
'Dec. 30, Friday. Mr Yelverton and my Lady Briars &c. dined at Chicksands.
'Dec. 31, Saterday. Wee all dined at my Lady Briars'.

On 2 Jan. H. O. left for Cornbury (Lady Gargrave's).

5 *injurie.* Perhaps altered from 'injuries'.

6 *made.* Altered from 'makes'.

LETTER 50

1 *to releive a person . . . till I change conditions with him,* to go on relieving him till I make myself as poor as he, and him as rich as myself.

2 *a quiett, I never hope for but in my grave.* In Letter 48 she had wished for 'an early, and a quiet grave'.

3 *aprehend,* dread.

4 *my neerest relations have noe tye upon mee.* The description is clearly that of a pathological condition of mind.

5 *that.* By a slip of the pen written 'thay'.

6 *all those strange thoughts you have had of mee*, e. g. that she was false.

7 *humble Servant D. Osborne.* Dorothy emphasizes the change in her feelings by signing her letter, for the first time since Letter 14, with her name, and with the form 'humble Servant', which she had abandoned since his expostulation mentioned in Letter 23.

8 *that letter*, whose loss we heard of in Letter 47.

9 *my unhappy Story*, the story of her hopeless attachment to Temple.

LETTER 51

1 *the Violences of your passion.* Temple seems to have sent down a letter by his boy (see L. 52) in which he used wild language, about taking his own life. This note was hastily written and sent back by the boy. In Temple's letter of 18 May 1654 (Letter 63) he says that his father was sure he would not be in condition to be left alone, if there was any further trouble with Dorothy: 'hee rememberd too well the letters I writt upon our last unhappy differences and would not trust mee from him in such another occasion.'

2 *d[ear]*. Paper torn.

3 *I was never falce.* Cf. L. 49, n. 1.

LETTER 52

1 *I cannot . . beleeve it has Expressed my thoughts as I meant them.* I think she is afraid that her last hurried note would raise his hopes more than she intended.

2 *a walking missery.* See L. 28, n. 9.

3 *whilest I was angry* (as in Letter 49), at being called false and inconstant.

4 *the desperate things you say.* See L. 51, n. 1.

5 *that it may come to you at least as soone as the Other.* Unless Temple's boy was not going back to London direct, it is hard to see how this letter could arrive as soon as the one he was carrying. The word 'come' is only half legible from a tear in the paper.

6 *M^r^ Dr:* Unidentified. The story apparently was that Dorothy had been seen saluting a gentleman in church. See L. 60.

LETTER 53

1 *this.* Her desire to end the love-affair.

2 *since it cannot bee I will Attempt it noe more.* After writing Letter 52, but before dispatching it, Dorothy apparently had a letter from Temple. She now sees that she cannot persuade him to give up his love for her and she capitulates.

3 *those letters that made mee Angry.* See L. 52, n. 3.

4 *strived.* This is an older and more correct form than 'striven'. The verb is from the French, but we have made it a 'strong' verb on the analogy of 'drive'.

5 *this solitary place.* Chicksands.

6 *at our last parteing.* The parting in London before Dorothy's departure on 25 Nov. had therefore been a perfectly affectionate one.

7 *I have an humor will not suffer mee to Expose my self to Peoples Scorne.* We shall see in later letters how strong this 'humour' was.

8 *my Young Lady Holland.* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Arthur Ingram, and wife of Lord Holland, Lady Diana Rich's brother, who had succeeded his father on the latter's execution in 1649, and who became in 1673 fifth Earl of Warwick. She died 1661.

9 *we'l.* Altered (?) from 'wee'l'.

10 *w^th^.* Repeated as 'with' on the next page.

11 *I expect my Brother every day.* He had gone on 2 Jan. to Cornbury (Lady Gargrave's). He returned on 13 Jan.

12 *wee cannot misse ffitter times*, we must get more favourable occasions.

13 *my Lady Protector . . . her new honnour.* Cromwell had accepted the title Protector on 15 Dec.

14 *think of some imployment for your self this summer.* One wonders why he had not found employment before now.

15 *ther 's nothing soe Terrible in my other letter.* Did this letter reach Temple along with Letter 52 (which was to arrive much at the same time as Letter 51)? See L. 52, n. 5.

16 *have not you forgott my Lady's Book?* See L. 47, n. 11.

LETTER 54

1 *Tis but an howr since you went.* Temple had been pressing to see Dorothy. He came down on the 12 or 13 Jan. and returned with the happy knowledge that all the clouds that had gathered had now been dispelled, and that Dorothy was more definitely engaged to him than she had ever been. Henry Osborne returned from Cornbury before Temple had left Chicksands. The entry in his Diary is very interesting:

'Jan. 13, Friday morninge. I came to Chicksands before dinner. I found M^r^ Temple here and my sister broke with him, God be praised.'

We now see the full meaning of Dorothy's words: 'You made mee tell a great lye.' It is noteworthy that the Letters from this time begin abruptly without the initial 'S^r^' which they have had till now.

2 *before you went abroade.* We have had no previous intimation that Temple was leaving England.

3 *to keep quiett* (if D. has written as she intended) 'to preserve the peace'.

4 *abuseing*, deceiving.

5 *a place you are soe much concern'd in* must mean Ireland. Letter 55 confirms this. Temple would there see how far his father was inclined to help him.

6 *time and fortune.* In Letter 53 she had said: 'i'le studdy . . . to give you what Ease I can, and leave the rest to better Phisitians, to Time, and Fortune.'

7 *of that day.* Though Dorothy began her letter on 13 Jan., she had probably resumed it later, after hearing from Temple. Cf. what she says below: 'What a dismall Story this is you sent mee.'

8 *a more Romance Story.* See L. 56, n. 13.

9 *whoe was that* [=*that man whom*] *Mr Dr: tolde you I should marry.* See L. 52, n. 6.

10 *french tweeses.* Small instruments carried in a case. The word 'tweese' represents the Fr. 'étuis'. The *O.E.D.* has a quotation from Ford, 1638: 'I will . . . break the teeth of thy combs, poison thy camphire balls . . . betallow thy tweeses.' Such 'étuys' were very fashionable in the time of Addison and Pope.

11 *they shall Cutt noe Love.* It is an old belief that it is unlucky to give a friend a present of a knife, or a pair of scissors, lest they should 'cut love'. In Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, we have illustrations from J. Melton, *Astrologaster*, 1620: 'it is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for feare it cuts away all love that is between them,' and from J. Gay's Pastoral II: 'such presents luckless prove, For knives, they tell mee, always sever love.'

12 *a ring from you.* This seems to be an acknowledgement of a more binding engagement than had existed before.

13 *a faire Lady.* No doubt Lady Grey de Ruthin, of whose engagement to Mr. Yelverton we heard in Letter 44.

14 *her Mistresse.* Dorothy had written in Letter 44: 'shee has bin my wife this Seven year.'

15 *do you remember Arme and the litle house there?* Arme is Herm, one of the Channel Islands, which Temple and Dorothy must have seen on their voyage to St. Malo in 1648, in the first weeks of their love. They must then have taken a fancy to some little house and dreamed of the happiness of living in it together. As Herm is only two or three miles from Guernsey, Judge Parry thinks they visited the island from there.

16 *like Baucis and Philemon.* Dorothy says that no story in Ovid pleases her so much. As Judge Parry suggests, it is probable she found the story in the 8th book of G. Sandys' translation of the *Metamorphoses*, and that Sandys' lines dwelt in her mind. She seems to refer to the last couplet of the following extract in Letter 28: 'if wee are friends, we must both comande & both obay alike.'

> 'Jove, in a humane shape: with Mercury;
> (His heeles unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
> Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave;
> A thousand shut their doores: One onely gave,
> A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
> Old Baucis, and Philemon, led their life
> Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent,
> In this, grew old: rich onely in content.
> Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd,
> And made it easie with a cheerefull mind.
> None Master, nor none servant, could you call:
> They who command, obay: for two were all.'

After the above was written, Mr. S. J. Crawford of University College, Southampton, sent me the most interesting news that he had lately picked

up in a Southampton bookshop Dorothy's own copy of *Ovids Metamorphosis Englished . . by G. S.* 1632. At the top of the title-page in faded ink is the signature 'D' Osborne', and at the foot of the page in another hand 'From the Author'. Sandys died in 1644, when Dorothy was 17.

17 *how idly*. She had first written 'How idle'.

18 *con*[*ten*]*ted*. One line ends with 'con' and the next begins with 'ted'.

LETTER 55

1 *of what she saw*. The early part of the letter is lost. We may complete this sentence: '[She did not tell mee any thing] of what she saw.' Lady Grey de Ruthin had been given some verses on Dorothy by a new admirer.

2 *hee*. Though the gentleman is not named, we have data to identify him. In Letter 56 we hear that Temple had called him 'a whelp' and had told a story of his prevailing over his tutor by importunity. In Letter 58 it is clearly the same man who appears as 'my Servant James'. In Letter 59 he is 'James B.' In Letter 62 she says: 'J. B. cryes out on mee for refusing him and choosing his Chamber ffellow . . . hee knew you before I did.'

Noting that 'James B.' was a Bedfordshire man who had been at college with Temple, I was able to identify him. In the Easter term of 1644 W. Temple and James Beverley were matriculated together as fellow-commoners of Emmanuel. Meanwhile the heraldic visitation shows that Sir James Beverley of Begurney, Beds., and of Cainho Park, Clophull, Beds., had an eldest son who was five years old in 1634. Clophull lies between Chicksands and Wrest, where Dorothy met her admirer, and where perhaps Lady Grey was then living. (See L. 14, n. 6.) One cannot doubt that Dorothy's suitor was this fellow-commoner of Emmanuel and heir of Cainho Park. It is he, no doubt, who accompained Henry Osborne from Whitechapel to Chelmsford for the assizes on 26 March 1655, and came home with him in a hackney-coach on the 28th (see under 'Visit to London Oct. 28–Nov. 25 1653'). H. O. mentions him again: '1656. Oct. 30. I went to see M^{r} Beverly.' James Beverly was knighted 11 July 1660.

3 *my Lady Ru*[*thin*], called a little lower 'My Lady Grey'.

4 *to abuse mee withall*, 'to make sport of me with'.

5 *stately*. See L. 28, n. 10.

6 *Prottectours*. The poem was quite up to date, as Cromwell had only been Protector for a month.

7 *nice and curious*, fastidious and exacting.

8 *my tweeses . . . my ring*. She had asked for tweeses and a ring in Letter 54.

9 *whilest you are in Ireland*. The journey had been broached in Letter 54.

10 *my Picture . . . in litle*, a miniature. See L. 27, 'a litle one'.

11 *You are mistaken if you think I stand in Awe of my B:* Temple had referred to the beginning of Letter 54.

12 *haunte*, pester. See L. 43, n. 20. The *Dialect Dictionary* has a quotation from Wilson, *Poems* (1824) 20, in the Roxburghshire dialect:

'Canty we might be
Did nae she haunt me like a de'il
About my dear rappee.'

13 *looke sadly*, look grave.

14 *if I had not a Vanity &c.* Temple is trying to reason her out of her regard to the world's opinion. She is quoting his actual words.

15 *say finer things to mee.* Cf. L. 40, n. 1.

16 *my Neighbours Servant.* In Letter 44 we heard that the young Lady Grey de Ruthin was likely to marry Sir Christopher Yelverton's son. H. O.'s Diary (quoted under L. 49, n. 4) showed that Mr. Yelverton was staying at Campton at Christmas. Perhaps he stayed some time longer. In Letter 54 Dorothy had said of Lady Ruthin: 'how merry and pleased she is with her marryeng because there is a plentifull fortune, Otherwise she would not valew the man at all.' Now she has more to say of Mr. Yelverton.

17 *impertinences*, foolishness.

18 *how kinde I grow at parting.* In Letter 64 she writes: 'only my Lady grew kinde at parting.'

LETTER 56

1 *doe you think . . I could bee sattisfyed the world should think mee*, &c. Temple has recurred to the topic of Dorothy's too great regard for the world's opinion. See L. 55, n. 14.

2 *tousjours les mesmes.* Temple perhaps had in mind Dorothy's use of the phrase at the end of Letter 9.

3 *i'le tell you story's.* Temple has commented on her story of her admirer told in Letter 55.

4 *allowance*, approval, encouragement.

5 *The litle Taylor that loved Queen Elizabeth.* The story is alluded to by Dorothy's uncle, Francis Osborn (*Advice to a Son*, Part I, ed. 1763, p. 67): 'imitate the voluptuous death of that Taylor reported to have whined away himself for the love of Queen Elizabeth.' Miss A. Strickland (quoted by Judge Parry) refers to Stow as her authority for the story, says that the tailor was 'of the city of London', and attributes to Lord Charles Cavendish the following impromptu:

I would not, willingly,
Be pointed at in every company,
As was the little tailor that to death
Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth.
(*Queens of England*, ed. 1844, vii. 114, 115.)

It is clear from similarity of language that F. Osborn's authority was Stow.

6 *the Queen of Swedens kinde letter to ye King of Scott's.* Christina (b. 1626), only daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, succeeded her father as Queen of Sweden in 1632. The future Charles II of England (b. 1630) had

been crowned at Scone 1 Jan. 1650/1, and was often styled after this the King of Scots. A project of marriage between the two had been broached from his side, and possibly Christina was only deterred by political considerations from entering into it. Compare the account given in the *Mémoires . . . tirez des Despesches de M. Chanut Ambassadeur pour le Roy en Suede*, 1675, ii. 194:

'1651, Avril. La Reine ne manquoit pas de volonté d'assister ce Roy, mais les choses n'y estoient pas encore disposées, il falait que quelque succès extraordinaire en ouvrit le chemin, avant qu'il y eust seureté pour les autres Couronnes de se mesler de ses affaires. Cependant il passoit sous main des armes, & des munitions de Suede en Ecosse, & l'on ne pouvoit juger si c'estoit par l'ordre de la Reine: on disoit qu'il faloit qu'il y eut intelligence entre ce Prince et elle, car avant qu'il passast en Escosse il fit sonder cette Princesse par le Chevalier Balandin, qui fit deux voyages exprès en Suede, pour voir si elle souffriroit qu'il luy fist parler de mariage, & pour donner entrée à ce discours il luy envoya son portrait, mais elle luy fit si bien connoistre qu'elle estoit fort esloignée d'entendre à de semblables propositions, qu'on ne luy donna pas la peine de s'expliquer plus ouvertement d'un refus.'

F. W. Bain, *Christina*, 1890, p. 195, says that Christina wrote an answer to Charles's envoy, Balandin, with her own hand, 'regretting her inability to provide any remedy for the incurable evils of the age, and hoping that time which cures all things might put an end to his evil fortune and furnish her with opportunities to assist him without detriment to her own interests and obligations'.

A letter from Breda, 13/23 Jan. 1649/50, reports: 'Yesterday the Earl of Branford returnd from Swede with exceeding kind errands to the King [Charles] from that Queene.'

7 *my Beagle*. Her admirer whom Temple had called a whelp.

8 *wee mett at Wrest again*. On the death in 1639 of Henry, Earl of Kent, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, the earldom and the manor of Wrest had passed to his cousin Anthony and was now held by the latter's grandson, Anthony, a boy of nine. He probably lived there with his widowed mother, the Countess of Kent. At the same date the barony of Grey de Ruthyn had passed to the late Earl's nephew by marriage, Charles Longueville, and on his death, in 1643, to his daughter Susanna, Dorothy's friend. The manor of St. Thomas's chapel, Meppershall, had passed with the barony, but according to the *Victoria Hist. of Beds.* (ii. 290) did not fall to the young Lady Grey, but to her uncle, Grey Isongueville. It is not clear then where Lady Grey was living at this time. Dorothy's references suggest Wrest: Judge Parry thinks Meppershall (two miles south of Chicksands). Possibly some third place was her home.

9 *his Tutor*. See L. 55, n. 2.

10 *aprehend*, dread.

11 *if I had gon, it had bin to have wayted on my Neighbour* [*Lady Grey*]. Dorothy must have mentioned this possibility to T. when he was at Chicksands.

12 *perswade your father.* Apparently, persuade him to promise such provision for you as to remove my dislike to making an improvident marriage and being ridiculed for doing so. Dorothy, in Letter 54, had hinted at something of the sort in the words 'you must be pleased . . . to bee a witnesse . . . of the probabillity of your hopes'. Temple was unwilling to force his father's hand.

13 *an act of great kindenesse and somthing Romance.* Cf. Letter 21, 'a most Romance squire', and 54, 'a more Romance Story'. The word 'romantic' is not found before 1659. The use of 'Romance' as an adjective is not known to the *O.E.D.* prior to these letters of Dorothy's.

14 *Tis well the side ended heer.* These words come at the bottom of p. 3 of the letter.

15 *as well an humord Younge Person.* This difficult construction is not unfrequent. Cf. Shakespeare, *K. John*, IV. ii. 27: so new a fashion'd robe; *Com. of Err.*, III. 2. 186; so fair an offer'd chain; Donne (Gosse's *Life*, i. 303): so slow a paced fortune; Goldsmith (Globe ed., 635a): so fair a spoken tailor; G. Meredith, *Evan Harrington*, p. 4: as kind a hearted man.

16 *when I cam out of France.* This was probably with her father when he returned from St. Malo to England in 1649. The change she speaks of was no doubt due to her love and to her separation from her lover.

17 *sad truth*, truth in earnest.

18 *heer is a ring.* She had asked for a ring in Letter 55. He had now asked her to send a pattern.

19 *any word int*, any posy or inscription.

20 *Nan.* See L. 15, n. 3.

21 *O my heart; what a sigh was there.* Dorothy is surely recalling the doctor's words in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*: 'What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.' See L. 26, n. 3.

22 *this Journy*, to Ireland. See L. 55, n. 9.

LETTER 57

1 *your reproches.* See the opening of Letter 56.

2 *Posibly it is a weaknesse in mee.* They are still arguing on the value of the world's opinion. In spite of Temple's view, Dorothy maintains her own.

3 *in spight of theire Teeth's*, in spite of all they can do to hinder it.

4 *not my Lady New Castle with all her Philosophy.* See LL. 17, n. 5, and 20, n. 3.

5 *shall never bee allowed to doe it out of soe reasonable an aprehension*, shall never be credited with having done it on any such reasonable ground.

6 *my Brother.* H. O.'s Diary shows that he was at Chicksands till 6 Feb., then in London till 25 Feb.

7 *my Lord L^ls principles.* Lord Lisle (see L. 6, n. 6) was considered to have no religion.

8 *a Leg and a Courtesy.* See L. 26, n. 4.

9 *M^r Gibson and hee and I.* See L. 30, n. 5. Here it is implied that Mr. Gibson slept in the house.

10 *aprehend*, dread.

11 *my Spleen.* On account of which she had gone to Epsom in 1652. See L. 3, n. 13.

12 *till hee sees it don*, till he sees our marriage a *fait accompli.*

13 *That vile wench.* Nan, whom Dorothy had asked in Letter 56 to cut off a lock of Temple's hair for her. Dorothy, in thanking her, had told her what precautions she had taken to preserve the lock.

14 *My Cousins at M[oor] P[ark].* Mr. and Mrs. Franklin. See LL. 27, n. 3, and 41, n. 4.

15 *Robin C[heke].* Mrs. Franklin's brother.

16 *I admire*, I am astonished.

17 *that Famely.* The Chekes, who were his first cousins. See Appendix VII.

18 *at Kimbolton.* The seat of the Earl of Manchester, whose Countess was Essex Cheke, sister of Robin Cheke and Mrs. Franklin. See LL. 27, n. 1, and 41, n. 5, and Appendix VII.

19 *you promise to use all your interest in your F[ather] to perswade him . . .'* Temple had given in to her demand, though in Letter 56 we learnt that it was not his own desire that his father should 'indeavor [their] happinesse', that is, make some provision to enable them to marry.

20 *proportion.* See L. 3, n. 4.

21 *ou[t]lived.* A slip in writing.

22 *mortified.* In the Biblical sense. See Rom. viii. 13, Col. iii. 5, and L. 60, n. 19.

23 *My Brothers opinion . . . (that you have noe religion in you).* This is a charge made later against Temple, e.g. by Bishop Burnet, who says that he was an Epicurean, both in principle and practice. Courtenay answers Burnet, ii. 261 *et seq.* It is no doubt true, however, that his opinions were less definite than those held by Dorothy, or those she would fain attribute to him.

24 *thing.* D. first wrote 'think'. See L. 31, n. 20.

25 *is not his Name Bagshaw that you say railes on Love & Women?* I see no ground for identifying this Bagshaw either with Edward Bagshaw the elder (see the list of his writings in the *D.N.B.* or the B.M. catalogue) or with his son, E. B. (1629–71), who was at this time apparently a student of Christ Church, Oxford.

26 *think.* D. first wrote 'thing'. See L. 31, n. 20.

27 *the woman at Somercett house.* Not traced.

LETTER 58

1 *My Lady Newport.* The mother of Lady Isabella Blunt, who married Lord Banbury in preference to Mr. Robert Smith of Bounds (L. 6, n. 13), and of Lady Anne Blunt of whose love-passion Dorothy wrote in Letters 47 and 48.

2 *if it bee not true twas at least Excellently fancyed.* Dorothy is probably thinking of the proverb 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato'.

3 *my Lord Rich.* Eldest son of the 2nd Earl of Warwick, who had summoned Sir Peter Osborne to surrender Castle Cornet (see p. xiv). Lord

Rich's first wife, Anne, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire and Christian, his countess (see p. 113), had died in 1638. He married in 1645 Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Cheke and sister of Tom and Robin Cheke, the Countess of Manchester, and Mrs. Franklin. She must have died by 1652 or so. In Letter 64 there is talk of his marrying Lady Betty Howard. He succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick in 1658 and died in 1659, leaving three daughters. His son by his first wife, Robert Rich, married Frances Cromwell in Nov. 1657, but died on 16 Feb. following, so that in 1659 the title passed to the Earl's brother, Charles Rich, of whom we heard in the passage quoted from his wife's autobiography in L. 42, n. 17.

4 *must.* D. had first written 'may'.

5 *Parthenissa.* Lord Broghill's newly published romance. (See L. 40, n. 12.) Judge Parry shows that it was advertised in *Mercurius Politicus* 19 Jan. 1653/4.

Parthenissa is in three parts, the first dedicated to Lady Northumberland, the second to Lady Sunderland. Each part is divided into eight books. The story of the siege of Pettely by the Carthaginians, under Himilco, the voluntary departure of 2,000 women under Amazora who, however, are all slain by the enemy, and the finding of Amazora's letter, in which she professes her love for the Roman commander Perolla, is told in Part I, Book IV.

6 *my Brother sent it downe.* Henry was in London from 6 to 25 Feb. On the 8th, Ash Wednesday, he writes: 'I saw at my C. Davers [Harry Danvers, son of Sir John] chamber my Ld Protector ride in state into the Citty.'

7 *surprenant,* surprising. Dorothy is fond of introducing a French word. Notice 'franchise' (LL. 31 and 43), 'malitiously,' in a French sense (LL. 31 and 32), 'devote' (59), 'resve' (30), 'devoyr' (32), 'sans raillerie' (47), and later in this letter, 'faiseurs de Romance', 'naïve', 'jealoux'. The same habit was objected to Temple's own literary style, otherwise so admirable.

8 *discovers,* reveals.

9 *My thinkes,* methinks. Cf. LL. 9 and 59, 'my thought'.

10 *hee that writes L'illustre Bassa.* M. de Scudéry. (See L. 40, n. 9.) The passage to which Dorothy refers occurs in the Preface:

'Vous y verrez Lecteur (si ie ne me trompe) la bien-sceance des choses et des conditions, assez exactement obseruée: et ie n'ay rien mis en mon liure, que les Dames ne puissent lire sans baisser les yeux & sans rougir. Que si vous ne voyez pas mon Heros, persecuté d'amour par les femmes, ce n'est pas qu'il ne fust aimable, et qu'il ne pust estre aimé: mais c'est pour ne choquer point la bien-sceance, en la personne des Dames, et la vraisemblance en celle des hommes, qui rarement font les cruels, & qui n'y ont pas bonne grace. Enfin, soit que les choses doivent estre ainsi, soit que i'aye jugé de mon Heros par ma foiblesse; ie n'ay point voulu mettre sa fidellité à cette dangereuse épreuue.'

11 *Ambition'd is a great word with him, and ignore; my concerne, or of great concern, is it seem's properer then concernment.* Dorothy had criticized what seemed to her new and strange expressions in Letter 32. The *O.E.D.* has no example of 'ambition'd' so early as this, and quotes Dorothy for

this use of 'concern'. It shows that 'ignore' was pointed out as characteristic of Robert Boyle (Lord Broghill's more famous brother) by Aubrey, Bentley, and Dr. Johnson, but was really found occasionally before he used it.

12 *a peece of Cyrus . . . i'le send it you.* She had last sent him Part V. See L. 45, n. 9.

13 *you stay to wayte on your sister.* He was deferring his departure to Ireland (see LL. 54, n. 5, and 55, n. 9) in order to act as escort thither to his sister Martha. Lady Giffard writes in her life of her brother: 'In fifety three [i.e. Feb. 1653/4] upon his Fathers desire he carried his sister to him into Ireland, w^{ch} upon the Conquest of that kingdome begun to settle, & his Father was sometime before return'd to his place of Master of the Rolles.' (The last statement anticipates events.)

14 *I have the Cabinett.* Perhaps it was to contain her letters to Temple of which she had inquired in Letter 57: 'what doe you mean to doe with all my Letters?' In the third letter written later from Reading (see Epilogue, p. 199), Dorothy says that a great many of the letters she wrote to Temple before their marriage are 'in y^{r} cabinett'. This cabinet is now at Chicksands Priory.

15 *my Servant James.* See L. 55, n. 2.

16 *would have don,* wished to do.

17 *the Bayly,* the bailiff.

18 *M^{rs} Gouldsmith and Jane.* Mrs. Goldsmith, wife of the rector of Campton, and Jane Wright, were probably sisters. See L. 3, n. 13.

19 *they offerd not,* made no movement.

20 *presently,* immediately.

21 *in great disorder,* much upset. See LL. 9, 12, 43, notes.

22 *rise* [rīz], rose. In Letter 9 she spells it 'risse'. Cf. also L. 64, n. 2.

23 *my intentions were not handsom.* Sir John Temple did not credit Dorothy's recent determination to break her engagement to any unselfish consideration for her lover.

24 *aprehended,* feared.

25 *to practise upon him,* to put into practice in his case.

26 *pleasinger.* The form is used by Lady Mary Wroth in 1621 (*O.E.D.*).

27 *I never saw finer haire.* She had spoken of 'the Lock you give mee' in L. 57.

Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, in her Character of him, says: 'He was rather tall then low; his shape, when he was young, very exact; his hair a darke browne curl'd naturaly, and, while that was esteem'd a beauty, nobody had it in more perfection.' The Rev. John Longe showed me at Yelverton rectory a brooch with the letters 'W. T.', and containing hair of a rich chestnut colour interplaited. Probably this was worn by Lady Temple after her marriage.

28 *The ring.* For which she had sent a pattern with Letter 56.

29 *hard hairs are ill natured.* Miss F. D. Bergen found in N. Ohio the opposite superstition: 'Coarse hair indicates good nature.' (*Current Superstitions,* p. 34.)

LETTER 59

1 *I am not alway's in the humor to wrangle and dispute.* In Letter 58 she had found herself 'disputeing againe though you tolde mee my fault soe Plainly', and she says later: 'why doe I enter into this wrangling discourse?'

2 *Dr Taylor*, Jeremy Taylor. Judge Parry happily suggests that Dorothy had in mind a passage of *Holy Living*: 'There is very great peace and immunity from sin in resigning our wills up to the command of others: for provided that our duty to God be secured, their commands are warrants to us in all else; and the case of conscience is determined, if the command be evident and pressing; and it is certain, the action that is but indifferent, and without reward, if done onely upon our own choice, is an act of duty and of religion, and rewardable by the grace and favour of God, if done in obedience to the command of our Superiours.'

3 *cleerly of your opinion.* Cf. Letter 4, 'cleerly of opinion'.

4 *contentment* (*w^ch^ the spanish proverbe say's is the best paint*). The proverb not traced.

5 *my cell is almost finishd.* In Letter 57 she had compared her brother and herself to 'two hermitts conversing [i. e. living together] in a Cell'.

6 *this Journy.* Temple is on the point of going over with his sister to join his father in Dublin.

7 *makeing a Vertue of necessity.* The phrase is found repeatedly in Chaucer and Shakespeare, e.g. *Squire's Tale*, l. 593: 'That I made vertu of necessitee,' where Skeat refers to its use in the thirteenth century by Matthew Paris: 'faciendo de necessitate virtutem.'

8 *at Brickill.* Little Brickhill, Bucks., is forty-three miles from London on the main road ('Watling Street') to Chester. Great Brickhill is a mile away. They lie, as Judge Parry says, about seventeen miles west of Chicksands.

9 *Mr Gibson.* See L. 30, n. 5.

10 *Exact*, perfect. See L. 25, n. 13.

11 *conceal*, altered from 'conceale'. See L. 31, n. 20.

12 *Mr Smiths* [*kindenesse*] *to my Lady Sunderland.* See LL. 6, n. 11, 9, and 31.

13 *Mrs Camilla.* The allusion is obscure. Perhaps Camilla was a mare.

14 *a China Trunke.* Probably a chest or coffer for keeping china. Mr. W. Worrall, of the *Oxford Dictionary*, sends me the following illustration: N. Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, 10 March 1693/4: 'Three trunks belonging to the late queen Mary were lately seized in Shoe lane, in which were chenea and other fine things.'

15 *Fernando Mendez Pinto* (1509–83). He started for the East Indies in 1537 and was travelling till 1558. His *Peregrinaçam* was first published at Lisbon in 1614. It is admired for the beauty of its style. It was translated into many languages. In *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, pt. 3 (1625) there are 'Observations of China, Tartaria and other Eastern Parts of the World taken out of F. Mendez Pinto his Peregrination'. A fuller English translation by H. C[ogan] appeared in 1663. Dorothy perhaps read the French

translation: 'Les voyages . . . de F. M. P. . . . traduicts . . . par B. Figuier.' Paris, 1628 and 1645, 4°.

16 *the Priviledge of a Travellour.* Among the proverbs in Camden's *Remains* is: 'A traveller may lye with authority.'

17 *a Sister of my Lady Grey's, her name is Pooley.* Mrs. Pooley appears in H. O.'s Diary of 1652: 'June 29, Tuesday. I and my sister went with my Lady Grey and M^rs^ Pooley to the buriall of M^rs^ Rolf. July 25, Sunday. I went with my sister and my Lady Grey and M^rs^ Pooley to dinner to S^r^ William Briars.'

Mrs. Pooley was a sister, not of the young Lady Grey de Ruthin, but of her mother, the Dowager Baroness, as is clear from the latter's will, made and proved in 1668 (82 Hene), in which she speaks of 'my well beloved Neece M^rs^ Elizabeth Pooley', and 'her father, my brother in law M^r^ Thomas Pooley'. (Mrs. Pooley herself seems to have been dead by this time.) See L. 44, n. 24.

18 *condition*, situation, circumstances.

19 *Olde spring garden.* Timbs (*Curiosities of London*, p. 745) says that Spring Garden was originally an appurtenance to the palace of Whitehall. It was on the north-western (?north-eastern) verge of St. James's Park and got its name from a fountain which was set playing by the spectator treading on its hidden machinery. It was made a bowling green by Charles I in 1630, but closed by command in 1634 on account of the disorders which had taken place there. This led to the opening of 'a New Spring Garden' (Shaver's Hall) by a gentleman barber, a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's. This New Spring Garden was at Lambeth and was later known as Vauxhall. The old garden must have been reopened, as Evelyn tells us he treated some ladies there on 13 June 1649. He records, however (10 May 1654), that Cromwell closed it again. Milton when first appointed Latin Secretary lodged at one Thomson's at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden.

20 *I am your Valentine.* St. Valentine's Day was 14 February. The following account of the ceremonial of the eve before is translated in Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 255, from F. M. Misson's *Memoires et observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre*, 1698: 'An equal number of maids and bachelors get together: each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves and this little sport often ends in love.' Another sort of valentine, says Misson, is the first youth or the first girl whom one meets by chance in the street or elsewhere on St. Valentine's Day.

21 *M^rs^ Gouldsmith and Jane.* See LL. 3, n. 13, and 58, n. 18.

22 *Mr Fish.* See L. 26, n. 10.

23 *James B.* James Beverley, called lower down 'my litle Gentleman'. See L. 55, n. 2.

24 *desig[n]e.* Crowded at the end of a line, as is 'Nightcloths', which may be 'Nightcloke'.

25 *my thought,* methought. See L. 58, n. 9.

26 *remarke.* Altered from 'remarque'. See L. 31, n. 20.

27 *Jelous,* suspicious.

28 *holde.* The last word on the fourth page. D. now turns back to the heading of the letter.

29 *spe[nt t]his.* Paper torn.

LETTER 60

1 *how it will come.* Temple had now left London for Ireland.

2 *Nan.* (See L. 15, n. 3.) Dorothy's letters were to go to Nan to be forwarded.

3 *com downe.* Apparently from London, where she had been looking out for a new situation.

4 *a troupe of greyhounds.* See L. 40, n. 16.

5 *by the Coach.* Did the coach go to Chester only? and did Temple sail from there or from some farther port? One remembers that Edward King ('Lycidas') in 1637 was 'drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas'.

6 *your Sister.* Martha Temple was with him. See L. 58, n. 13.

7 *beaten,* inured.

8 *without it,* without reading.

9 *that story Mr D. told you.* See LL. 52 and 54, where he is called 'Mr Dr'.

10 *St Gregory's.* R. Newcourt (*Repertorium,* 1708, p. 359) says that St. Gregory's stood on the south side of old St. Paul's, near the Lollard's Tower, at the west end. It was appropriated to the Petti-canons of the cathedral. The church was destroyed in the fire of 1666. If Dorothy on her last visit was staying at Mr. Cale's in Fleet Street, St. Gregory's would not be far away.

11 *Mr Freeman.* See LL. 26, n. 9, 27, 39, and 55. Was it by accident that he went also to St. Gregory's on that occasion?

12 *soe nice in discovering,* so scrupulous about revealing.

13 *My B. P.,* my brother, Sir Thomas Peyton.

14 *Sr John Tufton.* Sir John Tufton, son of Sir Humfrey Tufton, 1st Baronet, of Le Mote, Maidstone, was born in 1623 and knighted in 1641. He had married Margaret, 3rd daughter and coheir of Thomas, 2nd Baron Wotton, of Marley; and was to marry secondly Mary, daughter and coheir of Sir James Altham, of Marks Hall, Essex. He succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1659, and died 1685.

15 *lesse,* ?less hope.

16 *Poore James,* James Beverley. See L. 55, n. 2.

17 *your wives* [=*wife's*] *letter.* Cf. Letter 44, 'will not your wife beleeve &c.' The present passage is especially puzzling, as it does not appear that

Temple had sent Dorothy a letter from some lady whom they playfully called his wife, but that Dorothy is giving an account of a supposed letter which Temple has not seen.

18 *think*. First written 'thing'.

19 *mortification*. See L. 57, n. 22.

20 *this lent*. Lent had begun on 9 Feb.

21 *M^rs Kempston*. Unknown.

22 *w*[*th*]. Paper torn.

23 *your Cousin Jenny*. Is this meant for Jane, Mrs. Rant? or is it again a play-cousin?

24 *necglect*. First written 'necklect'.

25 *M^rs Brooxes and M^rs Mildemays reconciliation*, &c. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Mildmay are mysteries.

26 *husband*[*s*]. Crowded at end of a line.

27 *That house of your Cousin R*[*ant*] . . . *D^r Smith*. (See L. 42, n. 12.) Dr. Smith had died on 15 Feb.

28 *i*[*n*]. Paper torn.

29 *to leave you soe soone*. The letter ends on the third page of the sheet. The address of the letter 'For your Master when your Mistress pleases' is hard to understand. That 'your Mistress' is Dorothy seems clear by the added words 'what makes that dash between [or 'betwixt'—the word is almost obliterated] us', which evidently refer to a dash or stroke of the pen under the words 'For your Master'. The person to whom Temple was master and Dorothy was mistress was no doubt Nan, who, as Dorothy has assumed at the beginning of the letter, was to forward Temple's letters to him while he was in Ireland. The words on the back of the folded letter, under some seals, 'all else is but a circle', are also very obscure.

LETTER 61

1 *March y^e 18^th 1653*. We now have a letter dated, as most that follow are, by Dorothy herself. According to custom, she considers a new year to begin not on 1 Jan. but 25 March. Accordingly this 18 March is to her still in 1653. She had promised to write every week (see opening words of Letter 60), so that probably two letters before this one are missing.

2 *I lost the best Father in the worlde*. We must turn to H. O.'s Diary to get some light on Dorothy's life at this sad time.

'Feb. 25, Saterday. I came home to Chicksands.

'Mar. 9, Thursday. My sister told me shee would marry Temple.

'Mar. 11. Being saterday my father died iust at eleven a clocke of night being within two moneths 69 yeares old.

'Mar. 13. My sister told mee shee had tied up her han[d]s that she could marry no body but Temple.

This night M^r Goldsmith buried my father at Campton.'

3 *unsuportable*. Perhaps altered to 'ins—'.

4 *though I Pay as much as I should doe to a stranger*. I suppose we must interpret this literally, that Dorothy defrayed from her own income the cost of her board and lodging at Chicksands.

5 *I Expect my Eldest B[rother] to day.* He did not arrive till Wednesday, the 22nd, when H. O. writes: 'My brother came to Chicksands from Gloucester.'

6 *this hole*, this hiding-place.

7 *nice aprehensions*, over-delicate fears.

8 *i'le not impose that constraint.* The engagement definitely made on 13 Jan. has hitherto been kept secret. Henceforth it may be published. We have seen that Dorothy acknowledged it to her brother Henry on 9 March.

9 *malicio[us] storry's*, i.e. against Temple.

10 *prevent*, forestall.

11 *possesse*, inform.

12 *his relations*, my father's relations.

13 *in this*, in this letter.

14 *you mist those faire windes.* Apparently Temple and his sister had had to wait a week or two, probably at Chester. See L. 60, n. 5.

15 *sudden*, rapid.

16 *soe.* First written 'one'.

LETTER 62

1 *noe forwarder.* Temple had apparently begun his letter at Chester or his port, and ended it at Dublin.

2 *a leter of mine.* This may be Letter 60, which I have dated 24 Feb. It had perhaps caught the favourable winds which Temple and his sister had missed.

3 *J. B.*, James Beverley. See L. 55, n. 2.

4 *all the company*, all my neighbours.

5 *into Northamptonshyre to my Lady R.* H.O.'s Diary shows that she was going to Easton Mauduit for the wedding of Lady Grey de Ruthin and Mr. Yelverton. See LL. 44, n. 3, and 55, n. 16. I give these entries:

'Apr. 3, Munday. My brother John went back into Gloucester shire.

'Apr. 10, Munday. I went with my sister to Bedforde where Mr. Yelverton mett her to carry her to Easton.

'Apr. 12, Wednesday. I went to Easton.

'Apr. 13, Thursday. My Lady Ruthin was married.

'Apr. 17, Munday. My Lady and my sister and I came away from Easton, Mr. Yelverton and his sister and my Lady Ruthin came with us to Bedforde where my Lady Briars coach mett them, and my sister went that night to my Lady Briars.

'Apr. 20, Thursday. My sister went to S[t] Albons in my Lady Briars coach, and from thence in a hackney to London.

'Apr. 21, Friday. I came to London leaving Evans to keepe the house and garden at Chicksands.

'Apr. 25, Tuesday. My A[unt] Gargrave spoke to my sister of Temple.

'Apr. 27, Thursday. My A[unt] Gargrave went out of Towne towards Cornebury.'

6 *my Aunt.* Shown by the above to be Lady Gargrave.

7 *my B: P.*, my brother [Sir Thomas] Peyton.

8 *My Lord Marquis Hartford has lost his eldest sone.* William Seymour, great-grandson of the Protector Somerset, succeeded to the earldom of Hertford in 1621, was created Marquess of Hertford in 1640 and restored as Duke of Somerset in 1660. He was married first clandestinely in 1610 to Lady Arabella Stuart, and secondly in 1615 to Frances Devereux, daughter of the unfortunate 2nd Earl of Essex. Their eldest surviving son, Henry, was born about 1626, married in 1648 Mary, sister of Arthur Capell, 1st Earl of Essex of that family, and was buried on 30 March 1654, three days before Dorothy wrote. In Letter 14, Dorothy mentioned Lord Beauchamp's sister, Lady Jane Seymour.

9 *My Lord Cambden.* Baptist Noel, third Viscount Campden, was born in 1612. He raised a Corps of Foot and a Regiment of Horse for the King in 1643, and was fined £9,000 as a delinquent. Nothing seems to be known of his duel with 'Mr Stafford'.

10 *by my writeing.* It is larger than usual.

LETTER 63

This fragment of a letter is all we have of Temple's side of the correspondence.

1 *me things*, methinks.

2 *my good friends.* He suspects Henry Osborne again.

3 *presently*, immediately.

4 *our last unhappy differences.* Temple's state of mind in December must have alarmed his father as it alarmed Dorothy. See L. 51, n. 1.

5 *there*, in London.

6 *at Ch:* at Chicksands on 13 Jan.

7 *should you save my life againe.* This is an interesting allusion, if it is one, to the danger from which Dorothy's presence of mind rescued him when they first met in the Isle of Wight in 1648, see p. xxii. But could the boyish escapade of Dorothy's brother have entailed his death, still less Temple's, at the hands of Temple's cousin, Col. Hammond, even if Dorothy had not taken the blame on herself? If Temple refers to that incident, his love leads him to exaggerate the service Dorothy rendered him.

8 *behindehand with mee*, in debt to me.

9 *with this*, with this letter.

10 *hee tells mee still*, he is always talking.

11 *oftend.* A slip of the pen for 'often', the next word being 'happend'.

12 *motions*, plans, intentions.

13 *my fellow servant.* Dorothy had Jane with her in London, see LL. 65, n. 1, and 66, n. 5.

LETTER 64

1 *Last night . . . my B. had bin with me.* We saw from H. O.'s Diary (L. 62, n. 5) that Dorothy had reached London on 20 April, and had been talked to on the subject of Temple by her Aunt Lady Gargrave on 25 April. We have had no letter from her since that of 2 April: several must be miss-

ing. She tells us below she is staying opposite Salisbury House in the Strand. Lady Gargrave had left town on 27 April. Henry Osborne was in town from 21 April to 6 June.

2 *rise* [rĭz], rose. See L. 58, n. 22.

3 *to finde one*. She probably found the letter of which we have had the concluding part (L. 63).

4 *many*. Written at the bottom of page 1 and repeated as the first word of page 2.

5 *constancy*, courage.

6 *Groenland*. The original Scandinavian form of 'Greenland'.

7 *you forgive my B[rother]*. This must have been in the lost first half of Temple's letter. So also the observation she quotes later, 'there are soe many that think themselv's wise, &c.'

8 *in*, repeated.

9 *sad*, grave.

10 *Whensoever you come*, &c. Here we have an answer to his question in Letter 63: 'would you bee very glad to see mee there? and could you doe it in less disorder and with less surprisse then you did at Ch:?'

11 *wayte on*. She had first written 'wayte of'. See L. 31, n. 20.

12 *ye new discoverd plott*. A Royalist plot to assassinate the Protector on his way to Hampton Court was discovered about 21 May. A large number of arrests were made, including the Earl of Oxford. Three men were brought to trial, and convicted on 30 June. They included John Gerard, aged twenty-two, brother of Sir Gilbert Gerard, who obtained the privilege of being beheaded on Tower-hill. Of the others, Peter Vowell, a schoolmaster, was hanged, and Somerset Fox was reprieved. See L. 70, n. 6.

13 *my Lord of Dorchester*. See L. 4, n. 4. He was apparently not among the persons arrested.

14 *over against Salisbury house*. In the Strand. See L. 13, n. 8. Besides Lady M. Sandys, Dorothy might have seen the philosopher Hobbes, who was then living with the Earl of Devonshire at Little Salisbury House. Timbs tells us how Hobbes, when standing at the gate, a few days after the Restoration, was kindly recognized by Charles II as he was passing in his coach along the Strand.

15 *Lady M. Sandis*. Judge Parry has identified her with Mary, youngest daughter of William Cecil, 2nd Earl of Salisbury, and wife of Lord Sandys de Vyne of Mottisfont Priory [or Abbey], four miles north-west of Romsey and about seven west of Winchester. Dorothy's designation of her is that of an Earl's daughter.

16 *Coll: Paunton*. Identified by the late Mr. W. P. Prideaux in *Notes and Queries* of 16 May 1903 as Colonel Panton, the biggest gambler of his day, and a man that no husband of the time would have chosen as the companion of his wife. He owned land in the Haymarket and Piccadilly, and gave his name to Panton Street. He died in 1681.

17 *kinde at parting*. See L. 55, n. 18.

18 *J. Morton*. Not identified.

19 *Mr Stanley and Mrs Withrington.* Charles Stanley, a grandson of the 6th and nephew of the 7th Earl of Derby, was made K.B. at the Coronation of Charles II. He married Jane, daughter of Lord Widdrington, who had fallen at Wigan in 1651, fighting in the royal cause under the 7th Earl of Derby.

20 *Sr H: Littleton and Mrs Philadelphia Cary.* Sir Henry Lyttelton, 2nd Baronet, of Hagley Park, born about 1624, succeeded his father 1649/50. He married Philadelphia, daughter and coheir of Robert Carey, 2nd Earl of Monmouth. She died in 1663, aged thirty-two (G.E.C.).

21 *my Lord Rich.* See L. 58, n. 3.

22 *my Lady betty Howard . . . Mrs Howard her Sister in Law.* Not traced.

23 *some.* After this 'others' written and deleted.

24 *Mr Heningham.* See LL. 35, n. 5, 44, n. 19.

25 *Mrs Gerhard.* We hear in Letter 65 that she has married Will Spencer. She was Elizabeth, daughter of the 3rd Lord Gerard.

26 *my Lord Snt Johns.* We have heard of the death of Lord St. John's young wife. See L. 35, n. 3.

27 *discovering,* revealing.

28 *lost.* She had first written 'losse'.

29 *noe lodger . . . must remove sooner.* In consequence of the detection of the plot, a proclamation was issued on 23 May directing the constables of London, Westminster, and Southwark to draw up a list of all lodgers within their bounds, and to forbid such lodgers to remove without special leave (Gardiner, *Hist. Commonw.* iii, p. 148).

30 *into Kent.* To Sir T. Peyton's at Knowlton.

LETTER 65

1 *Jane.* We see that she was with Dorothy. Cf. L. 63, n. 13.

2 *the White-hart.* Where perhaps the Chester coach started.

3 *I writt Robin Spencer instead of Will.* In Letter 64 (25 May) she had said that Henningham had been jilted by Mrs. Gerard, but she had not said in whose favour. She must have said so in the letter that was lost. For Robin (1628/9–1685) and Will Spencer (1630–1687/8) see LL. 18, n. 2, and 25, n. 15. By a slip the word 'instead' is repeated.

4 *new Spring Garden.* See L. 59, n. 19.

5 *June ye 6th 1654.* Dorothy does not explain the shortness of her letter, but we learn from H. O.'s Diary that she went down with her brother to Pulloxhill that day:

'June 6, Tuesday. I wente downe to my Lady Briars in her new Chariott my sister made stay there that night and the next day came to Chicksands.' He goes on: 'June 9, Friday. I came to London from Chicksands [perhaps with Dorothy] and the night before was the greate search for Cavalliers about killing my Ld. Protector.' Probably Dorothy now went to stay with Lady Ruthin and Mr. Yelverton in Queen Street. See L. 67, n. 1.

LETTER 66

1 *Du:* Dublin.

2 *ingage*, stake.

3 *I shall goe out of Towne this week.* Dorothy was still intending to pay a visit of a month to Suffolk and then return to town. (See Letter 64.) In the next letter we hear that the Suffolk visit has fallen through and she is going at once into Kent.

4 *get a Picture drawne for you . . . as soone as Mr Cooper will voutch safe.* She had promised in Letter 27 (see n. 5) to have a miniature of herself made by Cooper or Hoskins when she was in town, or to get one of them to make a miniature from Lely's picture of her. She had renewed the promise of sitting in L. 55, see n. 10.

5 *Jane.* See L. 63, n. 13.

6 *Will Spencer . . . his Mistresse.* See L. 65, n. 3. We have not heard before of Miss Gerard's aunt.

LETTER 67

1 *they are all gon this morning.* H. O.'s Diary has: 'June 15, Thursday: My Lady Ruthin went out of Towne my A[unt] Gargrave who came to Towne about my C[ousin] Thorolds businesse went out of towne againe. This day my sister removed from my Lady Ruthins lodging in Queene streete, to my C. Thorolds lodging in Drury Lane.' It seems clear that it is Lady Ruthin, Mr. Yelverton and party who have left. Queen Street runs into Drury Lane. This Covent Garden quarter was then fashionable.

2 *I was carryed yesterday abroade to a dinner.* H. O.'s Diary again helps us: 'June 14, Wednesday. My A. Gargrave and my Cousin Thorold my sister and I dined at the Swan in Fish streete, my sister and I had the greate falling out and were friends again.'

3 *remedy.* Written 'rememdy'.

4 *my Lady Talmach*, on whose belief in will-power Dorothy dilates, was a remarkable woman. Born Elizabeth Murray, daughter of William Murray, gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I, created in 1643 Earl of Dysart, she married about 1647 Sir Lionel Tollemache or Talmach, 3rd Baronet, of Helmingham, Suffolk. She was considered (March 1652/3) to be a very powerful favourite with Cromwell (*Camden Soc.*, N.S., L., p. 6). On her father's death she succeeded him as Countess of Dysart in her own right, the date is doubtful, G. E. C. suggests '1654?', but it was probably after the date of Dorothy's letter. After the death of Sir Lionel, to whom she had borne eleven children, in 1669, Lady Dysart raised a scandal by renewing an old friendship with John, Earl of Lauderdale, though his Countess was still living. However, this lady died in 1671, and in 1671/2 the Countess of Dysart became Countess (two months later, Duchess) of Lauderdale. Burnet, who had once grossly flattered her, afterwards described her with severity: 'A woman of great beauty but of far greater parts, violent in everything she set about; a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy: ravenously covetous and would have stuck at nothing by which she might

compass her ends' (quoted by G. E. C.). See her life in the *D.N.B.* ('Murray, Elizabeth').

5 *they*, the pocks (written 'Poxe').

6 *strengh*. This seems to be D.'s usual spelling.

7 *Your Cousin Hamond . . . in Ludlows place*. Colonel Robert Hammond (cf. L. 9, n. 7) was appointed in August 1654 a member of the Irish Council, went over at once, and died early in October. Ludlow, who had been one of the Commissioners for the civil government of Ireland as well as lieutenant-general of the horse in Ireland, had resigned his civil position after Cromwell's *coup d'état* of 20 April.

8 *Lady Vavasor*. She may have been Ursula, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Fauconberg, and wife of Sir Walter Vavasor, 2nd baronet of Haselwood, Yorks. Sir Walter's youngest son, John, was thirteen years old in Aug. 1666, i. e. he was born about 1653, and there was a daughter, Ursula, who died in infancy and may have been younger. Or she may have been Olive, wife of Sir William Vavasor of Copmanthorpe, Yorks., whose only daughter, Frances, was born on 26 Oct. 1654.

9 *a plott*. See L. 64, n. 12.

10 *I wonder how shee behaved*. That is, Lady Tollemache I suppose.

11 *Countenanc[e]*. At end of line.

12 *I could not indure to bee Mrs Bride in a Publick wedding*. Temple and Dorothy were married on Christmas Day of this year. Probably no friends on either side were present. It is clear that a 'treaty' of marriage was now in prospect in which Sir John Temple would act for his son and Sir T. Peyton for Dorothy.

13 *my Aunt told mee . . . Yesterday*. Lady Gargrave at the dinner at the Swan in Fish Street.

14 *my other Journy*. Her intended visit to Suffolk. See L. 64.

15 *some Verses of Cowly's*. The 'new thing of his' was Abraham Cowley's *Davideis*, published first, so far as we know, in his *Works*, 1656. The verses she sends Temple must have been in MS. Her copy of them has not been preserved with her letter.

Judge Parry is no doubt right in thinking that the verses which touched Dorothy were those that described the friendship of David and Jonathan in Book II. The Judge has quoted some apposite lines: I quote some others:

> 'They mingled fates, and both in each did share,
> They both were servants, they both princes were.
> If any joy to one of them was sent,
> It was most his, to whom it least was meant;
> And Fortune's malice betwixt both was crost,
> For, striking one, it wounded th'other most.'

LETTER 68

1 *I am begining it to day*. H. O.'s Diary has:

'June 26, Munday. My sister and I went to Gravesend towards our way to Knolton. June 27, Tuesday. My brother Peyton mett us at Sitting-

borne, and his coach mett us at Canterbury and that night wee came to Knolton.' People going into Kent would often go by water as far as Gravesend, in a tilt boat (a boat with an awning against the weather). A little earlier than this, in August 1653, Henry Tubbe writes from Lord Thanet's at Hothfield: 'I was commanded to run a tilt in a wooden Horse to Graves-end, from thence to Raynam upon a shufling Beast, . . . and so very breifely, all in a breath, to Hothfeild.' (*Oxford Hist. & Lit. Studies*, v, p. 38.)

2 *my B*, my Brother's, Sir Thomas Peyton's.

3 *to him I offer you.* The letter in which she offered Temple a man-servant is lost.

4 *t*[*his*]. Paper torn.

5 *June ye 22th*, to be read 'June the two and twentieth'.

6 *a husband.* Perhaps in the sense 'a careful husband of my time'. The *O.E.D.* quotes Jeremy Taylor (1656): 'See what a good husband I am of my paper and ink.' In Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass* (Hazlitt, p. 210), a stingy father urges a wild son: 'Be a good husband, boy, follow my counsel.'

LETTER 69

1 *my Brother.* H. O. was at Knowlton from 27 June to 13 July.

2 *June ye 4th.* It is clear that Dorothy in her haste has written 'June' for 'July'.

3 *For your Master.* The letter was sent in the first instance, I think, to Nan Stacy, who forwarded Temple's letters from London. In what sense she was in Temple's service, we do not know. See LL. 15, n. 3, and 60, n. 2.

LETTER 70

1 *an Excelent Servant.* See L. 68.

2 *where I lay.* In London probably.

3 *condition's.* Situations held by servants. The *O.E.D.* does not recognize this sense. In his early romance *The force of custome* Temple writes: 'Varmorin . . meets with a good condition in a Cardinal's house who taken with the excellence of his voice entertaind him in his service.'

4 *abused as the best things are most subject to bee.* Cf. E. Reynolds, *Treatise of the Passions*, 1658, p. 46: 'Things most useful and excellent in their Regularity, are most dangerous in their abuse.'

5 *aprehended*, dreaded.

6 *the 5 Portugalls and the 3 Plotters wch were tother day condemned.* We have heard of the three plotters (see L. 64, n. 12), one of whom, John Gerard, was condemned to be beheaded on 30 June. With him the crime of the Portuguese is curiously connected.

Dom Pantaleon Sa, a youth of nineteen, brother of the Portuguese ambassador, after nightfall on 21 Nov. 1653 was amusing himself on the promenade of the New Exchange (i.e. near Heams' shop; see L. 13, n. 8), much frequented in the evening as a fashionable lounge, when he conceived

himself insulted by a Colonel Gerard, a young Royalist of some note. A scuffle ensued in which Gerard and an attendant of Dom Pantaleon were slightly wounded. Next night Pantaleon returned with fifty armed men, the stall-keepers put up their shutters and the English present tried to keep out of the way. Among them was a young Greenway, who had brought his sister and fiancée to make purchases for his wedding two days later. After conducting the ladies to a place of safety he stepped out to learn the cause of the disturbance and was shot through the head by one of Dom Pantaleon's attendants. Dom Pantaleon with four associates was tried on 5 July by a special commission and all sentenced to death. On 10 July Dom Pantaleon was beheaded on Tower Hill along with John Gerard (who meanwhile had been convicted of conspiracy to murder the Protector), and an English servant of Dom Pantaleon was hanged at Tyburn, the other three being reprieved. (This account is based on S. R. Gardiner, *Hist. of Commonw.* iii. 79.) See Appendix X.

7 *the Lost Lady* is a play by Sir William Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia under Charles I and Charles II, and died in 1677. It was printed as 'A Tragy Comedy' in 1638. It is a second-rate work in verse, often not to be distinguished from prose—perhaps indeed prose has frequently been misprinted as verse. If I may quote Judge Parry: 'Dorothy would play Hermione, the heroine. We can imagine her speaking with sympathetic accent lines such as these:

> With what harsh fate doth Heaven afflict me,
> That all those blessings which make others happy,
> Must be my ruin.'

LETTER 71

1 *aprehensions*, fears.

2 *as my Brother Pe*[*yton*] *is with some of his wives* [= *wife's fears*]. For Sir Thomas Peyton and his family see L. 24, n. 6.

3 *You are sattisfyed I hope ere this that I scaped drowning.* Temple, when he wrote, had not received Letter 69, written on 4 July. He was concerned about what she had written on 26 June in Letter 68 about her intended passage to Gravesend by water. Letter 69 may have been delayed, but Temple did receive it, or we should not have it. We see from the post-script to Letter 68 that a letter from Dublin could reach London in four days. But no doubt adverse winds made a serious difference. We see in Letter 73 that it took eight days for a Dublin letter to reach Knowlton.

4 *my will is made.* See Letter 68: 'if I drowne . . . this will bee my Last Letter, and like a will. I bequeath all my kindenesse to you.'

5 *pleasantest*, most amusing.

6 *upon the matter*, in essence.

LETTER 72

1 *ye K*[*ing*] must be Charles II. Dorothy is here an outspoken Royalist.

2 *my B.*, my brother[-in-law], Sir T. Peyton.

3 *amongst his Children.* For Sir Thomas and his family, see L. 24, n. 6.

4 *one son*, now about five years old.

5 *I have bin with Lilly . . . with a Cousen of mine.* Dorothy's visit to William Lilly, the astrologer, was made on 25 June (she left town on the 26th) when she was staying with her cousin, Mrs. Thorold, the young widow whose visit to Chicksands, 2–4 March 1653, she had mentioned in Letter 10 (see note 2), and who was Lady Gargrave's granddaughter. For William Lilly, see L. 5, n. 3.

6 *imposture*, perhaps meaning 'impostor'.

7 *abused*, befooled.

8 *stranglyest*, strangeliest, most strangely. The form is used by R. Brome in a play (*O.E.D.*).

9 *layeing a Pescod with nine Pease in't under the doore . . . and was informed by it that my husbands name should bee Thomas.* Lean (*Collectanea*, ii. 382) gives under 'Folk Lore':

'A peascod containing nine peas laid on the threshold. The next to enter, your sweetheart,' and quotes Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, iv. 70:

> 'As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanced to see
> One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
> Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid:—
> The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
> But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.'

In Dorothy's version of the spell, the peascod is put *under* the door, and the *name* of the first person who enters is that of your future husband or wife. No doubt in her case it was Sir Thomas, or his little son Tom, who entered and decided her fate.

LETTER 73

1 *your Journy.* Temple is about to return from Ireland.

2 *that discription I made you of my humor.* No doubt in a letter now missing.

3 *my Eldest Neece.* Dorothy Peyton, who had been with her at Chicksands from 3 June to 28 Oct. 1653.

4 *accident*, occurrence.

5 *pleasant*, amusing.

6 *this last week . . . a Coll: and his Lady . . . a mayde of honour to the Queen of Bohemia . . . and another Coll:* H. O., who had left Knowlton on 13 July, stayed there again from 18 Aug. to 11 Sept. He writes in his Diary: 'While I was at Knolton came Coll: Thornhill and his wife and Ascott.'

Colonel Thornhill was Richard Thornhill of Ollantigh, Wye, Kent, which had been acquired by his father, Sir Timothy Thornhill. According to Hasted (*Hist. of Kent*, iii. 170), Richard Thornhill was a great loyalist. In 1651 Parliament had ordered that his estate should be sold to provide £3,000, but he seems to have paid that sum and to have afterwards compounded for his estate for £1,054 17*s*. By his first wife, Thornhill had a son and heir, Henry. He married as his second wife Johanna, one of the

daughters of the valiant Sir Bevil Grenville, who fell leading his Cornishmen up the hill against Waller's entrenchments at Lansdowne, near Bath, 5 July 1643 (see *D.N.B.*).

Her brother, Sir John Grenville, was born at Kilkhampton, Cornwall, in 1628. He was knighted in 1643, and was severely wounded at the second battle of Newbury in 1644. After the downfall of the monarchy he retired to Jersey, and Dorothy probably met him when she was at St. Malo, 1648–9. They were of the same age. Possibly Temple had also met him in the early part of that time. From 1649 to 1651 Grenville held the Scilly Islands for Charles II. He appointed his kinsman, Dr. Nicholas Monk, to the living of Kilkhampton (see L. 36, n. 10), and employed him to influence his brother, General Monk, in favour of Charles. On 20 April 1661 he was created Earl of Bath, and his sister, Mrs. Thornhill, was given the precedency of an earl's daughter. For the rest of his life, see the *D.N.B.*

Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, was married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine, in 1613. On 26 Aug. 1619 the Elector was elected King of Bohemia, and he and his wife were crowned at Prague on 7 Nov. The Thirty Years' War broke out, and the result of the battle of Prague, 8 Nov. 1620, was to turn the young King and Queen into fugitives. They found a refuge in the Low Countries. Frederick, who was serving under Gustavus Adolphus, died a few days after him, 29 Nov. 1632. His Queen continued to keep up a court in ever deeper financial difficulties, her chief friend being Lord Craven. She came over to England in 1661, lived at first in Lord Craven's beautiful house in Drury Lane, and died 13 Feb. 1661/2, five days after removing to a residence of her own, Leicester House, in Leicester Fields. Her beauty and vivacity, her fidelity to her husband and children and to the cause of Protestantism, above all, her brief glory and long-continued misfortunes touched English hearts, and thanks to Sir Henry Wotton's famous poem, she will never be forgotten.

The 'other Colonel' whom H. O. calls Ascott, was perhaps an Arscott, and so related to the Monks and Grenvilles.

LETTER 74

1 *you were not come to Towne.* Temple then by this time has returned to London.

2 *you should not stay above a day or two*, i. e. before coming down to Knowlton.

LETTER 75

I agree with Judge Parry that this letter is difficult to date and for the reasons he gives incline to place it here, or at least after Letter 67, in which Dorothy speaks as though Sir Thomas Peyton would alone act for her in drawing up the 'treaty'.

1 *moaped*, drowsy, stupid.

2 *reduced* [*from*], 'reduced' is the last word on the page and 'from' was no doubt inadvertently omitted when she began a new one.

3 *proportion*, amount. See L. 3, n. 4.

4 *qualitys*, ranks.

LETTER 76

1 *my Brothers beïng seen in the Treaty.* This topic links this letter to the last.

2 *hee cannot but conclude.* Sir John Temple must see that even if Henry Osborne were not made a party to the treaty, Sir T. Peyton would take no step without Henry's concurrence.

3 *if . . . hee had refused it mee.* It is implied that Sir John has now waived his objections.

4 *his Sayeing to some that knew mee at York, that hee was forced to bring you thither and afterwards to send you over.* This goes back, I think, to the summer of 1651, when William Temple was summoned to meet his father at York and go thence to the Low Countries.

I do not know if Sir John was then at York on some official or private business. There were Temples at York; Leonard Temple was one of the two sheriffs elected in 1562, Thomas Temple in 1573. And we find Sir John Temple himself (described as 'of the City of Westminster'), and Henry Darley, of Buttercrome, co. York, about 1651 or 1652, suing Sir Ralph Maddison, of Formaby, Lincs. (*Chanc. Proc.* C 7, 419, 44), in connexion with a lease of lands in the forest of Gualtres (the forest stretched fifteen miles north-east from York), which they held from John Hall of Richmond, Surrey, who had compounded for them under the delinquency of Robert Longe (1649).

5 *nice*, scrupulous. D. had first written 'in pointes of reputation'.

6 *if you come hither*, sc. to Knowlton.

7 *till wee cam up.* Dorothy expected to be coming to London with the Peytons before long.

8 *two spotts.* The *O.E.D.* gives 'spot' as a variety of pigeon.

9 *after you were gon*, sc. to Ireland, in February.

LETTER 77

1 *that rock.* Some letter, not preserved, might have explained this.

2 *pray come hither.* We must suppose Temple to have gone to Knowlton two or three days later.

3 *will g[ive you leave]*. The paper is torn, and three lines of writing have been affected.

4 *to Canterbury.* Knowlton is nine miles from Canterbury on the road to Deal.

APPENDIX I

William Temple's Spanish letter

1 December 1652

(p. xxxiii)

Sennor

Despues de aver dicho que hasta agora he stado fuera de Londres y aun apartado mas de sesenta leguas di toda commodidad para escrivir, no ay otra cosa que annadir en disculpa de mi silencio tan largo tan porfiado. pero no avra mucha difficultad para escusar una falta que no a sido de danno alguno a V. M. ny a mi de provecho, y por esso bien parecera no aver sido peccado di malicia sino desventura, como en verdad sono los mas de mis delietos, que poco stoy obligado (como V. M. sabe) a la naturaleza pero aun menos a la fortuna, laqual no me ha hecho otra gracia sino de haver passado algun tiempo en Amberes, y en ella de aver conocido a V. M. la memoria desta ventura me agradesce mucho y me va rinfrescando cada dia los desseos di passar otra vez por estas mismas traças, si en algun tiempo vendran a concertar las occasiones con mi voluntad, que ellas goviernan a los hombres mas que las estrellas. pero aunq*ue* me detengan (el cuerpo digo) d'estas tierras tan gustosas y agradables, no lo pueden el animo qui se arroia muchas vezes en ellas y se passea por las calles las yglesias y las murallas de Amberes, hasta que se ricuerda dela necessidad que ay de no partirse di todo punto deste cuerpo inutile, el qual me ha dado el cielo mas para sepultura que para posada del alma. Bien sabe V. M. que hablo di veras y no di Cortezano, aviendo tan de cerca conocido mi humor quanto he stado siempre aficionado a las lenguas y costumbres peregrinas, y quan de mala gana (y apretado mucho por los mandamientos de mi padre) me he apartado de Amberes esta ciudad de mi corazon en que la hermosura de los edificios la limpieza de las calles sobrepuian a todas otras ciudades y contrastan solamente con la gentileza de las Sennoras y el donayre general de toda la gente que alli se hallan. mientre que me atraviessan la fantasia estos gustos passados, me hallo casi ahogado con el tufo de Londres, que a penas me dexâra aliento perta (?) para los sospiros si stuviera tan enamorado como stoy su servidor de V. M. Pero Sennor que ay di rimedio sino paciencia, todo dia advierta V. M. que no soy rio para no bolver atras ni se espanta si de caso me topara en la Mera el primavera o el verano que viene.

Pues Sennor estas son platicas di fiesta, aora para bolver en las ordinarias, como le va a V. M.: que ay di vida y di salud en su casa; como sta el Sennor Londe por vida suya, hagame V. M. la merced de besarle las manos de mi parte, y de ofrecerle todo lo que puedo en su servicio. tanbien a este pequeno moreno qui me hazia algunas vezes la visita en su casa de V. M. Quanto me ha pesado la muerte del Sennor Murrey tan hombre di bueno? poco a que he topado aqui col Sennor Shaw.

Seamos aqui muy alborotados con la Francia y la Hollanda, no ay apparencia de paz ny (a lo que iuzgo yo) provecho de la guerra. oy en dia ay muchas cartas llegadas de los puertos de mar que nos dan nuevas como avia entonces mas de veynte quatro horas que stavan peleando las dos flottas enteras de manera que se aguarda aqui cada hora el successo de una muy sangriente battagl[ ] las otras cartas desta semana le diran a V. M. porche partiendome yo de Londres esta tarde, por quatro o cinco dias, la mia no sera de las postreras. hagame V. M. la merced d'avisarme de todo lo que se passa en las marañnas dalla con Francia y Hollanda y me tenga siempre por

Su servidor muy aficionado
W Temple.

Londres el primero
de Deciembre stylo veteri
1652.

Tengo de supplicar a V. M. de una merced, y es que vaya a preguntar al Padre Segur este pintor tan sennalado en los Teatinos, si no se accuerda d'aver hecho (muchos annos ay) una pintura pequenna qui a sido presentado de su parte o de otra al defunto Re de Inglatierra. en la pintura no ay otra cosa sino un vaso de vidrio lleno de flores y oias entre los quales ay dos rosas muy grandes y dos o tres pequennitos con no se que otros flores communes. Quando V. M. me escrive hagalo si sea servido en Espagnol y endereza las cartas si lo puede con estas palabras Ingleses

For Mr Jamos Temple at Mr Rights house in Marke Lane
London.

APPENDIX II

Sir William and Lady Briers

(extracts from Henry Osborne's Diary)

(Letter 2, note 2)

H. O.'s Diary:

'1652 July 29. R. Compton came to mee from Mr. Barbor who informed my father would be sequestred againe for not producing his discharge to the Committee at Bedforde upon a pretended order we had to doe so.

Oct. 19. I went to S[r] W. Briars but he could not tell whither the bargaine he was upon would goe forward till a fortnight or 3 weekes, if it did not he would helpe me to 1300[li].

22. I came up to London to finde money for the paying Mr. Holforde 1300[li].

1653 Jan. 27. I came to London . . . to see if Mr. Holforde would receive S[r] W. Briar's 1300[li] to stop the proclamation against my father by Mr. [ffytch?].

Mar. 8. my father and I and R. Compton sealed the bond to S[r] W. Briars for 1300[li].

28. R. Compton told me Wheeler had brought him worde that now Sir W. Briars was content that my father should have the 1300[li] upon our personall security till the other of Hawnes was free.

June 7. I went to the buriall of S[r] William Briars.

July 16. wee dined with my L[ady] Grey at my Lady Briars.'

He does not mention the dinner at Lady Briers' which Dorothy describes in Letter 41 (beginning of October 1653). But he has further references to her: 'Dec. 30, Friday. Mr. Yelverton and my Lady Briars &c. dined at Chicksands. Dec. 31, Saterday. Wee all dined at my Lady Briars. 1654. Apr. 17, Munday. My Lady [Grey de Ruthin, who had just been married to Mr. Yelverton] and my sister and I came away from Easton, Mr. Yelverton and his sister and my Lady Ruthin came with us to Bedforde where my Lady Briars coach mett them, and my sister went that night to my Lady Briars. Apr. 20, Thursday. My sister went to St. Albons in my Lady Briars coach, and from thence in a hackney to London. June 6, Tuesday. I wente downe to my Lady Briars in her new Chariott, my sister made stay there that night and the next day came to Chicksands. June 12, Munday. [London.] Mr. Crofts

and I mett at Mr. Keelings about acknowledging a iudgment [?] to my Lady Briars for the 1300li and another as Executor. 1655. May 25, Friday. The Trustees mett and my brother. Mr. Keeling demanded Land security for my Lady Briars. 1656. May 22, Thursday. I payed my Lady Briars 1000li. 1657. June 5, Friday. I payed my Lady Briers at Mr. Reas her bond of 1300li.'

APPENDIX III

Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith and Jane Wright

(Letter 3, note 13)

From H. O.'s Diary we see that Dorothy on her visit to Epsom in 1652 was accompanied by 'Mr. Goldsmith and his wife'. At this time the Rector of Campton, if we follow Venn's *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, was an old man, the Rev. William Goldsmith, who was Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1599, B.A. 1599/1660, Fellow 1602, M.A. 1603. He was ordained and became Rector of Campton in 1603/4, and held the living till 1666/7 (63 years), when he was buried there. Dorothy's companion at Epsom was no doubt the Rector's son, the Rev. Daniel Goldsmith, bapt. at Campton 8 Feb. 1612/13, matr. at Trinity 1627, Scholar 1631, B.A. 1631/2, M.A. 1635. He had been Vicar of Great Barford, Beds. 1635–40, but after this Venn has no record of his holding a living till 1665. There is a note (of later date) in Campton register, 'Gulielmus Gouldsmith Inductus A. D. 1603 cessit (uti fertur) Filio suo Danieli circa anñ. 1641. Danielis Gouldsmith Inductus anno (uti videtur) 1641 seu 1642.' Whether actually Rector or Curate Daniel seems to have been in charge at Campton at this time. We hear nothing of any Mr. Goldsmith but one in H. O.'s Diary or Dorothy's letters. He was Rector of Wootton, near Northampton, from 1665 to 1667, and then succeeded his father as Rector of Campton till his death on 1 Oct. 1685.

A tablet of gray stone south of the altar in Campton church is thus inscribed:

Daniel Goldsmith Ecclesie de Campton
Pastor idem et patronus
. . . Obijt Cal. Octob. A. D. 1685.
Marmor hoc votivum marito sacrum
. . . Legavit Maria Goldsmith
Suae . . . consuetudinis fideique memor
Posuit superstes soror
Jane Wright.

Throughout the letters that follow we shall see mention of Dorothy's faithful attendant and friend 'Jane'. In regard to Dorothy, Jane and Temple are 'fellow-servants'. And Jane sometimes appears along with Mrs. Goldsmith, e. g. in Letter 58 (? 11 Feb. 1654), during the visit of an impertinent suitor Dorothy 'made Mrs. Gouldsmith and Jane sitt by all the while'. The old ties were not dissolved even by Dorothy's marriage, for in a letter *c.* 1656–7, written from Reading (see p. 197), Mrs. Temple tells her husband: 'Your horses shall be looked to as well as William and I and Jane and Mrs. Gouldsmith can doe it, for wee understand it much alike meethinks.' It is therefore likely that Judge Parry's brilliant suggestion is sound and that Dorothy's 'Jane' is Jane Wright, Mrs. Goldsmith's sister.

Perhaps we can carry things a step farther. We find that on 18 March 1653 (see L. 12) Jane left Chicksands: "tis to Guarnesey to her freinds there.' Now in F. B. Tupper's *Chronicles of Castle Cornet*, p. 125, we have a letter of 6 June 1645 sent to Sir Peter Osborne, then defending the Castle against siege, from one Thomas Wright, who, as Judge Parry says, *Letters of D. O.*, p. 300, 'appears to have been Sir Peter's bailiff, a trusted servant, and his then accredited agent at Jersey'. I suggest that Mary and Jane Wright were Thomas Wright's daughters taken into the household of Sir Peter and Lady Osborne, and that in Mary the Rev. Daniel Goldsmith, son of the Rector of Campton, found a wife.

APPENDIX IV

Henry Osborne's negotiations with Dr. Scarborough and Edmund Wyld

(Letter 3, note 14)

Henry's negotiations had begun earlier. On 2 or 3 Feb. (1652), according to the Diary, he 'went to Dr. Scarborough about Wilde'. Next day he received Lady Osborne's letter about Sir Thomas, and the rival attractions of Sir Thomas and Sir Justinian Isham put Wilde out of his head for some months. However, while Dorothy was at Epsom, he thought of Wilde again. He again employed the Vicar of Hawnes. 'Aug. 23, Munday. Mr. Gibson went to see Doctor Scarborough, but founde him gone to Battlesden [near Woburn, Beds.]. On 4 Sept., however, Dr. Scarborough, as we have seen, had travelled down from London, and next day,

'Sept. 5, Sunday. Dr. Scarborough came over to Chicksands, he spoke of Wild and said I should heare from him'. 'Oct. 11 Monday. Mr. Gibson went to [London?] to Doctor Scarborough.' On Friday 22 Oct., Henry Osborne went to London, and next day 'I sent a note to Doctor Scarborough'. On 30 Oct. Saturday: 'Doctor Scarborough came to mee in Westminster hall he said I should heare from him this night or to morrow morning.' 'Nov. 2, Tuesday. I received a letter from my sister where shee was not of opinion that Mr. Gibson should come aboute Doctor Scarborough. I writ her worde that I had heard nothing from him.' 'Nov. 21, Sunday. I mett by Sommersett house Doctor Scarborough, wee had hot talke he desired to meete on Tuesday night at the Divell taverne.' 'Nov. 23, Tuesday. Yesterday night I met Doctor Scarborough according to appointment at the Divell Taverne.' 'Dec. 2, Thursday. Doctor Scarborough came to mee and wee appointed to dine at his house on Sunday with Wilde.' 'Dec. 5, Sunday. I dined with Wilde.' Dorothy is writing to Temple about 9 Jan. and she says 'it yet goes on faire and softly'. However it was soon to be over. Her brother's entry, 'Jan. 29, Saterday. I went to Doctor Sc: and spoke of Wilde,' is the last we hear of this adventure.

APPENDIX V

Dramatic performances during the Commonwealth

(Letter 4, note 13)

I take the following facts and references from Prof. Rollins' paper.

p. 293. Mr. Rollins quotes Wright (*Historia Histrionica*, 1699), who is speaking of the time of the Interregnum:

'they used to Act privately, three or four Miles, or more, out of Town, now here, now there, sometimes in Noblemens Houses, in particular Holland house at Kensington, where the Nobility and Gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a Sum for them, each giving a broad Peice or the like. [Holland House was taken over by Parliament after E. of Holland's execution 1649, but apparently soon restored to his widow.] And Alexander Goffe, the Woman Actor at Blackfriers (who had made himself known to Persons of Quality) used to be the Jackal and give note of Time and Place. At Christmass and Bartlemew fair, they used to Bribe the Officer who Commanded the Guard at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at to act for a few days, at the Red Bull.'

p. 303. Cowley states that his *Guardian* printed in 1650 (and revised after the Restoration as *Cutter of Coleman Street*) was several times privately acted during the Interregnum, and the gentlemen of the Inner Temple performed a masque privately in Nov. 1651.

p. 305. The Red Bull was never closed for a long period during the whole interregnum.

p. 309. Of course the government made some exceptions in the case of private entertainments. Certainly with its knowledge and consent Jas. Shirley's masque of Cupid and Death was presented on March 26 1653 before the Portuguese Ambassador. In the printed copy (bought by George Thomason on March 28), the printer informs his readers that 'This Masque was born without ambition of more, than to make good a privat entertainment, though it found without any address or design of the Author, an honourable acceptation from his Excellency, the Embassadour of Portugal, to whom it was presented by Mr. Luke Channen . . . The Scæns wanted no elegance, or curiosity for the delight of the Spectator. The Musical compositions had in them a great soul of Harmony. For the Gentlemen that perform'd the Dances, thus much the Author did affirm, upon sight of their practise, that they shew'd themselves Masters of their quality.' [This performance before the Portuguese Ambassador took place about ten weeks after the masques, which, as Dorothy thinks, discomposed the Spanish gravity.

Thomas Jordan published in 1657 *Fancy's Festivals: A Masque As it hath been privately presented by many civil persons of quality.*

Professor Allardyce Nicoll suggests that D'Avenant's *Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, acted towards the close of 1656, may have been given privately at an earlier date.]

APPENDIX VI

Mrs. Thorold

(Letter 10, note 2)

Mrs. Thorold is often mentioned in H. O.'s Diary.

Thus on 19 May 1652 'My Aunt Gargrave and my C. Thoreld came to Towne': on 30 Jan. 1652/3 Sunday 'I dined with my Lady Gargrave . . . shee told mee of the offer of my Ld. Winsor for Thorold': on 8 Aug. 1653, 'I went to Cornebury [Lady Gargrave's house] where I found my C. Thorold and my C. H[arry] Davers.' On 11 Jan. 1653/4 he writes from Cornbury again: 'My C. Thorold and my C. Davers went to Oxforde towards London.' On 14 June

1654 'My A. Gargrave and my Cousin Thorold' dined with H. O. and Dorothy in London. Next day 'my A. Gargrave who came to town about my C. Thorolds businesse went out of towne againe'. On 9 Aug. 'My C. Thorold came . . . to Cornebury'. In 1655 on 12 Apr. 'I came to Cornebury where I found my Cousin Thorold and my C. Anne Davers' [sister of Harry Danvers]. Dorothy herself, now Mrs. Temple, writes in 1656 or 1657 from Reading: 'You tell mee nothing of my Aunt nor of my cousin Thorolde.'

Mrs. Thorold is mentioned in Lady Gargrave's will Oct. 1659. Soon after this date she was married to Sir William Trollope of Casewick House, Uffington, Lincs., Bart. Lady Trollope died in childbirth in 1661 and was buried on 27 Sept. at Uffington, leaving issue one only child, Elizabeth Carr Trollope. See M. N. Trollope, *Memoir of the Family of Trollope*, 1897, p. 60, and Sir William Trollope's will made in 1676 (56 Reeve).

APPENDIX VII

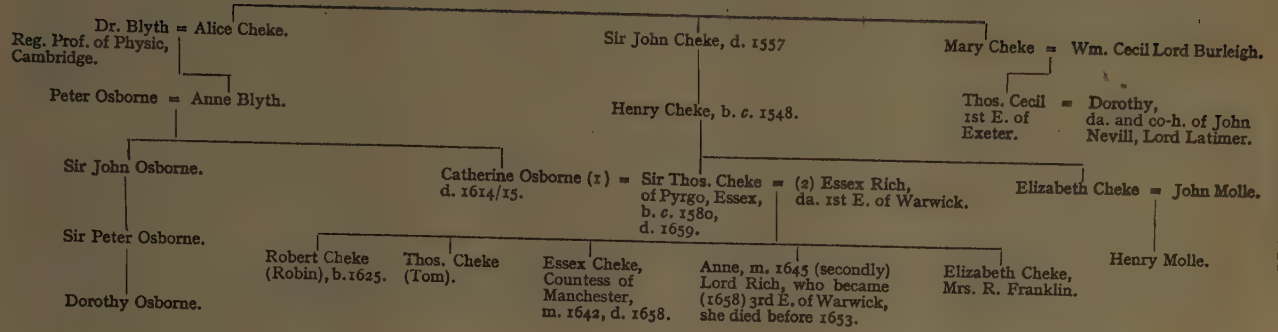
John and Henry Molle

(Letter 10, note 9)

'Cousin Molle', i.e. Henry Molle, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is a well-defined figure in Dorothy Osborne's letters. The following table shows that her relationship both to Molle and the Chekes (Tom Cheke, Mrs. Franklin, &c.) was rather remote, though there was a double connexion between the families.

It will be seen that Henry Molle was first cousin to Robin and Tom Cheke, the Countess of Manchester and Mrs. Franklin, but he and they were only third cousins of Dorothy's father, Sir Peter Osborne. Sir Thomas Cheke's first marriage to Dorothy's great-aunt was without issue. But Dorothy seems to have looked on Sir Thomas as her great-uncle, and on his children by his second wife as her father's first cousins. The pedigree throws some new light on the tragic history of John Molle, Henry's father.

Born, as Fuller tells us on Henry Molle's authority, at or near South Molton, in Devonshire, John Molle (or Mole) spent his early life in the public service. The State Papers Domestic, Eliz. vol. ccxxxix, show him on 5 June 1591 in service under Sir Thomas Sherley, Treasurer at War. On 26 Sept. 1593 he was serving in Brittany as vice-treasurer and was paid off for £600 (vol. ccxlv). On 26 March 1595, as Sherley's deputy, he has given a receipt for money for soldiers serving against Brest and not expended. On


Dr. Blyth
Reg. Prof. of Physic, Cambridge.
Alice Cheke.
Sir John Cheke, d. 1557
Mary Cheke
Wm. Cecil Lord Burleigh.
Peter Osborne
Anne Blyth.
Henry Cheke, b. c. 1548.
Thos. Cecil 1st E. of Exeter.
Dorothy, da. and co-h. of John Nevill, Lord Latimer.
Sir John Osborne.
Catherine Osborne (1) d. 1614/15.
Sir Thos. Cheke of Pyrgo, Essex, b. c. 1580, d. 1659.
(2) Essex Rich, da. 1st E. of Warwick.
Elizabeth Cheke
John Molle.
Sir Peter Osborne.
Robert Cheke (Robin), b. 1625.
Thos. Cheke (Tom).
Essex Cheke, Countess of Manchester, m. 1642, d. 1658.
Anne, m. 1645 (secondly) Lord Rich, who became (1658) 3rd E. of Warwick, she died before 1653.
Elizabeth Cheke, Mrs. R. Franklin.
Henry Molle.
Dorothy Osborne.

28 March 1597, as paymaster of the forces in Picardy, he has had to raise money in Rouen. On 27 April he writes to Lord Burleigh that he is in fear of being arrested by the merchants for the debt (vol. cclxii), and still more urgently on 5 June (vol. cclxiii). On 31 Aug. 1597, Secretary Cecil writes to Arthur Savage, in command before Amiens: 'From henceforward you shall have as paymaster Molle an honest and proper man' (vol. cclxiv). Fuller, who gives Molle's sad story in his *Church History* under the year 1607, writes: 'Being treasurer for Sir Thomas Shirley of the English army in Brittany, he was in the defeat of Cambray wounded, taken prisoner and ransomed.'

In 1598, Thomas, the new Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter, became President of the Council of the North. John Molle's wife was the Earl's first cousin once removed, and he gave Molle a post at York under the Council. Ten years later Molle took Lord Exeter's grandson Lord Roos[1] and Lord St. John on a continental tour. Against his will he accompanied the young men to Rome, and was immediately arrested by order of the Inquisition. I take what follows from the account of Molle given by Mr. L. Pearsall Smith in *Sir Henry Wotton's Life*, vol. ii, p. 473. 'He was arrested, Donne wrote, owing to the fact that he had in some translations from the works of Duplessis-Mornay written of Babylon and Antichrist (Gosse's *Life of Donne*, i. 399), and Chamberlain sent the same news to Carleton. [Fuller says, 'because he had translated Du Plessis his book on "The Visibility of the Church", out of French into English.' The book in question, by Ph. de Mornay, Seigneur du Plessis-Marly, was *A Treatise of the Church . . . Reviewed and Enlarged by the Author. Faithfully translated according to the last French copie.* This bore on its title-page the text: 'Goe out of Babylon, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sinnes, and that ye receiue not of her plagues: For her sinnes by following one another haue reached up to heauen, and God hath remembred her iniquities.' The dedication to the King, signed 'John Molle', is followed by a Sonnet, 'made upon the Anagram of his Maiesties Names, Charles Iames Stuart—Claimes Arthurs seat.'] Molle remained in prison thirty years, until his death in his eighty-first year, the Roman Catholics trying their famous controversialists on him, one after the other. His constancy aroused great admiration in the Protestant world, and one of Joseph Hall's

[1] Lord Roos and Dorothy Osborne were second cousins, his grandmother, Dorothy, Countess of Exeter, and her grandmother, Elizabeth Danvers, being both daughters of John Nevill, Lord Latimer. For the same reason Sir R. Cooke of Epsom, and Mary (Alington), Sir T. Hatton's wife, were her second cousins.

epistles is addressed to him, "exciting him to his wonted constancy, and encouraging him to martyrdom." "The hearts of all good men are with you. Neither can that place be but full of angels, which is the continual object of so many prayers." [Bp. Hall eulogizes Molle after his death in his *Free Prisoner*, ed. 1646, pp. 135, 136.] His wife and large family, Hall says, were as firm as Molle himself (*Epistles*, Decades, v, vi, London, 1610, pp. 93–105). Wotton suggested many attempts to get Molle released by exchange or other methods (*Life*, &c., by L. Pearsall Smith, i. 442, 508; ii. 126, 256), and Lord Exeter induced Henry IV to write to the Pope for this purpose. On 22 Oct. 1608, Chamberlain wrote to Carleton, "There is great means used for Molle, Lord St. John's and Lord Roos' tutor, as well by the Spanish and Venetian Ambassadors as by the French King, which, if they prevail not, it is thought some priests shall fare the worse, and pay the reckoning" (*Court and Times Jas. I*, i. 77). On 3 Jan. 1610, John Pory wrote to Sir D. Carleton, "Mr. Mowle, my lord Rosse's tutor lies still at Soul Surgery in the Inquisition, the Pope answering the French King's letter, which my Lord of Exeter procured for Mowle's release, that he shall be *dolce trattato* and all means used for his conversion" (*S. P. Dom.* James I, lii, No. 1). On 10 Jan. 1618, Chamberlain wrote that Lord Exeter complained that the Spanish ambassador had not kept his promise to procure Mole's release (*Cal. S. P. Dom.* 1611–18, p. 512).'

Fuller writes, on the strength of a letter received from Mr. Henry Molle, his son: 'In all the time of his durance, he never heard from any friend, nor any from him, by word or letter: no Englishman being ever permitted to see him, save only one, viz. Mr. Walter Strickland, of Boynton House [near Bridlington] in Yorkshire.' Mr. Strickland's moving account of the interview was sent in 1889 to the late Mrs. Francis D. Longe (Judge Parry's 'fellow-servant') by Miss Emily Osborn from Chicksands Priory, and I give it from Mrs. Longe's copy, by the kindness of Miss Julia Longe. (For Walter Strickland's political activity after 1642, see the *D.N.B.* and the *Alumni Cantabrigienses*. He died 1670.)

June 16th 1636. Mr. Strickland his account of his having seen Mr. Molle in the Inquisition who had been there about 26 years, what passed between them:

Touching my seeing Mr. Molle at Rome, you may be pleased to tell Mrs. Molle & [?Mr. Dr.] Stanhope that my affectionate & infinite esteeme of Mr. Molle's worth made mee deligent in the endeavor which had not I think been attempted by others, & thee better to effect it it was my

fortune to meete one Father John Mitford as hee now entitles himself, a Benedikten, one that is an agent there for his order, who had heretofore beene my schoolfellow in Newcastle, he was well seen by the Popes nephew the Cardinal Barberini who he moved in my behalfe. The Cardinal told him, the next time they met in the Holy Office (for so the inquisition is called) he would moove it to the rest of the Cardinalls & Prelates of the Inquisition, & if they were not against it, hee should do mee the favour, which being done accordingly, a motion of the Pope's nephew was not likely to be denyed, it was granted & moved both together. Notice was given to the Inquisition to suffer mee to speak to Mr. Molle, which I did the 13th of June this day twelvemonth—the Manner was this—Father John Mitford, Father Dominic Bourg of the House of My Lord Clanricard, as he told mee, and another Irish Father, his companion whose name I know not, we went into the Inquisition together. Father John made known my errand which the Inquisitor allowed of, provided that Father Domine Bourg as he called himself were present to give him an account of our discourse who spoke English very well.

Mr. Molle was sent for by an officer. notice being given that he was at the Chamber doore, into which there was 3 or 4 doors, the Inquisitor before Mr. Molle entered, intreated Father John (my friend) and the other Irish Father, companion of Father Dominic to retire, alledging his authority was only to allow mee to speak to him, and that he for his own justification if he should hereafter be questioned would have Father Dominic to be present, and hear our discourse, he himself not understanding English. they being put out, Mr. Molle came in. Father Dominic told him I was an Englishman who knew somme of his friends and had obtained leave of the Cardinal Barberini to let him know of their estates.

He said he was much beholden to mee, asked me my country and my home. He asked me if I was of the house of Thorn-Brigges, he sayde he knew Sir Thomas Strickland very well. I told him I was of that of Boynton. He tolde me our house were not Catholics, but he thought I was one, else I should not have had the favour to see him. Whereupon Father Dominick interrupted him and told him he was not to aske me of my religion, my leave was only to let him know of the affairs of some of his friends. Whereupon he asked me if I knew his wife, I told him I had seen her at Sir Henry Griffins his house, whether she came often to visit a daughter of hers who is married to Mr. Dr. Stanhope who lived there—he told mee he knew Sr Edward Stanhope, but had never heard of any brother of his, who was a Divine. I told him Yes & the dew merits of Mr. Dr., he being the King's Chaplin eminent in the Church—he asked me the name of Mr. Dr. Stanhope's wife, but that I could not tell him—After I told him Sir Edward Stanhope's son had married another, but knew not which it was, and told him of Dr. Wright's marriage with another.

He was exceedingly comforted and joyed in my good news. He asked me of his sonne. I told him I knew him not but heard he was bred a scholar, but could give him no particular account of him, as not knowing him. After this or thee like discource was past, the Inquisitor asked me if I were

satisfied, and if I were donne, and told mee having seen Mr. Molle & given him a short account of his friends that I knew [ ].

Whereupon I asked Mr. M. if he would say any more to me, for now we were to part. He prayed me to commend him to his wife & children, and tell them he prayed for them daylie, often, every day, said hee. when he told me he did conjure me as I was a gentleman to do that which S^t^ Austin sayde, every man ought to another, which was to testify the truth and therefore (sayde he) whether you be Catholicke or nott—yet testifie to my wife & children and all that shall aske for mee, that I have continued ever constant in the religion I was born & baptized in & will even to my life's end.

Father Dominic would have interrupted him, but he would not, ending this 'Well, I will pray for all your conversions' so he went into the room from which he came. and I left with such an impression of his sufferings, as all my companions at Rome knew, I could think of nothing else but Mr. Molle for many days after. He tolde me that he had been in the Inquisition 26 years & some odd months & dayes. Mr. Molle is all white for his beard & head, his stature tall, rather inclining to leane yet not in any extremity. He seems not to be infirme, more than all men are of his age w^ch^ seems to me (for I asked him not) to be 68 or 69. He wore a little straite horseman's coat of a sad brown, his other apparel of a middle value. He seemed to me to have his sences very good, and I saw no signe of any ill usage, but durst not aske him Walter Strickland
June 13th 1636.

In 1621 a second translation by John Molle was brought out by Richard Baddeley, probably his son-in-law,[1] with a prefatory letter to John Williams, Bishop Elect of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, in which Baddeley says that Molle on leaving England had entrusted the work to him as a fidei-commissum and prays that some course may be found for Molle's return. The work, fancifully entitled *The Living Librarie*, was a translation of the first century of the *Operæ Horarum Subsecivarum sive Meditationes Historicæ* of Philipp Camerarius, originally published about 1591. Molle's translation was, however, not from the Latin but from the French translation, *Les Meditations Historiques* of S. G. S. [Simon Goulart of Senlis].

Henry Molle, born at Leicester on Christmas Day 1597, was admitted Scholar from Eton at King's College, Cambridge, 26 Aug. 1612. On the 20 July 1616 (*S. P. Dom.* lxxxviii) the office

[1] R. B. for fifty years was secretary to Bishop Thos. Morton and wrote a life of him. Morton was a native of York and from 1598 held the living of Long Marston near York. So Baddeley might naturally be thrown with the Molles, and Molle's daughter, Mrs. Cassandra Baddeley, was doubtless his wife.

of Examiner of Witnesses before the Council of the North was granted in reversion after William Nevill and John Mole to the latter's son, Henry.

Having been admitted Fellow of King's 26 Aug. 1615, he became B.A. in 1616/17 and M.A. in 1620. From Michaelmas 1618 he was college Lecturer in one subject after another, in 1627–9, Bursar. Essex, Lady Cheke, on 20 Feb. 1624/5 begged of Secretary Conway the next reversion of a prebend at Windsor, for her husband's nephew, the son of Mr. Mole, in prison in the Inquisition at Rome. In 1638 he became a Senior Fellow of the College, and in 1639 Vice-Provost. He was University Proctor in 1633 and Public Orator from 1639. In 1650 he lost his Fellowship and the Oratorship for refusing to take the Engagement, and being expelled from King's lived as a Fellow-Commoner at Trinity College, which must have been his home at the time Dorothy Osborne writes of him. He appears to have found a friend in Cromwell, perhaps owing to his relationship to the Earl of Manchester, and at Lady Day 1654, or soon after, was reinstated in his fellowship at King's. On 29 Aug. 1654 he made his will. He left bequests to his four sisters, Mrs. Susan Stanhope £200, Mrs. Cassandra Baddeley, Mrs. Attwood and Mrs. Mary Wright £100 each, and to his nieces, Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter of his sister Anne Stanhope deceased £20, and Elizabeth, Frances, and Arbella, daughters of Mrs. Susan Stanhope, £40 each. By a codicil he bequeathed £5 to the College to buy 'humanitie' books for the Library. His executrix was his sister Mrs. Mary Wright.[1]

Henry Molle died in King's College 10 May 1658 and lies buried in the first vestry on the north side of the chapel. His will was proved in the College 26 May 1658.

There are three books in the College Library which were probably given by him in his lifetime as well as two probably bought out of his legacy. He was an extraordinarily fine Musician and himself composed some services for the chapel.[2]

[The whole of the above account is based on notes supplied to Mrs. F. D. Longe, by Mr. F. L. Clarke, Bursar's Clerk, in 1903, some of them taken from Anthony Allen's MS. Catalogue of the

[1] Mrs. F. D. Longe conjectured that Dorothy's friends, Mrs. Goldsmith and her sister, Jane Wright, were connexions of Henry Molle. It seems more likely from Jane's visit to Guernsey that they were connected with Sir Peter Osborne's old agent at Jersey, Thomas Wright.

[2] The Jebb collection of church music in Peterhouse Library contains an anthem, 'Great and marvellous', and five services by Henry Molle (Dr. T. A. Walker's *Admissions to Peterhouse*, p. 682).

Provosts and Fellows. They were kindly put at my disposal by Miss Julia Longe.] The arms of 'John Mole of Molton in Devon' are given in Add. MS. 5524 fo. 226, and of Henry Molle (the same) in Add. MS. 5849, p. 439.

Henry Molle, though in his last years Dorothy made fun of him and professed not to admire his letters, had been in earlier life a writer of light verse and witty squibs and prose characters. His first work was of a serious kind. In 1625 a second edition of his father's translation of the First Century of Camerarius, *The Living Librarie*, appeared 'with additions by H. Molle'. The additions were eight meditations taken from Camerarius' Second Century (translated from the Latin, not from the French) and prefaced by a short letter 'to the Reader'. He has Latin poems in various University collections and one on Sir Roland Cotton in *Parentalia*, 1635.

His natural inclination is seen better perhaps in the verses and 'characters' found in seventeenth-century commonplace books. Of these I have found:

1 'Witt in a Tempest; a Translation.' 16 lines in octosyllabic couplets. (Ashmolean MS. 36, fo. 173 b.; Rawl. MS. Poet. 147, p. 2; Rawl. MS. Poet, 210, fo. 49.)

2 'On a man stealing a candle from a lanthorne.' 6 lines in heroic couplets. (Rawl. MS. Poet, 147, p. 2; Rawl. MS. Poet. 210, fo. 49.)

3 'To a Gentlewoman with one eye.' (Rawl. MS. Poet. 147, p. 13.)

4 'Twilight at foure a clock in winter.' 76 lines in heroic couplets, preceded by 'The Occasion' in six 8-line stanzas. (Rawl. MS. Poet. 147, p. 25; Rawl. MS. Poet. 210, fo. 47 v.)

5 'On Fucus.' i. e. on the performance of the Latin comedy *Fucus Histriomastix* (printed 1909) by members of Queens' College, Cambridge, before King James at Newmarket in 1623, in rivalry with the performance of Hacket's *Loiola* by Trinity College men, given at Cambridge, 12 March. The lines were printed in E. E. Kellett's *Book of Cambridge Verse*, 1911, p. 406. Nine 8-line stanzas. (Rawl. MS. Poet. 147, p. 4; Rawl. MS. Poet. 210, fo. 51.)

6 'To y^e^ Queenes M^ty^ on y^e^ birth of James D. of Yorke.' (1633.) Three 6-line stanzas. (Rawl. MS. Poet. 147, p. 27; Rawl MS. Poet. 210, fo. 57 v.)

7 Four short 'characters' in the manner of Earle.

1 'The Author of y^e^ 3 following Characters.' (This is anonymous, but is probably by Molle.)

2 'A Bedell.'

3 'A Rambler.'

4 'Sturbridge Fair.' (Rawl. MS. Poet. 246, fo. 48 and 49.)

As a specimen of Henry Molle's skill in light verse I give his introductory lines to 'Twilight'.

The Occasion.

On a Decembers afternoone,
Betweene y^e^ times of Sun & Moone,
For day too late, for night too soone,
It fortun'd
Dick Goad[1] & I resolv'd together
To go, we knew nor car'd not whither,
To seeke some shelter as y^e^ weather
Importun'd.
And as we wandred up & downe
To find a fire in Cambridg towne,
It seem'd y^t^ angry fate did frowne
Upon us,
For not a fire or great or small
We could procure or find at all
In Parlo^r^, or in Hall
Of one house.
The Morning fire was dead & gone,
The evening fire was very none,
But the materialls of each one
Lay scat'tring;
There did y^e^ silent ashes lye
The stony-hearted cinders by,
No help, no hope, no remedy
For shatt'ring;
'Fye o' this ugly time,' quoth Dicke,
'That we must needs be colde i' th' nick[2]
When ther 's no coale of fire, no stick
To shew light,
Methinks it were a merry straine
And worthy of a Poetts vaine
To character y^e^ Interreigne
Of owle-light.

[1] Richard Goad was two or three years senior to Molle. He became a scholar of King's in 1610 and B.A. 1613/14. Like Molle, he became a Fellow.

[2] The *O.E.D.* has nothing nearer to this use of 'i' th' nick' than Jonson's 'A very Sharke, he set me i' the nicke t' other night at primero' (*Silent Woman*, iv. 4).

For sure Dame Nature ne're did breed
A time whereof there is no need,
But some promiscuous wanton seed
Did whelpe it,
Then if some angry Poetts quill
Make it ye subject of his skill,
He shall have heart and my good will
To helpe it.'

Then I, who yett (as all men know it
And as my following rime will show it)
Was neither borne nor bred a Poett
Nor thought one,
Since Indignation doth supply
The verse that nature doth deny,
The good will of my Muse to try
Was brought on.

A specimen 'character' follows.

Sturbridge Fayre

Is a stubble feild overgrown with booths, a peaceable camp, or a towne sticht up[1]: a place where men thinke they are couzend and are not deceiv'd. The Londoners bring downe theire sick commodityes to take the ayre, & ye Countrey tradesmen to sweare & utter their wares wth creditt: ye heavyest wares go lightest of, & ye Pedler & Tobaccho [man?][2] are the last that are borne. It is a resort of divers humors accustomed to flow to such a place at such a season, wch ye heate of a few daies commerce spends & disperses. The schollers make it their suburbs & though they buy but superfluities yet they thinke their journey necessary. The countrey Gentleman makes his provision in his best cloaths, & hath brought his wife with him to save her longing. Cold meate & hot drink are in fashion & ye greatest affront to ye fayre is foule weather. The buyers & sellers like Gamesters worke one upon ye other & ye victualer like ye box takes on both sides. The northern man maintaines his Prerogative of being lowdest & his speech is as broad as his cloath. The tradesmen like Pœnitentiaryes live in sackcloath, & keep their familyes in booths as ye Hollanders doe in ships. At last like an inchanted Castle, it is resolved into dust & oyster shells, & ye corruption of this one faire is ye generation of divers others.

[1] Vamped up, extemporized.

[2] Mr. F. P. Wilson, who has kindly looked at the MS. for me, suggests that 'ā' here stands for 'man'.

APPENDIX VIII

Almanzor or Amaran?

(Letter 11, note 3)

The story of Amaran is told in Chapters lxxiii–lxxviii of the French translation (1572) of *Palmerin de Oliva*, in Part II, Chapters 1–13 of the English translation.

The fair Ardemire (or Ardemia), being repulsed in her love by Palmerin, dies of vexation, to the grief of her betrothed, Amaran, eldest son of the King of Phrygia. The latter arrives at the court of the Sultan Maulicus and accuses the Sultan's daughter Archidiana (in Spanish and English 'Alchidiana'), who was herself in love with Palmerin, of having caused the death of her cousin Ardemire. Palmerin, on behalf of Archidiane, takes up Amaran's challenge and slays him in fight. Amaran's brothers carry his body to the tomb of Ardemire to bury it with her. But Archidiane persuades her father not to permit this, but to order the Phrygians to take the corpse at once out of the country. The brothers carry the bodies of Amaran and Ardemire to Phrygia, where the king, their father, bursts into a passionate lament over his loss and the insult done to Amaran's dead body.

There can be little doubt that Dr. Thomas has solved the difficulty of the passage.

Temple's knowledge of Almanzor (the hero of Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*) was, as Dr. Thomas further suggests, probably derived from Robert Ashley's *Almansor the Learned* (1627), a translation of a Spanish romance by a pretended Arabian author, Ali Abencufian. In his Essay *Of Heroick Virtue*, Sect. v, Temple treats Almanzor as historical: 'The Arabian branch of the Saracen Empire, after a long and mighty growth in Ægypt and Arabia, seems to have been at its height under the great Almanzor, who was the illustrious and renowned Heroe of this Race, and must be allowed to have as much excelled, and as eminently, in Learning, Virtue, Piety, and Native Goodness, as in Power, in Valour, and in Empire: Yet this was extended from Arabia through Ægypt and all the Northern Tracts of Africa, as far as the Western Ocean, and over all the considerable Provinces of Spain. For it was in his time, and by his Victorious Ensigns, that the Gothick Kingdom in Spain was conquered, and the Race of those famous Princes ended in Rodrigo . . . I do not remember ever to have read a greater and nobler Character of any

Prince than of this great Almanzor, in some Spanish Authors or Translators of his Story out of the Arabian Tongue.' Courtenay (ii. 264) quotes Gibbon's comment on this passage from his *Miscellaneous Works*, v, p. 554: 'I pass over several other mistakes of Sir William Temple's that I may not seem to treat a polite scholar with the critical severity which he justly enough complained of; but I can scarce refrain from smiling at his Almanzor, the most accomplished of the western Caliphs who reigned over Arabia, Egypt, Africa, and Spain; but in fact an imaginary hero of an imaginary empire. Sir William Temple was deceived by some Spanish romances which he took for Arabian History.' To Dorothy Almanzor is clearly only a romance hero.

APPENDIX IX

The Wrongs of Francis Osborne

(Visit to London after Letter 45)

Readers of Francis Osborn's *Advice to a Son* are aware that he had a grievance against his brother, Sir Peter, and even against their mother. I propose to clear up the matter in the light of entries from Henry Osborne's Diary and of some Proceedings of the Court of Chancery. It will be seen that Francis contended that his father, Sir John Osborne, had left the manor of North Fambridge, Essex, and some appurtenances, as a provision for his four younger sons and had left the furniture and hangings of his house in London to his eldest son Sir Peter conditionally on his acting rightly by his younger brothers. But the second son, Christopher, had died, and his share in the North Fambridge estate was claimed by Sir Peter, who at the same time possessed the furniture of the London house.

The proceedings began in 1649. On 29 May of that year Sir Peter Osborne, then beyond seas, compounds for delinquency. He bore arms in the first war against Parliament, and begs the benefit of the late votes. On 31 July his fine is fixed at one-third of £2,266 5*s*. 4*d*. On 13 Aug. he begs a review [revisal] and allowance of debts charged on his lands, the evidence of which could not formerly be produced; also leave to compound for a legacy to his wife from Capt. Peter de Lean of £100. The next records run:

'2 Apr. 1650. Fine on the legacy £33 6*s*. 8*d*. and the former fine to stand.

'4 June. Fine paid and estate discharged.'

Meanwhile on 22 Nov. 1649 Thomas and Francis Osborne beg

that Sir Peter, their eldest brother, may not be allowed to compound for North Fambridge Manor, Essex, settled by Sir John Osborne, their father, on them and two brothers, now dead. If he do compound, they beg that possession may not be granted him, but he be left to try his title at law.

'24 Nov. Granted, and the County Committee are not to alter the possession of the estate, although Sir Peter compounded for it and obtained letters of suspension.'

On 8 Nov. 1650 Sir Peter begs to add £60 to the value in his former particular of North Fambridge Manor, which he finds is worth £120. A new fine on this and other added particulars was paid on 24 Dec. and the estate discharged.[1] In 1652 Henry Osborne, to whom his father had assigned the share in the estate that had fallen to him, was taking steps to eject some of his uncle's tenants. Francis Osborne had been living at North Fambridge for some years.

On 21 Apr. 1652 Henry writes: 'I went to S[erjant] Browne and carried him the writings [= deeds] of Fambridge to have his opinion how to begin the suite with my Uncle Francis.

Aug. 15. I writ to my Uncle Francis by the Oxforde foote post.

Aug. 25. I went with R. Compton, R. Squire, and Pyman towards Fambridge [near Maldon, Essex].

Oct. 30, Saterday. I and my brother Robin and Phill Froude mett my Uncle Francis my Cousin Tom Osborn and Coll: Draper[2] at the goate in Smithfeilde, wee agreed to referre the businesse to a Lawier and Gentleman of each side and to meet on Tuesday next at Westm: hall to name the persons. Draper made a greate speech to mee of articles against my father and mee.

Nov. 2, Tuesday. I mett my Uncle Francis and C. Tom Osborn in Westm: hall and they named Mr. Crooke for a Lawier and Major West for the other Arbitrator, I Sergeant Browne and Sir T. Hatton.[3] I agreed to stand to their arbitration, and they to name any day after Munday next.

Nov. 12, Friday. My Uncle Francis and the Arbitrators mett mee at S[erjeant] Brownes chamber and the further debate was putt of till Munday next.

[1] Committee for Advance of Money, St. Pa. Dom.

[2] Probably Francis Osborn's brother-in-law or nephew.

[3] Serjeant Browne and Sir Thos. Hatton of Long Stanton, Cambs., were with Sir Thos. Peyton and Henry and Robert Osborne, trustees of Sir Peter's property by his deed of 1649. See his will, Alchin 185.

Nov. 15, Munday. Arbitrators for Fambridge mett at S. Brownes with my Aunt [? Thomas O.'s widow] and her daughter, they offered to give me halfe the rent at 100 markes charges deducted. I offered to forgive arrears, and they to continue in yet two yeares. They tooke time to consider of it.

Dec. 20, Monday. I thinke Saterday last I received a subpoena from my Uncle Francis and others for mee my father and R. Compton to appeare in Chancery the 24th of January.

1653. Jan. 27, Thursday. I came to London to answer my Uncle's bill in Chancery.'

At this point it is desirable to give the gist of the subpoena served on Henry O. and of the answer made to it, with a few words of introduction.

The manor of North Fambridge with its appurtenances and two parts in three of the In and Out Marsh called South Marsh in that parish and Purley [Purleigh] on the death of John Osborne, 18 March 1605/6 (son, probably, of Christopher Osborne, to whom it had been granted in 1591[1]) passed to his uncle, Sir John Osborne of Chicksands. Sir John, before his death, conveyed the manor for the benefit of his younger sons, as is clear from his will made 26 Sept. 1626, and proved 5 March 1628/9. In that will he leaves all his plate, hangings, &c., at Chicksands *or at London* [in the Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row], to his wife Dorothy, 'Provided that if my son Peter enroll in the Exchequer in the Treasurer's Remembrancer's office the whole and entire conveyance of my lands in Bedfordshire by which I assured my land to him at his marriage and a joynture to my wife and a joynture to my daughter Osborne [Sir Peter's wife], and deliver to my wife within six weeks after my death a true exemplification under the Exchequer seal to my said wife and suffer her quietly to enjoy during life what is intended for her by the said conveyance and *suffer his younger brothers to enjoy my lands in Essex according to the meaning of the conveyance to them thereof*, then my wife shall have only the use of plate, hangings, etc., at Chicksands.'

Sir John's younger sons when he made his will were Christopher, Thomas, Richard, and Francis.

The bill in Chancery[2] of 27 Jan. 1652 (1652/3) presented by Francis Osborne of North Fambridge, Essex, and Thomas Osborne gent., one of the sons of Thomas deceased, states that Sir John O. by indenture of 28 June 22 James (1624) provided that his lands in

[1] Morant's *Essex* i, pp. 351, 352.

[2] Chancery Proceedings C. 6, bundle 121, No. 95.

North Fambridge and the advowson of the Rectory and lands in South Fambridge should on his death be divided into four parts, one fourth to go to each younger son or the heir of the body of such son, or failing such an heir to the other younger sons, or if one was dead to his heir, if all were deceased then to Sir Peter and his heirs. The covenant was left in the hands of Sir Peter who promised for himself and his heirs that he would never claim any part in the said premisses. Sir John left an estate of the yearly value of £3,000 to Sir Peter and by will an estate of £10,000 and upwards to his widow with all his plate, hangings, and household stuff to pass on her death to Sir Peter if he performed his obligations to his younger brothers. Shortly after Sir John's death, however, Sir Peter entered on the premisses and hath since enjoyed them and hath persuaded his mother to settle houses in London and other tenements elsewhere, which she intended to have bestowed upon her younger children, on Sir Peter, in regard of Sir Peter's protestations that his younger brothers should have their rights.

On the death of Richard 'many years since' [before 19 Jan. 1633/4] his share passed to Christopher, Thomas and Francis, and on the death of Christopher 'about 14 or 15 years since' [about 1636] his share vested in Thomas and Francis, and by the death of Thomas about Midsummer 1651 his part descended to his son and heir Richard who sold it from 20 March 1652 for 99 years to his brother Thomas.

'Yet the said Sir Peter combining together with Henry Osborne esq. one of his sons and one Ralph Squire and one other confederate . . . to deprive your orators of the inheritance of the said Christopher . . . claiming all the premisses on the ground that Sir John's conveyance to his younger sons is insufficient in law . . . and at other times alleging that Christopher in his lifetime did suffer a common recovery of his share [i. e. got rid of the entail] and the same doth therefore belong to Sir Peter as heir to Chrisropher—whereas if such recovery was had, the same (as advised by counsel) is void in law, and again if such recovery was had, Christopher reserved a power in himself to bequeath the same and executed a deed or will whereby he declared his interest in the said premisses to be in Thomas his brother who was bound surety to him in divers debts, which deed or will has somehow come to the hands of Sir Peter O and Henry O or some of the said confederates who have cancelled or concealed the same. The value of the premisses not £200 a year. Your orator Francis Osborn and his wife and children and your orator Thomas Osborn, his mother, brothers and sisters (in all

thirteen persons) pray for a subpœna to Sir Peter Osborne, Henry Osborne, Ralph Squire, Compton and other confederates to show cause &c.'

We now have 'The joint and several answer of Sir Peter Osborne, Henry Osborne, Ralph Squire, Ralph Compton to the bill of Francis Osborne and Thomas Osborne'.

Sir Peter replies that his father, Sir John, was seised in the Marsh grounds in North Fambridge and Purly [Purleigh] and in the manor of North Fambridge, but what estate he had in South Fambridge he knows not. He believes his father was seised of plots . . . in Grey Friars, London, but does not believe that there was any trust reposed in Sir John by any of his ancestors for settling such property upon his younger children.

It is true that Sir J. O. made an indenture sixtipartite about 20 June 1624, as shown by original deeds now in the custody of Henry O., according to which the plots in London are limited to the use of himself and Dame Dorothy, his wife, in trust that if she survive, she should convey the same after her decease to some one or more of Sir J. O.'s children or grandchildren as she should think most deserving. And she conveyed the same to Sir Peter and his heirs who have long since sold them.

And no other houses or lands were limited. And Sir Peter O. denies that he made any promise to his father, or that his father intended him to be incapable of accepting any share from a brother without having to pay it over to his other brothers.

The real estate that came to Sir P. O. was not of half the value suggested.

By Sir J. O.'s will, plate, etc., at Chicksands and at London are conveyed to his wife for life only if Sir Peter allowed his brothers their rights, and then to go to Sir Peter as heirlooms, without any obligation on him to give them to his younger brothers. He denies that on his father's death he entered on South Fambridge. Christopher O, seised of a third part of North Fambridge, by Indenture triplicate of 20 May 11 Charles [1636] effected a recovery . . . so being seised he died and the same descended to Sir Peter O. who hath conveyed the same to Henry O. his second son for his maintenance. Sir P. O., H. O., Ralph Squire, Ralph Compton deny all combinations . . . confess that R. S. hath brought his ejection form at common law against John Greene and Agnes his wife. Sir P. O. has only Christopher O.'s share. He is not aware that Chr. made a will. As they have Richard's share, they have more than their father intended for them.

Sir P. had paid debts of Christopher, does not know if Thomas O. did also. The answer was sworn 9 Feb. 1652 [1652/3] and signed

Pet. Osborn [in a very shaky hand]
Hen. Osborn
Ra. Compton
The mark of Ralph + Squire.

To return to the entries in H. O.'s Diary:

'1653 May 2 [3?], Tuesdey. I went up to London to the Terme.

May 16. My brother John came up.

May 18 [19?], Thursday. R. Compton came up.

May 20, Friday. This weeke Sir T. Hatton and I fell out.

July 25, Monday. I sent Owen to London to goe to Greenwich to take out of the Church booke my uncle's death. [In margin 'V.C. (Uncle Christopher's[1]) death']. My brother John went up with him.

July 26, Tuesday. I went towards Chelmsforde Assizes.

July 29, Friday. In the morninge my Cause was heard by my Ld S[t] John and I had a verdict for mee, my uncle Counsel was Wilde, and young Conyors, mine was Twisden, Turnor and Atwood.

Oct. 31, Munday. At the Committee of Petitions I was ordered to answer to my uncles Petition upon Munday next.

Nov. 7, Munday. It was putt off for a fortnight.

Nov. 25, Friday. The Trustees met and it was determined that my brother and his wife should come to Chicksands the day before he and I agreed.

Dec. 12. My cause was to be heard but the Parliament was dissolved this morninge, and the Committee that was to heare it.

1654 Feb. 6, Monday. I went to London to [take?] of [take off?] my uncle's Iniunction in Chancery and to prepare for another Triall this assizes at Chelmesforde.

July 17, Munday. My horses came up to London I intending to goe to Chelmesforde about my Triall, but Preistman putting in (iv?) acres insteade of a thirde part in the Declaration I declined the Triall.

1655 Mar. 27, Tuesday. My cause was heard in the afternoone and I had a verdict for mee. My Councell was Sergeant Twisden, Turner, Atwood and [Herrys?]. Theirs was Wilde and Greene. They brought Mrs. Hobson to prove a Will who upon her oath said shee was to have had 50[li] a yeare by that Will. The other

[1] Christopher was a Captain in the Navy. His name often occurs in the *S.P.D.*

woman swore she never saw the Will, nor knew not what was in it. My Attorney was Jekyll, theirs Brickewood.

Mar. 28, Wednesday. I came home in a hackney coach with Mr. Beverley [the 'James B.' of Dorothy's later letters] and my Cousin Tom Osborne.'

The passages in *Advice to a Son* in which Francis Osborn expresses the feelings caused in him by his defeat are as follows:

Pt. I, 1 § 30. 'Let not the *Titles of Consanguinity* betray you into a prejudicial Trust: No blood being apter to raise a Fever, or cause a Consumption sooner in your poor Estate, than that which is nearest your own; as I have most unhappily found, and your good Grandfather presaged, though God was pleased to leave it in none of our powers to prevent: Nothing being truer in all *Solomon's* Observations, than that *A good Friend is nearer than an unnatural Brother.*'

Pt. II cap. 17. 'Sad experience hath . . . left me this unquestioned Legacie, *That no Relation below a Father, is to be confided in by Younger children.* The fear of having their *Jointure* questioned, Obliging a *partialitie* in *Widows* towards their *first-born*; a term . . . pernicious to the Major part of *Mankind* . . . These *Gypsies* (found commonly Slaves to their Wives or Vices) and performing their task in this World under a richer Canopy of Honour than some of their *Younger Brethren* ever stood near, have besides the *cruelties* and unnatural burdens they lay upon them, . . . converted into *stubble* the *straw* their more charitable *Fathers* left their *brethren* to cover them withal. But lest *Interest* should transport me into a general declamation against *the most Noble part of the Nation*, out of a particular experience of the *ill natures of some.* I shall conclude with an advice to put all *younger Children* to such *courses* as may protect them from undoing by the worst of Heirs.'

APPENDIX X

A Letter about Dom Pantaleon

(Letter 70, note 6)

There is a curious reference to Dom Pantaleon and his love-affairs in the following contemporary letter, preserved by the Rev. John Longe of Yelverton Rectory with the seven letters of Dorothy's not sold to the British Museum. The writer is a lady, a cousin of Lady Anne Blunt's, and now by marriage a cousin of Dorothy's. I have not identified her.

'Deare Mrs

your last leter releiued mee out of a great deall of paine that I was

in concerning you for I was inclined to supposse things to my selfe that were vneasey to me in the same proportion that my kindnesse to you is strong, vpon my not haueing heard from you in soe much longer time then it has been the coustome of your favour to allow mee, why are you decl[in]ing soe sore in it, as to suffer mee to receiue your desireable leters soe seldome, compaired with what you did doe as well as what I wish you euer may continue, now that I am y^r^ cousin you will have soe much compassion I presume as to grant my request, I beleiue that the ioy I have to heare y^o^ named in my kindred is as true as any the protector felt when he found he escaped soe narrowly the ploters against him, though it dos not relate to that, I must tell you what I forgott in my other leter that Mrs. Moon had sounding [= swooning] fitts 8 and 10 after on another when her seruant ceased from that tytle, and I had it in my power to have abayted her desparation (I think or else she differs from any creaturs temper) and yett did not, I could have shewed her leters of his owne wrighting to a pretty young woman where he swore y^t^ he intended makeing her his wife and y^t^ part was in English then est moy Je serey vostre deare husband and then a litle of his owne language, through out the vnskillfullnesse of his expressions for want of either tongue one might discerne witt in his maner of wrighting, but y^se^ papers I was trusted with en confidente for not M^rs^ Moon nor non of our sex but I and one More was tould it, and though silence had not been inioyned mee I should not haue ventured my eyes as much as they haue giuen mee of trouble, in soe vissible a danger as to her fury for sure she had scratched them out vpon a declairation of Pantalions infidellyty. I haue sure tould you that my cousin Ann is quitted by M^r^ Blunt openly some are soe mallicious as to iudg y^t^ tis mony has purchased his freedome, I dare not say tis the opinion of

Deere cousin

Y^r^ most humble

the 8 of aug Llin: Seruant

the businesse w^ch^ you inquir after is yet vndetermined, but I am still at Commitys and at Whight hall tell mee how y^r^ bro dos though I know he is not with you I haue noe other way to aske after him.'

APPENDIX XI

Pedigrees of Osborne, Danvers, Temple, and Hammond.

PEDIGREES

The pedigree of the Osborne family is based on pedigrees given in the different *Baronetages* and on family wills, that of the Danvers partly on Macnamara's *Danvers Family*, that of the Temples on Miss Julia Longe's *Martha Lady Giffard* (1911) and Mr. Temple Prime's *Temple Family* (New York, 1899), that of the Hammonds chiefly on wills.

OSBORNE PEDIGREE

Peter Osborne of Tyled Hall, Essex, and of the Exchequer, b. 1521, d. 1592.

- Sir John Osborne of Chicksands, Beds., and of the Exchequer, b. 1552, d. 1628, aged 76. = Dorothy, da. of Ric. Barlee of Elsenham, co. Essex, she d. 1638, aged 76.
- Catherine = Sir Thos. Cheke of Pyrgo, Essex.

Sir Peter Osborne of Chicksands and of the Exchequer, b. 1585, d. 1653/4. = Dorothy, 6th da. of Sir John Danvers of Dauntsey, Wilts., d. 1650 or 1651, aged 60.

- Christopher, captain in the Navy, d. unm. after 20 May 1635.
- Thomas, d. 1651.
- Richard, d. by 1633, s. p.
- Francis, b. 1593, d. 1657/8, author of *Advice to a son*. = — Draper.

Richard. Thomas.

- Henry, b. *c.* 1614, d. young.
- Thomas, b. 1615, d. in France 1637 unm.
- Sir John Osborne, b. *c.* 1616, d. 1698/9, cr. bart. 1661/2. = Eleanor, da. of Chas. Danvers of Baynton, Wilts., d. 1677.
- Francis, b. *c.* 1617, d. young.
- Sir Henry, b. 1619, d. 1675 unm.
- Charles, b. 1620, killed near Hartland 1646 unm.
- Robert (Robin), b. 1626, d. 1653 unm.
- Elizabeth, eld. da. b. 1610, m. 1636, d. 10 Sept. 1642. = Sir Thos. Peyton of Knowlton, Kent, b. *c.* 1613, d. 1683/4. He m. 2ndly 1647/8 Cecilia, widow of Sir W. Swan, she d. 1661, by whom he had Thomas, b. 1650, d. 1667, and Esther, b. 1651. 3rdly Jane, da. Sir W. Monins, Bt., widow of Sir Timothy Thornhill, she d. 1671/2.
- Dorothy, b. 1627, m. Sir W. Temple 1654, d. 1695.

Sir Basil Dixwell, Bt., of Broom, Kent, m. 1659/60, d. 1668. = Dorothy P. b. *c.* 1638.

- Catherine P.
- Elizabeth P.

Sir Basil Dixwell, Bt., b. 1665. = Dorothy, da. of Sir John Temple of East Sheen (Sir W. T.'s brother).

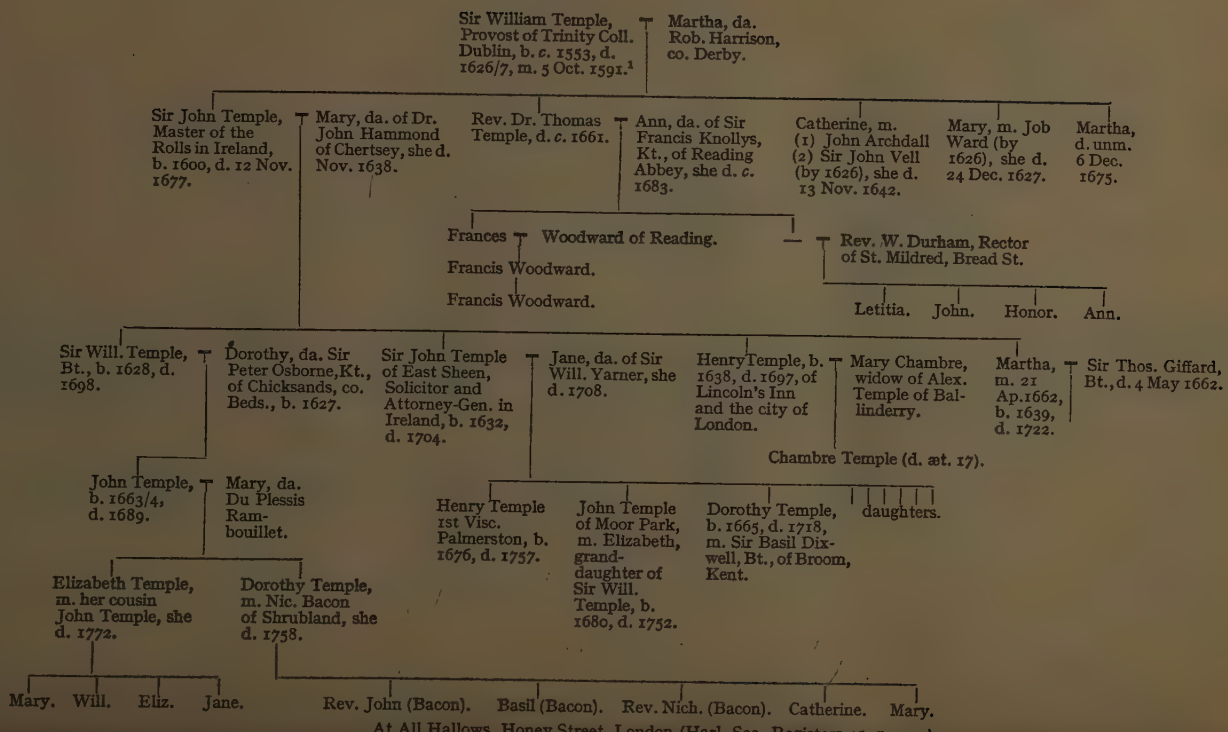
The account of Sir Peter Osborne's children is in some points probable rather than certain. Wotton's *Baronets 1727* and *Baronetage 1741* say there were seven sons, of whom only John and Henry survived their father, and two daughters, of whom the eldest (unnamed) married Sir Thos. Peyton, and the youngest was Dorothy. This is probably correct, except that the Campton Registers record the burial in 1630 of an unmarried daughter Mary. Kimber and Johnson 1771, followed by Betham 1802, furnish further information, some certainly wrong. They give Sir Peter four daughters, Elizabeth, born 1610, married to Edw. Duncombe of Battlesden, Beds. [the Elizabeth O. who married E. D. was a daughter of Peter O., Sir Peter's grandfather, as is rightly stated in Wotton's editions]; Mary, married to — Bridges of Wilts. [perhaps equally incorrect]; Anne b. 1623, married Sir Thos. Peyton [Lady Peyton was Elizabeth, the eldest daughter]; and Dorothy. They still make John the eldest son, though they state by implication that he was born in 1615 or 1616, and that his brother Henry was born 1614, and Thomas 1615.

DANVERS PEDIGREE

Silvester Danvers
of Dauntsey, Wilts., ob. 1552.

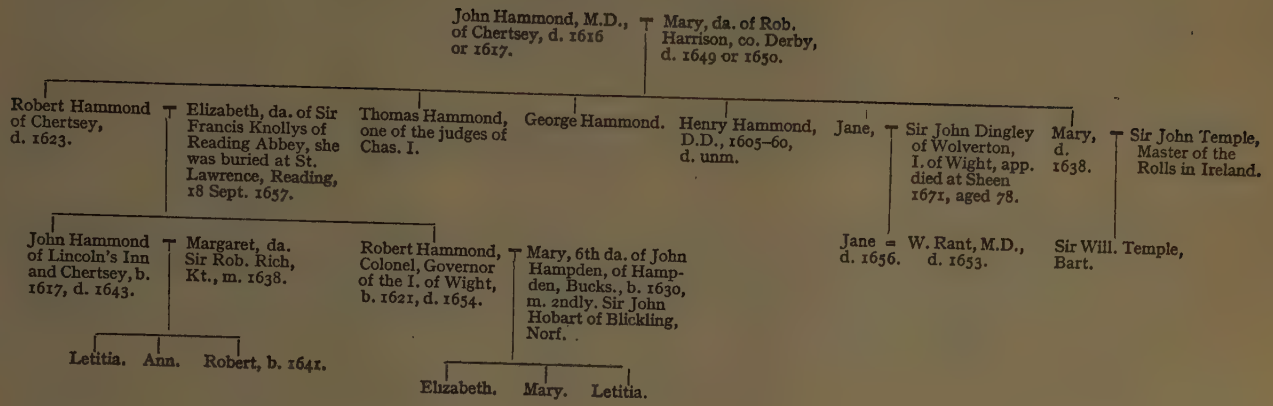
- Sir John D. of Dauntsey. = Elizth., 4th da. and coh. of John Nevill, Lord Latimer, she d. 1630, aged 86.
  - Sir Chas. D., beheaded, unm., 1601.
  - Sir Henry, cr. E. of Danby 1626, d. s. p. 1643/4.
  - Magdalen (1) = widow of Ric. Herbert of Montgomery Castle.
  - Sir John D. = (2) Eliza., da. of Amb. Dauntsey of West Lavington, she d. 1636. (3) Grace Hewes by whom he left a son, John D. of Prestcote, ob. s. p.
    - Henry D., d. unm. 1654.
    - Elizth. m. 1648, d. 1709.
    - = Robt. Wright (Villiers or Danvers) 'Viscount Purbeck', d. *c.* 1675.
    - Ann. d. 1659. = Sir H. Lee of Ditchley, m. 1655, d. 1658.
  - Eleanor, 3rd da., m. Sir Thos. Walmesley of Dunkenhalgh, Lancs.
    - Anne, d. 1666. = Sir Edw. Osborne of Kiveton, Yorks., d. 1647.
      - Sir Thos. Osborne, E. of Danby, D. of Leeds, b. 1631, m. 1653 Bridget, da. 2nd. E. of Lindsey.
  - Katherine, 5th da., m. Sir Ric. Gargrave of Nostell, and Kingsley Pk., Yorks.
    - Elizabeth m. Sir Thos. Dereham of Norfolk.
    - Mary, m. Sir Rob. Carr, Bt., of Sleaford, Lincs.
      - Rt. Hon. Sir Rob. Carr, d. 1682, aged 45.
      - Elizabeth Carr, m. (1) Will. s. and h. of Sir W. Thorold, Bt., of Marston, Lincs. (2) Sir W. Trollope, Bt., of Casewick, m. *c.* 1659, she d. 1660/1, leaving one d., Elizabeth Carr Trollope.
      - Mary Carr, m. Sir Adrian Scrope bef. 11 Dec. 1653.
  - Dorothy, 6th da., m. Sir Peter Osborne 20 Feb. 1609/10.
    - Dorothy O.
    - Rev. Geo. Herbert (1) = Jane, 3rd da., d. 1663. = (2) Sir Rob. Cooke of Highnam, Gloc.
      - Eleanor 7th da. = Sir John Osborne, Bt., of Chicksands.
- Henry D. of Baynton, Wilts.
  - Charles D. of Baynton, d. 1626.

TEMPLE PEDIGREE


Sir William Temple, Provost of Trinity Coll. Dublin, b. c. 1553, d. 1626/7, m. 5 Oct. 1591.[1]
Martha, da. Rob. Harrison, co. Derby.
Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, b. 1600, d. 12 Nov. 1677.
Mary, da. of Dr. John Hammond of Chertsey, she d. Nov. 1638.
Rev. Dr. Thomas Temple, d. c. 1661.
Ann, da. of Sir Francis Knollys, Kt., of Reading Abbey, she d. c. 1683.
Catherine, m. (1) John Archdall (2) Sir John Vell (by 1626), she d. 13 Nov. 1642.
Mary, m. Job Ward (by 1626), she d. 24 Dec. 1627.
Martha, d. unm. 6 Dec. 1675.
Frances
Woodward of Reading.
Francis Woodward.
Francis Woodward.
Rev. W. Durham, Rector of St. Mildred, Bread St.
Letitia.
John.
Honor.
Ann.
Sir Will. Temple, Bt., b. 1628, d. 1698.
Dorothy, da. Sir Peter Osborne, Kt., of Chicksands, co. Beds., b. 1627.
Sir John Temple of East Sheen, Solicitor and Attorney-Gen. in Ireland, b. 1632, d. 1704.
Jane, da. of Sir Will. Yarner, she d. 1708.
Henry Temple, b. 1638, d. 1697, of Lincoln's Inn and the city of London.
Mary Chambre, widow of Alex. Temple of Ballinderry.
Martha, m. 21 Ap. 1662, b. 1639, d. 1722.
Sir Thos. Giffard, Bt., d. 4 May 1662.
Chambre Temple (d. æt. 17).
John Temple, b. 1663/4, d. 1689.
Mary, da. Du Plessis Rambouillet.
Henry Temple 1st Visc. Palmerston, b. 1676, d. 1757.
John Temple of Moor Park, m. Elizabeth, granddaughter of Sir Will. Temple, b. 1680, d. 1752.
Dorothy Temple, b. 1665, d. 1718, m. Sir Basil Dixwell, Bt., of Broom, Kent.
daughters.
Elizabeth Temple, m. her cousin John Temple, she d. 1772.
Dorothy Temple, m. Nic. Bacon of Shrubland, she d. 1758.
Mary.
Will.
Eliz.
Jane.
Rev. John (Bacon).
Basil (Bacon).
Rev. Nich. (Bacon).
Catherine.
Mary.

[1] At All Hallows, Honey Street, London (Harl. Soc. Registers 45, p. 420).

HAMMOND PEDIGREE


John Hammond, M.D., of Chertsey, d. 1616 or 1617.
Mary, da. of Rob. Harrison, co. Derby, d. 1649 or 1650.
Robert Hammond of Chertsey, d. 1623.
Elizabeth, da. of Sir Francis Knollys of Reading Abbey, she was buried at St. Lawrence, Reading, 18 Sept. 1657.
Thomas Hammond, one of the judges of Chas. I.
George Hammond.
Henry Hammond, D.D., 1605–60, d. unm.
Jane,
Sir John Dingley of Wolverton, I. of Wight, app. died at Sheen 1671, aged 78.
Mary, d. 1638.
Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland.
John Hammond of Lincoln's Inn and Chertsey, b. 1617, d. 1643.
Margaret, da. Sir Rob. Rich, Kt., m. 1638.
Robert Hammond, Colonel, Governor of the I. of Wight, b. 1621, d. 1654.
Mary, 6th da. of John Hampden, of Hampden, Bucks., b. 1630, m. 2ndly. Sir John Hobart of Blickling, Norf.
Jane = d. 1656.
W. Rant, M.D., d. 1653.
Sir Will. Temple, Bart.
Letitia.
Ann.
Robert, b. 1641.
Elizabeth.
Mary.
Letitia.

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